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Robert Burns

W. H. Clawson

W. H. Clawson

W. H.



J. Nasmyth. pinx

R. E. H. sculp

ROBERT BURNS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

WITH A MEMOIR

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE



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THE Poems of Burns appear in these volumes as arranged and edited by Robert Chambers in his *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, Edinburgh and London, 1856. Such parts of the Biography as are necessary for the understanding of the poems, or of the occasions which gave rise to them, are retained in the form of prefaces to the individual pièces. Verbal changes of a trifling description have here and there been required.

The Memoir of Burns is taken from the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I

* * * Italic letters indicate the publication devoted to his writings, in which, as far as ascertained, the various compositions of Burns were first included. The poems and songs marked *a* composed the first edition, published at Kilmarnock in 1786; those marked *b* were added in the second edition, published at Edinburgh in 1787; those marked *c* were added in the edition of 1793. These, with certain pieces which appeared in the early volumes of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, and Thomson's *Select Melodies of Scotland*, were all that Burns himself committed to print; the rest, as well as his letters, have been published since his death. In this list of contents, the pieces published in Johnson's *Museum* are marked *d*; the poems presented in Currie's first edition of the poet's works in 1800 are marked *e*; those added in the second edition, *f*; those published by Stewart of Glasgow in 1801, *g*; those in Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, 1803, *h*; those in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, *i*; those in Cunningham's edition, 1834, *j*; those in Hogg and Motherwell's edition, 1834-6, *k*; those in the *People's Edition* of Messrs. Chambers, 1838-40, *l*, those in Blackie's edition, 1846, *m*; those added in the present work, *n*; those from the authorized edition of the *Letters to Clarinda*, Edinburgh, 1843, *o*; an asterisk being given in certain cases where it is ascertained that the poem was previously sent forth fugitively.

	PAGE
Memoir of the Life of Robert Burns	xix
Dr. Currie's Description of Burns	xli
Preface to the First Edition of Burns's Poems . .	xlv
Dedication prefixed to the Second Edition . . .	xlix

	PAGE
SONG — Handsome Nell	<i>d</i> 1
SONG — I Dreamed I lay	3
SONG — My Nannie, O	<i>b</i> 5
SONG — O Tibbie, I hae seen the Day	<i>d</i> 7
The Torbolton Lasses	<i>n</i> 9
Verses on the Ronalds of the Bennals	* <i>n</i> 10
SONG — On Cessnock Banks	<i>h</i> 13
Winter; a Dirge	<i>a</i> 17
Prayer written under the Pressure of Violent Arguish	<i>b</i> 18
Verses from a Memorandum Book	19
SONG — My Father was a Farmer	20
Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie	<i>a</i> 23
Poor Mailie's Elegy	26
John Barleycorn; a Ballad	<i>b</i> 29
SONG — Mary Morrison	<i>e</i> 32
SONG — The Rigs o' Barley	<i>a</i> 33
SONG — Montgomery's Peggy	<i>k</i> 35
SONG — Composed in August (Now westlin winds)	<i>a</i> 36
Inscription on the Tombstone of William Burness	38
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death	<i>a</i> 39
Stanzas on the same Occasion	<i>b</i> 40
The First Psalm	<i>b</i> 42
The First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm	<i>b</i> 43
Epistle to John Rankine	<i>a</i> 44
SONG — Green Grow the Rashes	<i>b</i> 48
SONG — The Cure for all Care	<i>b</i> 49
SONG — Though Cruel Fate should bid us part	51
One Night as I did wander	52
SONG — Robin	53
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux	54
SONG — The Belles of Mauchline	<i>f</i> 55
SONG — When first I came to Stewart Kyle	<i>h</i> 55
SONG — Though fickle Fortune has deceived me	<i>k</i> 56
SONG — Oh raging Fortune's withering Blast	<i>h</i> 57
Epistle to Davie	<i>a</i> 57
Death and Dr. Hornbook	<i>b</i> 65
Epistle to J. Lapraik	<i>a</i> 74
Second Epistle to J. Lapraik	<i>a</i> 80

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Epistle to John Goudie of Kilmarnock	<i>g</i> 85
The Twa Herds; or, the Holy Tulzie	<i>g</i> 88
Epistle to William Simpson	<i>a</i> 95
Holy Willie's Prayer	<i>g</i> 103
Epitaph on Holy Willie	108
Third Epistle to John Lapraik	* <i>h</i> 109
Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math.	<i>h</i> 112
✓ Verses to a Mouse	<i>a</i> 116
Halloween	<i>a</i> 119
Second Epistle to Davie	* <i>f</i> 133
SONG — The Braes o' Ballochmyle	<i>d</i> 135
Man was made to Mourn	<i>a</i> 136
✓ The Cotter's Saturday Night	<i>a</i> 141
Address to the Deil	<i>a</i> 152
On John Dove	158
The Jolly Beggars; a Cantata	<i>g</i> 158
Epistle to James Smith	<i>a</i> 176
The Vision	<i>a</i> 183
A Winter Night	<i>b</i> 197
SONG — Young Peggy blooms	<i>g</i> 203
Scotch Drink	<i>a</i> 205
Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives	<i>a</i> 212
The Auld Farmer's New-year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie	<i>a</i> 222
The Twa Dogs; a Tale	<i>a</i> 227
To a Louse	<i>a</i> 237
The Ordination	<i>a</i> 240
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous	<i>b</i> 246
The Inventory	<i>e</i> 249
Verses to Mr. John Kennedy	<i>j</i> 253
Verses inscribed in a Copy of Miss H. More's Works	* <i>j</i> 255
✓ To a Mountain Daisy	<i>a</i> 256
Lament occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour	<i>a</i> 258
Despondency; an Ode	<i>a</i> 263
To Ruin	<i>a</i> 266
SONG — Again Rejoicing Nature sees	<i>b</i> 267
Note to Gavin Hamilton	<i>h</i> 268

	PAGE
Epistle to a Young Friend	a 271
SONG — Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	275
SONG — The Highland Lassie	a 277
A Prayer for Mary	a 279
SONG — Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?	e 280
SONG — From thee, Eliza	a 281
SONG — Though Cruel Fate	283
Address of Beelzebub	*j 283
A Dream — “ Guid Mornin’ to your Majesty ”	b 287
APPENDIX. Additional Stanzas of “ THE VISION ”	294
Song in the Character of a Ruined Farmer	299

 VOL. II.

	PAGE
The Holy Fair	a 1
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies	a 13
A Bard’s Epitaph	a 15
Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	a 17
Farewell to the Brethren of St. James’s Lodge, Tor- bolton	a 22
On a Procession of the St. James’s Lodge	24
SONG — The Sons of Old Killie	e 25
SONG — The Bonnie Lass o’ Ballochmyle	e 26
To Mr. John Kennedy	j 28
The Farewell	*l 29
Lines written on a Bank-note	*j 30
Written on a Blank Leaf of his Poems	*f 31
Verses written under Violent Grief	l 32
The Calf	b 33
Willie Chalmers	t 34
Iam Samson’s Elegy	b 37
To Mr. M’Adam of Craigengillan	h 43
Verses written at Mr. Lawrie’s	b 44
SONG — The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast	b 47

CONTENTS.

IX

	PAGE
The Brigs of Ayr	<i>b</i> 49
Lines on Meeting with Basil, Lord Daer	<i>e</i> 61
Epistle to Major Logan	<i>j</i> 64
Expostulation on a Rebuke administered by Mrs. Lawrie	68
Address to Edinburgh	<i>b</i> 62
Ode on the Chevalier's Birthday	71
To Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems	<i>b</i> 73
SONG -- Bonny Doon	<i>h</i> 74
The Gudewife of Wauchope-House to Burns	75
Burns to the Gudewife of Wauchope-House	* <i>f</i> 77
William Smellie	79
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie	81
Inscription for the Grave of Fergusson	<i>e</i> 82
Verses under the Portrait of Fergusson	<i>h</i> 82
Verses intended to be Written below a noble Earl's Picture	<i>n</i> 83
Fragment -- The American War ("When Guildford good")	<i>b</i> 84
To a Haggis	* <i>b</i> 88
Extempore in the Court of Session	<i>h</i> 90
Prologue at Mr. Woods's Benefit	<i>g</i> 91
Verses to Creech ("Willie's Awa'")	<i>h</i> 93
Epigram, on Incivility at Inverary	<i>g</i> 97
Epigram, on Kindness shown in the Highlands	<i>e</i> 98
Verses on the Death of John M'Leod, Esq.	<i>c</i> 98
On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair	* <i>f</i> 100
To Miss Ferrier	<i>n</i> 102
Verses in the Inn at Kenmore	<i>c</i> 103
SONG -- The Birks of Aberfeldy	<i>d</i> 105
Humble Petition of Bruar Water	<i>c</i> 106
Verses at Fall of Fyers	<i>c</i> 110
SONG -- Castle-Gordon	<i>e</i> 111
SONG -- The Bonny Lass of Albany	<i>n</i> 112
On Scaring some Water-fowl in Loch Turit	<i>c</i> 114
SONG -- Blithe was She	<i>d</i> 116
The Rose-bud	<i>d</i> 117
To Miss Cruikshank, a very Young Lady	<i>c</i> 119
SONG -- Where braving Angry Winter's Storms	<i>d</i> 120

	PAGE
SONG — My Peggy's Face	<i>a</i> 121
Address to Mr. William Tytler	<i>e</i> 122
SONG — On a Young Lady residing on the Banks of the Devon, etc.	<i>d</i> 123
Elegy on the Death of President Dundas	<i>*j</i> 125
A Farewell to Clarinda	<i>d</i> 127
Contributions to the Second Volume of Johnson's Museum	
Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad	128
Macpherson's Farewell	<i>d</i> 129
Stay, my Charmer	<i>d</i> 131
Strathallan's Lament	<i>d</i> 132
The Young Highland Rover	<i>d</i> 133
Raving Winds around her Blowing	<i>d</i> 134
Musing on the Roaring Ocean	<i>d</i> 135
Bonny Peggy Alison	<i>d</i> 136
To Clarinda, with a pair of Drinking-glasses	<i>h</i> 137
The Chevalier's Lament	<i>e</i> 138
Epistle to Hugh Parker	<i>j</i> 139
SONG — I love my Jean	<i>d</i> 141
SONG — Oh, were I on Parnassus' Hill	<i>d</i> 144
Verses in Friars' Carse Hermitage	<i>j</i> 145
The Fête Champêtre	147
SONG — The Day Returns	<i>d</i> 150
First Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry	152
Mrs. Fergusson's Lament for the Death of her Son	<i>d</i> 156
SONG — The Lazy Mist	<i>d</i> 158
SONG — I ha'e a Wife o' my ain	<i>e</i> 159
SONG — Auld Lang Syne	<i>e</i> 160
SONG — My Bonny Mary	<i>e</i> 162
Lines in Friars' Carse Hermitage (extended copy)	<i>c</i> 163
Elegy on the Year 1788	<i>g</i> 166
A Sketch — Satirical Verses on Crezch	168
Extempore to Captain Riddel, on returning a News- paper	<i>h</i> 169
Ode on Mrs. Oswald	<i>s</i> 174
To John Taylor	<i>j</i> 172
Sketch — Inscribed to Charles James Fox	<i>e</i> 173

CONTENTS.

XI

	PAGE
On a Wounded Hare	<i>e</i> 177
Delia, an Ode	178
On Seeing a Wounded Hare Limp by me (final copy)	<i>c</i> 180
Letter to James Tennant of Glenconner	<i>g</i> 181
Address to the Toothache	<i>e</i> 184
The Kirk's Alarm	<i>g</i> 185
SONG — Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut	<i>d</i> 193
The Whistle	<i>c</i> 194
To Mary in Heaven	<i>d</i> 200
To Dr. Blacklock	<i>e</i> 203
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland	<i>c</i> 206
Epitaph on Captain Grose	209
Written in an Envelope, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose	<i>e</i> 210
SONG — The Laddies by the Banks o' Nith	212
The Five Carlins	<i>g</i> 214
SONG — The Blue-eyed Lassie	<i>d</i> 219
SONG — When first I saw fair Jeanie's Face	<i>* n</i> 220
Sketch — New-year's Day, 1790	<i>e</i> 222
Prologue at Dumfries Theatre	<i>g</i> 224
SONG — My Lovely Nancy	<i>e</i> 226
Prologue for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit	<i>g</i> 227
Contributions to the Third Volume of Johnson's Museum.	
Tibbie Dunbar	<i>d</i> 230
The Gardener wi' his Paidle	<i>d</i> 231
Highland Harry	<i>d</i> 232
Bonny Ann	<i>d</i> 233
John Anderson	<i>d</i> 234
The Battle of Sheriff-Muir	<i>d</i> 235
Blooming Nelly	<i>d</i> 238
My Heart's in the Highlands	<i>d</i> 239
The Banks of Nith	<i>d</i> 241
My Heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie	<i>d</i> 242
Elegy on Peg Nicholson	244
To a Gentleman who had sent the Poet a Newspaper	245
Second Epistle to Mr. Graham o' Fintry	<i>* j</i> 241
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson	<i>e</i> 250

	PAGE
Tam o' Shanter	* c 259
Stanzas on a Posthumous Child	e 270
Elegy on Miss Burnet	e 271
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the Approach of Spring	* c 273
SONG — There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame	e 276
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn	c 277
Lines to Sir John Whitefoord	281
Third Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry	c 281
Address to the Shade of Thomson	e 286
SONG — Lovely Davies	d 288
SONG — The Bonny Wee Thing	d 290
To Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty on his Birthday	h 291
Song of Death	e 292
Fourth Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry	e 294
SONG — Sweet Sensibility, how Charming	e 295
SONG — Ae Fond Kiss, and then we Sever	h 297
SONG — Behold the Hour, the Boat, arrive	299
SONG — Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December	300
SONG — O May, thy Morn was ne'er so sweet	301
SONG — My Nannie's awa'	302
To Fergusson	303
SONG — The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman	d̄ 304
SONG — Bonny Lesley	e 306
APPENDIX: The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman	309

CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

Contributions to the Fourth Volume of Johnson's Museum	PAGE
Craigieburn Wood	1
Craigieburn Wood, second copy	3
Frae the Friends and Laud I Love	4
Meikle thinks my Love	5
What can a Young Lassie?	6
How can I be blithe and glad?	7
I do confess thou art sae fair	8
Yon wild mossy Mountains	10
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam	12
Bess and her Spinning-Wheel	13
Nithsdale's Welcome Hame	15
Country Lassie	16
Fair Eliza	18
O Luve will venture in	19
The Banks of Doon	21
Willie Wastle	22
The Sniling Spring	24
The Gallant Weaver	25
She's Fair and Fause	26
SONG — My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing	e 27
SONG — Highland Mary	e 28
The Rights of Woman, an Occasional Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle	e 30
Extempore, on some Commemorations of Thomson	32
To Miss Fontenelle, on seeing her in a Favourite Char- acter	34
SONG — The Lea-Rig	e 34
SONG — Auld Rob Morris	e 36
SONG — Duncan Gray	e 37
SONG — Here's a Health to them that's awa'	h 40
SONG — O Poortith Cauld	e 42
SONG — Gala Water	e 44
Sonnet written on the 25th January, 1793	46
SONG — Lord Gregory	e 47
SONG — Wandering Willie	e 50

	PAGE
SONG — Open the Door to me, oh!	e 53
SONG — Young Jessie	e 54
SONG — The Soldier's Return	e 55
SONG — Meg o' the Mill	e 58
SONG — Yestreen I got a Pint of Wine	e 59
SONG — You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier	h 61
SONG — The Last Time I came o'er the Moor	e 62
SONG — Blithe ha'e I been on yon Hill	e 64
SONG — Logan Braes	e 65
SONG — O were my Love yon Lilac fair, (O gin my Love were yon Red Rose)	e 67
SONG — Bonny Jean	e 69
SONG — Phillis the Fair	e 71
SONG — Had I a Cave	e 73
SONG — By Allan Stream I chanced to Rove	e 74
SONG — Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad	e 75
SONG — Adown winding Nith I did Wander	e 77
SONG — Come, let me take thee to my Breast	e 78
SONG — Dainty Davie	e 79
SONG — Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn	e 81
SONG — Behold the Hour	e 83
SONG — Down the Burn, Davie	e 84
SONG — Thou hast left me ever	e 85
SONG — Bruce's Address (another copy)	e 86
SONG — Where are the Joys?	e 88
SONG — My Spouse Nancy	e 89
Apology to Mr. Riddel for a Rudeness offered his Wife	91
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	e 92
Epistle from Esopus to Maria	j 94
Contributions to the Fifth Volume of Johnson's <i>Museum</i> .	
The Lovely Lass of Inverness	98
A Red, Red Rose	99
A Vision	102
Out over the Forth	104
Louis, what reck I by thee?	105
Somebody	106
Wilt thou be my Dearie?	107
Lovely Polly Stewart	109

	PAGE
Could aught of Song	109
Wae is my Heart	110
Here's to thy Health, my Bonny Lass	111
Contributions to the Sixth Volume of Johnson's Museum.	
Anna, thy Charms	113
My Lady's Gown, there's Gairs upon't	113
Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss	114
O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass.	115
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	116
Sonnet on the Death of Riddel of Glenriddel	* e 117
SONG — The Banks of Cree	e 118
Fragment of an Ode for Washington's Birthday	e 119
From Burns's Last Letter to Clarinda	o 121
Written in a Copy of Thomson's Melodies, presented to a Lady	e 122
SONG — The Tree of Liberty	l 123
SONG — On the Seas and far away	e 127
SONG — Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes	e 129
SONG — She says she lo'es me best of a'	e 131
SONG — Saw ye my Phely?	e 132
SONG — How long and dreary is the Night!	e 133
SONG — Let not Woman e'er Complain	e 134
The Lover's Morning Salute to his Mistress	e 136
SONG — The Auld Man	e 138
To Chloris	139
SONG — My Chloris, mark how Green the Groves	e 140
SONG — It was the Charming Month of May	e 142
SONG — Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks	e 143
SONG — Farewell thou Stream that winding flows	e 145
SONG — Philly and Willy	e 146
SONG — Contented wi' Little	e 149
SONG — Canst thou Leave me thus, my Katy?	e 150
SONG — For a' that and a' that	e 152 ✓
SONG — (Fragment). O wat ye wha's in yon Town?	e 154
SONG — O Lassie, art thou Sleeping yet?	e 155
Ballads on Mr. Heron's Election.	
First, (Whom will you send to London Town?) j	157
Second, (Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright)	j 160

	PAGE
Third, (John Bushby's Lamentation)	<i>n</i> 166
SONG — The Dumfries Volunteers	<i>d</i> 169
Toast for the 12th of April	172
SONG — O, wat ye wha's in yon Town?	<i>d</i> 173
SONG — Address to the Woodlark	<i>e</i> 175
SONG — On Chloris being ill	<i>e</i> 176
SONG — Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle	<i>e</i> 177
SONG — 'Twas na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin	<i>e</i> 178
SONG — How Cruel are the Parents!	<i>e</i> 179
SONG — Mark yonder Pomp of costly Fashion	<i>e</i> 180
SONG — Forlorn, my Love, no Comfort near	<i>e</i> 181
SONG — Last May a braw Wo'er	<i>e</i> 183
SONG — Why, why tell thy Lover?	<i>e</i> 185
SONG — O this is no my ain Lassie	<i>e</i> 186
SONG — Now Spring has clad the Grove in Green	<i>e</i> 187
SONG — O Bonny was yon Rosy Brier	<i>e</i> 189
Inscription for an Altar to Independence	<i>e</i> 190
The Duke of Queensberry	191
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drum- lanrig	<i>* k</i> 192
Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit- night	<i>e</i> 194
To Collector Mitchell	<i>e</i> 197
The Dean of Faculty, a Ballad	<i>hm</i> 199
To Colonel De Peyster	201
SONG — Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher	<i>e</i> 204
SONG — Jessie (Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear)	<i>e</i> 205
SONG — Oh, wert thou in the Cauld Blast	207
An Excellent New Song (Troggin)	<i>j</i> 208
Epigrams on Jessie Lewars	212
SONG — Fairest Maid on Devon Banks	<i>e</i> 214
SONG — Caledonia	217
SONG — O wha is she that lo'es me	220
Miscellaneous Versicles and Epigrams	222
Old Songs Improved by Burns	<i>d</i> 258
O whare did you get that Hauver-meal Bannock?	258

CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
I am my Mammy's ae Bairn	259
Up in the Morning early	260
There was a Lass	261
Lady Onlie	262
The Ploughman	263
My Hoggie	264
Simmer's a Pleasant Time	265
First when Maggy was my Care	266
Jamie, come try me	267
Awa', Whigs, awa'	267
Where hae ye been?	268
Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes	269
For a' that and a' that	270
Young Jockey	271
Wha is that at my Bower Door?	272
The Tither Mer?	273
As I was a-wandering	275
The Weary Pund o' Tow	276
Gane is the Day	277
It is na, Jean, thy Bonny Face	278
My Collier Laddie	279
Ye Jacobites by Name	281
Lady Mary Ann	282
Kenmure's on and awa'	284
Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation	285
The Carles of Dysart	287
The Carle of Kellyburn Braes	288
Jocky Fou and Jenny Fain	291
The Slave's Lament	292
Coming through the Rye	293
Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plain	294
The Lass of Ecclefechan	295
The Cardin o't	296
The Lass that made the Bed to me	297
The Highland Laddie	299
Sae Far Awa'	300
I'll aye ca' in by yon Town	301
Bannoeks o' Barley	302

	Page
It was a' for our Rightfu' King	303
The Highland Widow's Lament	305
O steer her up	307
Wee Willie Gray	308
O aye my Wife she dang me	309
O Guid Ale comes	310
Robin shure in Hairst	310
Sweetest May	311
There was a Bonny Lass	312
Crowdie	312
 Pieces doubtfully attributed to Burns.	
The Hermit	314
The Vowels: a Tale	316
On Pastoral Poetry	318
 General Index of Titles	
Index of Songs according to their First Lines	321

MEMOIR
OF THE
LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the national bard of Scotland, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage about two miles south of the town of Ayr. He was the eldest son of William Burnes, or Burness, who at the period of Robert's birth was gardener and overseer to a gentleman of small estate; but resided on a few acres of land which he had on lease from another person. The father was a man of strict religious principles, and also distinguished for that penetration and knowledge of mankind which was afterwards so conspicuous in his son. The mother of the poet was likewise a very sagacious woman, and possessed an inexhaustible store of ballads and legendary tales, with which she nourished the infant imagination of him whose own productions were destined to excel them all.

These worthy persons labored diligently for the support of an increasing family; nor, in the midst of harassing struggles, did they neglect the mental improvement of their offspring; a charac-

teristic of Scottish parents, even under the most depressing circumstances. In his sixth year Robert was put under the tuition of one Campbell, and subsequently under Mr. John Murdoch, a very faithful and pains-taking teacher. With Mr. Murdoch he remained for a few years, and was accurately instructed in the first principles of composition. The poet and his brother Gilbert were the aptest pupils in the school, and were generally at the head of the class. Mr. Murdoch, in afterwards recording the impressions which the two brothers made on him, says, "Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit, than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church-music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear in particular was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live*; and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the muses, he would never have guessed that *Robert* had a propensity of that kind."

Besides the tuition of Mr. Murdoch, Burns received instructions from his father in writing and arithmetic. Under their joint care he made

rapid progress, and was remarkable for the ease with which he committed devotional poetry to memory. The following extract from his letter to Dr. Moore in 1787 is interesting, from the light which it throws upon his progress as a scholar, and on the formation of his character as a poet:—

“At those years,” says he, “I was by no means a favourite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off

these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, *How are thy servants blest, O Lord!* I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear —

For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave. —

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school-books. The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were, *The Life of Hannibal*, and *The History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn; that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

Mr. Murdoch's removal from Mount Oliphant deprived Burns of his instructions; but they were still continued by the father of the bard. About the age of fourteen he was sent to school every alternate week for the improvement of his writing. In the meanwhile he was busily employed upon the operations of the farm; and, at the age of fifteen, was considered as the principal laborer

upon it. About a year after this he gained three weeks of respite, which he spent with his old tutor Murdoch at Ayr, in revising the English grammar, and in studying the French language, in which he made uncommon progress. Ere his sixteenth year elapsed, he had considerably extended his reading. The vicinity of Mount Oliphant to Ayr afforded him facilities for gratifying what had now become a passion. Among the books which he had perused were some plays of Shakspeare, Pope, the works of Allan Ramsay, and a collection of songs which constituted his *vade-mecum*. "I pored over them," says he, "driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noticing the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian." So early did he evince his attachment to the lyric muse, in which he was destined to surpass all who have gone before or succeeded him.

At this period the family removed to Lochlea, in the parish of Torbolton. Some time before, however, he had made his first attempt in poetry. It was a song addressed to a rural beauty about his own age; and though possessing no great merits as a whole, it contains some lines and ideas which would have done honor to him at any age. After the removal to Lochlea his literary zeal slackened, for he was thus cut off from those acquaintances whose conversation stimulated his powers, and whose kindness supplied

him with books. For about three years after this period he was busily employed upon the farm; but at intervals he paid his addresses to the poetic muse, and with no common success. The summer of his nineteenth year was spent in the study of mensuration, surveying, etc. at a small sea-port town, a good distance from home. He returned to his father's considerably improved. "My reading," says he, "was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works. I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger."

His mind, peculiarly susceptible of tender impressions, was continually the slave of some rustic charmer. In the "heat and whirlwind of his love," he generally found relief in poetry, by which, as by a safety valve, his turbulent passions were allowed to have vent. He formed the reso

tion of entering the matrimonial state; but his circumscribed means of subsistence as a farmer preventing his taking that step, he resolved on becoming a flax-dresser, for which purpose he removed to the town of Irvine in 1781. The speculation turned out unsuccessful; for the shop catching fire, was burnt, and the poet returned to his father without a sixpence. During his stay at Irvine he had met with Ferguson's poems. This circumstance was of some importance to Burns, for it roused his poetic powers from the torpor into which they had fallen, and in a great measure finally determined the *Scottish* character of his poetry. He here also contracted some friendships, which he himself says did him mischief; and, by his brother Gilbert's account, from this date there was a serious change in his conduct. The venerable and excellent parent of the poet died soon after his son's return. The support of the family now devolving upon Burns, in conjunction with his brother he took a sub-lease of the farm of Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline. The four years which he resided upon this farm were the most important of his life. It was here he felt that nature had designed him for a poet; and here, accordingly, his genius began to develop its energies in those strains which will make his name familiar to all future times, the admiration of every civilized country, and the glory and boast of his own.

The vigor of Burns's understanding, and the keenness of his wit, as displayed more particularly at masonic meetings and debating clubs, of which he formed one at Mauchline, began to spread his fame as a man of uncommon endowments. He now could number as his acquaintance several clergymen, and also some gentlemen of substance; amongst whom was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, writer in Mauchline, one of his earliest patrons. One circumstance more than any other contributed to increase his notoriety. "Polemical divinity," says he to Dr. Moore in 1787, "about this time was putting the country half mad; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation-parties on Sundays, at funerals, etc., used to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue-and-cry of heresy against me; which has not ceased to this hour." The farm which he possessed belonged to the Earl of Loudon, but the brothers held it in sub-lease from Mr. Hamilton. This gentleman was at open feud with one of the ministers of Mauchline, who was a rigid Calvinist. Mr. Hamilton maintained opposite tenets; and it is not matter of surprise that the young farmer should have espoused his cause, and brought all the resources of his genius to bear upon it. The result was *The Holy Fair*, *The Ordination*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and other satires, as much distinguished for their coarse severity and bitterness, as for their genius.

The applause which greeted these pieces emboldened the poet, and encouraged him to proceed. In his life by his brother Gilbert, a very interesting account is given of the occasions which gave rise to the poems, and the chronological order in which they were produced. The exquisite pathos and humor, the strong manly sense, the masterly command of felicitous language, the graphic power of delineating scenery, manners, and incidents, which appear so conspicuously in his various poems, could not fail to call forth the admiration of those who were favored with a perusal of them. But the clouds of misfortune were gathering darkly above the head of him who was thus giving delight to a large and widening circle of friends. The farm of Mossgiel proved a losing concern; and an amour with Jane Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, had assumed so serious an aspect, that he at first resolved to fly from the scene of his disgrace and misery. One trait of his character, however, must be mentioned. Before taking any steps for his departure, he met Jane Armour by appointment, and gave into her hands a written acknowledgment of marriage, which, when produced by a person in her situation, is, according to the Scots law, to be accepted as legal evidence of an *irregular* marriage having really taken place. This Jane burned at the persuasion of her father, who was adverse to a marriage; and Burns, thus wounded in the

two most powerful feelings of his mind, his love and pride, was driven almost to insanity. Jamaica was his destination ; but as he did not possess the money necessary to defray the expense of his passage out, he resolved to publish some of his best poems, in order to raise the requisite sum. These views were warmly promoted by some of his more opulent friends ; and a sufficiency of subscribers having been procured, one of the finest volumes of poetry that ever appeared in the world issued from the provincial press of Kilmarnock.

It is hardly possible to imagine with what eager admiration and delight they were everywhere received. They possessed in an eminent degree all those qualities which invariably contribute to render any literary work quickly and permanently popular. They were written in a phraseology of which all the powers were universally felt, and which being at once antique, familiar, and now rarely written, was therefore fitted to serve all the dignified and picturesque uses of poetry, without making it unintelligible. The imagery and the sentiments were at once natural, impressive, and interesting. Those topics of satire and scandal in which the rustic delights ; that humorous imitation of character, and that witty association of ideas familiar and striking, yet not naturally allied to one another, which has force to shake his sides with laughter ; those fancies of

superstition, at which one still wonders and trembles; those affecting sentiments and images of true religion, which are at once dear and awful to the heart, were all represented by Burns with the magical power of true poetry. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, all were alike surprised and transported.

In the mean time, a few copies of these fascinating poems found their way to Edinburgh, and having been read to Dr. Blacklock, obtained his warmest approbation; and he advised the author to repair to Edinburgh. Burns lost no time in complying with this request; and accordingly, towards the end of the year 1786, he set out for the capital, where he was received by Dr. Blacklock with the most flattering kindness, and introduced to every person of taste among that excellent man's friends. Multitudes now vied with each other in patronizing the rustic poet. Those who possessed at once true taste and ardent philanthropy were soon united in his praise; those who were disposed to favor any good thing belonging to Scotland, purely because it was Scottish, gladly joined the cry; while those who had hearts and understandings to be charmed without knowing why, when they saw their native customs, manners, and language, made the subjects and the materials of poesy, could not suppress that impulse of feeling which struggled to declare itself in favor of Burns.

Thus did Burns, ere he had been many weeks in Edinburgh, find himself the object of universal curiosity, favor, admiration, and fondness. He was sought after, courted with attentions the most respectful and assiduous, feasted, flattered, caressed, and treated by all ranks as the great boast of his country, whom it was scarcely possible to honor and reward in a degree equal to his merits.

A new edition of his poems was called for; and the public mind was directed to the subject by Henry Mackenzie, who dedicated a paper in the *Lounger* to a commendatory notice of the poet. This circumstance will ever be remembered to the honor of that polished writer, not only for the warmth of the eulogy he bestowed, but because it was the first printed acknowledgment which had been made to the genius of Burns. The copyright was sold to Creech for £100; but the friends of the poet advised him to forward a subscription. The patronage of the Caledonian Hunt, a very influential body, was obtained. The list of subscribers rapidly rose to 1500; many gentlemen paying a great deal more than the price of the volume; and it was supposed that the poet derived from the subscription and the sale of his copyright a clear profit of at least £700.

The conversation of Burns, according to the testimony of all the eminent men who heard him was even more wonderful than his poetry. He

affected no soft air nor graceful motions of politeness, which might have ill accorded with the rustic plainness of his native manners. Conscious superiority of mind taught him to associate with the great, the learned, and the gay, without being overawed into any such bashfulness as might have rendered him confused in thought or hesitating in elocution. He possessed withal an extraordinary share of plain common sense or mother wit, which prevented him from obtruding upon persons, of whatever rank, with whom he was admitted to converse, any of those effusions of vanity, envy, or self-conceit, in which authors who have lived remote from the general practice of life, and whose minds have been almost exclusively confined to contemplate their own studies and their own works, are but too prone to indulge. In conversation he displayed a sort of intuitive quickness and rectitude of judgment upon every subject that arose. The sensibility of his heart, and the vivacity of his fancy, gave a rich coloring to whatever opinions he was disposed to advance; and his language was thus not less happy in conversation than in his writings. Hence those who had met and conversed with him once, were pleased to meet and to converse with him again and again.

For some time he associated only with the virtuous, the learned, and the wise, and the purity of his morals remained uncontaminated. But un-

fortunately he fell, as others have fallen in similar circumstances. He suffered himself to be surrounded by persons who were proud to tell that they had been in company with Burns, and had seen Burns as loose and as foolish as themselves. He now also began to contract something of arrogance in conversation. Accustomed to be among his associates what is vulgarly but expressively called "the cock of the company," he could scarcely refrain from indulging in a similar freedom and dictatorial decision of talk, even in the presence of persons who could less patiently endure presumption.

After remaining some months in the Scottish metropolis, basking in the noontide sun of a popularity which, as Dugald Stewart well remarks, would have turned any head but his own, he formed a resolution of returning to the shades whence he had emerged, but not before he had perambulated the southern border. On the 6th of May, 1787, he set out on his journey, and, visiting all that appeared interesting on the north of the Tweed, proceeded to Newcastle and other places on the English side. He returned in about two months to his family at Mauchline; but in a short period he again set out on an excursion to the north, where he was most flatteringly received by all the great families. On his return to Mossgiel he completed his marriage with Jane Armour. He then concluded a bar

gain with Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, for a lease of the farm of Elliesland, on advantageous terms.

Burns entered on possession of this farm at Whitsunday, 1788. He had formerly applied with success for an excise commission, and during six weeks of the summer of this year he had to attend to the business of that profession at Ayr. His life for some time was thus wandering and unsettled; and Dr. Currie mentions this as one of his chief misfortunes. Mrs. Burns came home to him towards the end of the year, and the poet was accustomed to say that the happiest period of his life was the first winter he spent in Elliesland. The neighboring farmers and gentlemen, pleased to obtain for a neighbor the poet by whose works they had been delighted, kindly sought his company, and invited him to their houses. Burns, however, found an inexpressible charm in sitting down beside his wife, at his own fireside; in wandering over his own grounds; in once more putting his hand to the spade and the plough; in forming his enclosures, and managing his catue. For some months he felt almost all that felicity which fancy had taught him to expect in his new situation. He had been for a time idle; but his muscles were not yet unbraced for rural toil. He now seemed to find a joy in being the husband of the mistress of his affections, and in seeing himself the father of children such as promised to attach him forever to that modest, humble, and

domestic life, in which alone he could hope to be permanently happy. Even his engagements in the service of the excise did not, at first, threaten either to contaminate the poet or to ruin the farmer.

From various causes, the farming speculation did not succeed. Indeed, from the time he obtained a situation under government, he gradually began to sink the farmer in the exciseman. Occasionally he assisted in the rustic occupations of Elliesland, but for the most part he was engaged in very different pursuits. In his professional perambulations over the moors of Dumfriesshire he had to encounter temptations which a mind and temperament like his found it difficult to resist. His immortal works had made him universally known and enthusiastically admired; and accordingly he was a welcome guest at every house, from the most princely mansion to the lowest country inn. In the latter he was too frequently to be found as the presiding genius, and master of the orgies. However, he still continued at intervals to cultivate the muse; and, besides a variety of other pieces, he produced at this period the inimitable poem of *Tam O'Shanter*. Johnson's Miscellany was also indebted to him for the finest of its lyrics. One pleasing trait of his character must not be overlooked. He superintended the formation of a subscription library in the parish, and took the whole management of it upon

himself. These institutions, though common now, were not so at the period of which we write; and it should never be forgotten that Burns was amongst the first, if not the very first, of their founders in the rural districts of southern Scotland.

Towards the close of 1791 he finally abandoned his farm; and obtaining an appointment to the Dumfries division of excise, he repaired to that town on a salary of £70 per annum. All his principal biographers concur in stating that after settling in Dumfries his moral career was downwards. Heron, who had some acquaintance with the matter, says, "His dissipation became still more deeply habitual; he was here more exposed than in the country to be solicited to share the revels of the dissolute and the idle; foolish young men flocked eagerly about him, and from time to time pressed him to drink with them, that they might enjoy his wit. The Caledonian Club, too, and the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Hunt, had occasional meetings in Dumfries after Burns went to reside there; and the poet was of course invited to share their conviviality, and hesitated not to accept the invitation. In the intervals between his different fits of intemperance he suffered the keenest anguish of remorse, and horribly afflictive foresight. His Jane behaved with a degree of conjugal and maternal tenderness and prudence, which made him feel more bitterly the evil of

his misconduct, although they could not reclaim him."

This is a dark picture, perhaps too dark. The Rev. Mr. Gray, who, as the teacher of his son, was intimately acquainted with Burns, and had frequent opportunities of judging of his general character and deportment, gives a more amiable portrait of the bard. Being an eye-witness, the testimony of this gentleman must be allowed to have some weight. "The truth is," says he, "Burns was seldom *intoxicated*. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he could not have long continued the idol of every party." This is strong reasoning; and he goes on to mention other circumstances which seem to confirm the truth of his position. In balancing these two statements, a juster estimate of the moral deportment of Burns may be formed.

In the year 1792 party politics ran to a great height in Scotland, and the liberal and independent spirit of Burns did certainly betray him into some indiscretions. A general opinion prevails, that he so far lost the good graces of his superiors by his conduct, as to consider all prospects of future promotion as hopeless. But this appears not to have been the case; and the fact that he acted as supervisor before his death is a strong proof to the contrary. Of his political verses few have as yet been published. But in these he

warmly espoused the cause of the Whigs, which kept up the spleen of the other party, already sufficiently provoked; and this may in some measure account for the bitterness with which his own character was attacked.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the extent of his dissipation in Dumfries, one fact is unquestionable, that his powers remained unimpaired to the last; it was there he produced his finest lyrics, and they are the finest, as well as the purest, that ever delighted mankind. Besides Johnson's *Museum*, in which he took an interest to the last, and contributed most extensively, he formed a connection with Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh. This gentleman had conceived the laudable design of collecting the national melodies of Scotland, with accompaniments by the most eminent composers, and poetry by the most eminent writers, in addition to those words which were originally attached to them. From the multitude of songs which Burns wrote from the year 1792 till the commencement of his illness, it is evident that few days could have passed without his producing some stanzas for the work. The following passage from his correspondence, which was also most extensive, proves that his songs were not hurriedly got up, but composed with the utmost care and attention. "Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is," says he, "I can never compose for it. My way is this. I con-

sider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression, — then choose my theme, — compose one stanza. When that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, — sit down now and then, — look out for objects in nature round me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom, — humming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper ; swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way." This is not only interesting for the light which it throws upon his method of composition, but it proves that conviviality had not as yet greater charms for him than the muse.

From his youth Burns had exhibited ominous symptoms of a radical disorder in his constitution. A palpitation of the heart, and a derangement of the digestive organs, were conspicuous. These were, doubtless, increased by his indulgences, which became more frequent as he drew towards the close of his career. In the autumn of 1795 he lost an only daughter, which was a severe blow to him. Soon afterwards he was seized with a rheumatic fever ; and "long the die spur

loubtful," says he, in a letter to his faithful friend Mrs. Dunlop, "until, after many weeks of a sick bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room." The cloud behind which his sun was destined to be eclipsed at noon had begun to darken above him. Before he had completely recovered, he had the imprudence to join a festive circle; and, on his return from it, he caught a cold, which brought back his trouble upon him with redoubled severity. Sea-bathing was had recourse to, but with no ultimate success. He lingered until the 21st of July, 1796, when he expired. The interest which the death of Burns excited was intense. All differences were forgotten; his genius only was thought of. On the 26th of the same month he was conveyed to the grave, followed by about ten thousand individuals of all ranks, many of whom had come from distant parts of the country to witness the solemnity. He was interred with military honors by the Dumfries volunteers, to which body he had belonged.

Thus, at the age of thirty-seven, an age when the mental powers of man have scarcely reached their climax, died Robert Burns, one of the greatest poets whom his country has produced. It is unnecessary to enter into any lengthened analysis of his poetry or character. His works are universally known and admired, and criticism has been drawn to the dregs upon the subject; and

that, too, by the greatest masters who have appeared since his death.—no mean test of the great merits of his writings. He excels equally in touching the heart by the exquisiteness of his pathos, and exciting the risible faculties by the breadth of his humor. His lyre had many strings, and he had equal command over them all; striking each, and frequently in chords, with the skill and power of a master. That his satire sometimes degenerates into coarse invective, cannot be denied; but where personality is not permitted to interfere, his poems of this description may take their place beside anything of the kind which has ever been produced, without being disgraced by the comparison. It is unnecessary to reëcho the praises of his best pieces, as there is no epithet of admiration which has not been bestowed upon them. Those who had best opportunities of judging, are of opinion that his works, stamped as they are with the impress of sovereign genius, fall short of the powers he possessed. It is therefore to be lamented that he undertook no great work of fiction or invention. Had circumstances permitted, he would probably have done so; but his excise duties, and without doubt his own follies, prevented him. His passions were strong, and his capacity of enjoyment corresponded with them. These continually precipitated him into the vortex of pleasure, where alone they could be gratified and the reaction consequent upon such indul

gences (for he possessed the finest discrimination between right and wrong) threw him into low spirits, to which he was also constitutionally liable. His mind, being thus never for any length of time in an equable tone, could scarcely pursue with steady regularity a work of any length. His moral aberrations, as detailed by some of his biographers, have been exaggerated, as already noticed. This has been proved by the testimony of many witnesses, from whose authority there can be no appeal; for they had the best opportunities of judging.

DR. CURRIE'S description of Burns, having been composed under advantages which no subsequent writer can enjoy, forms a desirable supplement to any memoir of his life.

"Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the natural symmetry and elegance of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indio-

ative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honor, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and of repelling intrusion. But though jealous of the respect due to himself, Burns never enforced it where he saw it was willingly paid; and though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advance of kindness and of benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good-will, of pity, or of tenderness; and as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humor, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features, and with the feelings of his mind. When these endowments are added a rapid and dis-

tinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language — of strength as well as brilliancy of expression — we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation — for the sorcery which, in his social parties, he seemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women, this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy, as well as the tenderness of his heart; and by restraining the vehemence and the exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed. This influence was doubtless reciprocal. A Scottish lady accustomed to the best society, declared with characteristic *naïveté*, that no man's conversation ever *carried her so completely off her feet*, as that of Burns;¹ and an English lady, familiarly acquainted with several of the most distinguished characters of the present times, assured the editor, that in the happiest of his social hours, there was a charm about Burns which she had never seen equalled.² This charm arose not more from the power than the versatility of his genius. No languor could be felt in the society of a man who passed at

¹ It has been stated that this lady was Jane, Duchess of Gordon.

² Mrs. Walter Riddel is here meant.

pleasure from *grave to gay*, from the ludicrous to the pathetic, from the simple to the sublime; who wielded all his faculties with equal strength and ease, and never failed to impress the offspring of his fancy with the stamp of his understanding.

“This, indeed, is to represent Burns in his happiest phasis. In large and mixed parties, he was often silent and dark, sometimes fierce and overbearing; he was jealous of the proud man’s scorn, jealous to an extreme of the insolence of wealth, and prone to avenge, even on its innocent possessor, the partiality of fortune. By nature, kind, brave, sincere, and in a singular degree compassionate, he was, on the other hand, proud, irascible, and vindictive. His virtues and his failings had their origin in the extraordinary sensibility of his mind, and equally partook of the chills and glows of sentiment. His friendships were liable to interruption from jealousy or disgust, and his enmities died away under the influence of pity or self-accusation. His understanding was equal to the other powers of his mind, and his deliberate opinions were singularly candid and just; but, like other men of great and irregular genius, the opinions which he delivered in conversation were often the offspring of temporary feelings, and widely different from the calm decisions of his judgment. This was not merely true respecting the characters of others, but in regard to some of the most important points of human speculation.”

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION OF BURNS'S POEMS

[THE first edition of Burns's poetry was published at Kilmarnock towards the end of July, 1786, with the title, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns*, and the motto :

“ The Simple Bard, unbroke to rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspired, 'tis Nature's powers inspire;
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire.”

ANONYMOUS.

It contained the following pieces : — The Twa Dogs — Scotch Drink — The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer — The Holy Fair — Address to the Deil — Mailie — To J. S**** [Smith] — A Dream — The Vision — Halloween — The Auld Farmer's New-year Morning's Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie — The Cotter's Saturday Night — To a Mouse — Epistle to Davie — The Lament — Despondency, an Ode — Man was Made to Mourn — Winter, a Dirge — A Prayer in the Prospect of Death — To a Mountain Daisy — To Ruin — Epistle to a Young Friend — On

a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies — A Dedication to G**** H*****, Esq. — To a Louse — Epistle to J. L*****, an old Scots Bard — To the Same — Epistle to W. S*****, Ochiltree — Epistle to J. R***** — Song, “It was upon a Lammas Night” — Song, “Now Westlin’ Winds” — Song, “From thee, Eliza, I must go” — The Farewell to the Brethren of St. James’s Lodge, Torbolton — Epitaphs and Epigrams — A Bard’s Epitaph.

It was introduced by the following preface : —]

“The following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, in their original languages, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth shewing; and none of the fol-

lowing works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind — these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

“Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as — an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth!

“It is an observation of that celebrated poet¹ whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that ‘*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!’ If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done would be a manoeuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his

¹ Shenstone.

worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly-admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces, but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

“ To his subscribers the author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom — to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others — let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.”

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED APRIL 21ST, 1787.

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN. — A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service — where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land, those who bear the honours, and inherit the virtues, of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection. I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do

DEDICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours ; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours :— I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may pleasure ever be of your party, and may social joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats — and may domestic happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates. May corruption shrink at your kindling indignance ; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find you an inex

DEDICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION. 11

orable foe! I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude and highest respect, my Lords and Gentlemen, your most devoted, humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS

EDINBURGH, 4th April. 1787

POEMS

ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

HANDSOME NELL.

TUNE—*I am a Man Unmarried.*

“ This kind of life — the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave — brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom — she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. . . . Among her other ove-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird’s son on one of his father’s maids, with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting

that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself." — BURNS'S *Autobiography*.

OH once I loved a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still ;
 And whilst that honour warms my breast,
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw ; well dressed
 But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
 'The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the ee,
 But without some better qualities,
 She's no the lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And, what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.¹

¹ Variation in Mr. John Dick's MS. : —

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 Good-humoured, frank, and free ;
 And still the more I view them o'er,
 The more they captive me.

The next verso is wanting in that MS.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel :
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

Makes

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart ;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul ;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

I DREAMED I LAY.

It is difficult to ascertain from Burns's own statements, even with the aid of his brother's and sister's, the order of such early attempts at rhyme as have been preserved. In arranging them here, I cannot profess to have attained more than an approximation to accuracy. There is one little song, which he says he composed at seventeen ; from its style, and from its resemblance both in ideas and expressions to Mrs. Cockburn's 'Flowers of the Forest,' which was pub-

lished in a collection (*The Lark*) possessed by Burns, it certainly may be ranked as one of his earliest efforts.¹

I DREAMED I lay whose flowers were springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 Listening to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave :
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave. troubled

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasure I enjoyed ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming, ere
 A' my flowery bliss destroyed.
 Though fickle Fortune has deceived me, —
 She promised fair, and performed but ill ;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me ; —
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

¹ Compare —

Lang or noon loud tempests storming. — *Burns.*

Loud tempests storming before parting day. — *Mrs. C.*

Swelling drumlie wave. — *Burns.*

Grow drumlie and dark. — *Mrs. C.*

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me. — *Burns.*

O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting? — *Mrs. C.*

I bear a heart shall support me still. — *Burns.*

Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me. —
Mrs. C.

MY NANNIE, O.

TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

The love affairs of the Scottish peasantry were, in those days, and in some measure are still, conducted in what appears a singular manner. The young farmer or ploughman, after his day of exhausting toil, would proceed to the home of his mistress, one, two, three, or more miles distant, there signal her to the door, and then the pair would seat themselves in the barn for an hour or two's conversation. It was a primitive fashion, owing its origin probably to the limited domestic accommodations of early times, and fathers and mothers appear to have found no occasion for visiting it with condemnation. In the parish of Torbolton, Robert Burns both launched into this mode of courtship himself, and helped in the similar courtships of others. . . . A surviving companion of the poet in these early days, says that he composed a song on almost every tolerable-looking lass in the parish, and finally one in which they were all included.

The Nannie of this song was, according to Gilbert Burns, one Agnes Fleming, a farmer's daughter in Torbolton parish; according to Mrs. Begg, Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinsiar flows,¹
'Mang mocrs and mosses many, O,

¹ In subsequent copies, Burns was induced to substitute for the Stinsiar, which has local verity in its favor, the Lugar

The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud and shill; abrid
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O:
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew, daisy
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee, wages
And I maun guide it canny, O; carefully
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, world's wealth
My thoughts are a' — my Nannie, O.

* name thought to be more euphonious, but which is otherwise unsuitable.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O ;
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wo, I care nae by,
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE— *Invercauld's Reel.*

Other songs of the period are of a humorous cast, showing that the course of the poet's loves did not always run quite smooth. It was in the following doughty strain that he addressed a neighboring maiden, who chose to consider herself as somewhat too good for him.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day	
Ye wad na been sae shy ;	
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,	slight
But, trowth, I care na by.	about t

Yestreen I met you on the moor,	Last eve
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure ;	dust
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,	mock
But fient a hair care I.	deuce

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink, money
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er you like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean, wench
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head another airt, direction
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear, wealth
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear, learning
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad speer your price, ash
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.

THE TORBOLTON LASSES.

The following off-hand verses can scarcely be considered as a song, and they are strikingly inferior to his average efforts; yet, as expressive of a mood of his feelings regarding his fair neighbors in those days of simplicity, they appear not unworthy of preservation.

IF ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
 Ye'll there see bonnie Peggy;
 She kens her father is a laird,
 And she forsooth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune:
 Wha canna win her in a night,
 Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak a look o' Mysie;
 She's dour and din, a deil within, obstinate
 But ablins she may please ye. perhaps

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense —
 She kens hersel she's bonnie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
 Speer in for bonnie Bessy ;
 She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, *sourtesy*
 And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
 In a' King George' dominion ;
 If ye should doubt the truth o' this —
 It's Bessy's ain opinion !

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS.

“It is rather remarkable that the young bard overlooks in this catalogue of damsels, a group who were certainly the predominant belles of the district, seeing that they were not merely good-looking girls, rather better educated than the Torbolton sisterhood, but the children of a man of considerable substance Robert and Gilbert Burns were both on intimate terms in this family. The latter at one time made tender advances, which were not destined to be accepted. Robert was too proud to venture on a refusal. This appears from a set of verses much resembling the last quoted, but more valuable for the illustration they afford of the poet's feelings and circumstances at this early period.”

In Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper young
 men,
 And proper young lasses and a', man ;

But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,¹
 They carry the gree frae them a', man. palm

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
 Braid money to tocher them a', man, portion
 To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
 Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
 As bonnie a lass or as braw, man ;
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the
 best,
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
 The mair admiration they draw, man ;
 While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
 They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man ;
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the
 fire,
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
 For mair than a towmond or twa, twelvemonth
 man ;

¹ The Bennals is a farm in the western part of the parish near Afton Lodge, and several miles from Lochlea.

The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man :
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, somerly
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man ;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man ;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw man.

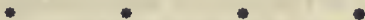
My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the bes
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,

And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man. *stitch*

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new, *shirts*
 Twal' hundred,¹ as white as the snaw, man,
 A ten shillings hat, a Holland cravat ;
 There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man ;
 Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their
 drants, *long prayers*
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was canny for hoarding o' money, *lucky*
 Or claughtin 't together at a', man ; *catching*
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.



ON CESSNOCK BANKS.²

TUNE — *If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*

About this time (1781) Burns had met a young woman possessing many highly agreeable qualities,

¹ A kind of cloth.

² This piece appeared for the first time in Cromek's *Reliques*, the editor stating that he had recovered it "from the oral communication of a lady residing at Glasgow, whom the

though "without any fortune," on whose hand he had serious views. Her name was Ellison Begbie, the daughter of a small farmer in the parish of Galston she was now a servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock, about two miles from the home of the Burnesses. Ellison was not at all a beauty, but yet there was a fascination about her that made her much run after by the young men of the neighborhood. Her charms lay in the life and grace of the mind; in this respect she was so much superior to ordinary girls of her station, that Burns, in maturer years, after he had seen Edinburgh ladies, acknowledged to his family that she was, of all the women he had ever seriously addressed, the one most likely to have formed an agreeable companion for life.¹ On her he composed what he called a song of similes — a curious conceit in versification, but yet containing many exquisite lines.

ON Cessnock Banks there lives a lass ;
 Could I describe her shape and mien,
 The graces of her weel-faured face, well-favored
 And the glancing of her sparkling een !

bard in early life affectionately admired." It seems not unlikely that Ellison herself had grown into this lady. A copy printed from the poet's manuscript in Pickering's edition of his works is considerably different in one stanza, presents an additional one, and exhibits a different concluding line to each verse —

"An' she's twa sparkling roguish een."

¹ For reasons which are unknown, Ellison did not see fit to encourage the poet's advances.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
 That sings in Cessnock Banks unseen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
 And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
 That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
 They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
 And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep;
 And she's twa glancing sparkling een.¹

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
 That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
 When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
 And she's twa glancing sparkling een.

[Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
 The pride of all the flowery scene,
 Just opening on its thorny stem;
 And she's twa sparkling roguish een.]²

¹ Variation in Pickering's copy:

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
 While pale the morning rises keen,
 While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
 And she's twa sparkling roguish een.

² The above is the additional stanza in Pickering's edition.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
 But the mind that shines in every grace,
 And chiefly in her sparkling een.

WINTER, A DIRGE.

Towards the end of 1781, Burns was suffering from a severe nervous affection attended with extreme hypochondria. It was probably at this time — a time which he says he could not afterwards recall without a shudder — that he composed a series of poems expressive of deep suffering, including his 'Winter, a Dirge,' which he spoke of as the eldest of the pieces in his Edinburgh edition.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,¹
 The joyless winter day,

¹ Dr. Young.

Let others fear, — to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here firm I rest, — they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign !

In the same spirit, and indeed expressive of the
 same idea, is

A PRAYER,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

OH Thou great Being ! what Thou art
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distress ;

Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine !

FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK.

OH why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder ?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger !

I gat some gear wi' mickle care,
I held it weel thegither ;
But now it's gane, and something mair —
I'll go and be a sodger !

OH leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;

Such witching books are baited nooks
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel. . .

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part;
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel. . . .

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.

MY father was a farmer upon the Carrick
 border, O,
 And carefully he bred me in decency and
 order, O;
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er
 a farthing, O;
 For without an honest manly heart no man was
 worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did deter-
 mine, O;
 Though to be rich was not my wish, yet to be
 great was charming, O:

My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my
education, O ;

Resolved was I, at least to try, to mend my situ-
ation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted for-
tune's favour, O ;

Some cause unseen still stept between, to frus-
trate each endeavour, O.

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpowered, sometimes
by friends forsaken, O ;

And when my hope was at the top, I still was
worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harassed, and tired at last, with for-
tune's vain delusion, O,

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came
to this conclusion, O :—

The past was bad, and the future hid — its good
or ill untried, O ;

But the present hour was in my power, and so I
would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to
befriend me, O ;

So I trust toil, and sweat, and broil, and labor to
sustain me, O ;

To plough and sow to reap and mow, my father
bred me early O ;

For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, through
 life I'm doomed to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay, in everlasting
 slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
 me pain or sorrow, O ;
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-
 morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a
 palace, O,
Though fortune's frown still hurts me down with
 all her wonted malice, O :
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can
 make it further, O ;
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much
 regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labor I earn a little
 money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
 me, O :
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
 natured folly, O :
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er
 be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unre-
 mitting ardor, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave
 your view the further, O :

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer
before you, O.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
POOR MAILIE, THE AUTHOR'S
ONLY PET YOWE:

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

The following poem took its rise in a simple incident thus related by Gilbert Burns. "He had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lambs from a neighbor, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlea. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at mid-day, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hughoc's appearance and posture on the occasion. Poor Mailie was set to rights; and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her Death and Dying Words pretty much in the way they now stand."

As Mailie and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,

Upon her clout she coost a litch, foot — loop
 And owre she warsled in the ditch : struggle.
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc¹ he cam doytin' by. waking stupidly

Wi' glowering een and lifted hands, staring
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stands ;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it.
 He gapèd wide, but naething spak —
 At length poor Mailie silence brak.

' Oh thou, whose lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
 My dying words attentive hear,
 And bear them to my master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep, money
 O bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
 But ca' them out to park or hill, drive
 And let them wander at their will ;
 So may his flock increase, and grow
 To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo' !

¹ A neighbor herd-callan. B. — In a copy of the poem in the poet's handwriting, possessed by Miss Grace Aiken, Ayr a more descriptive note is here given: " Hughoc was an odd glowran, gapin' callan, about three-fourths as wise as othe' folk."

‘ Tell him he was a master kin’,
 And aye was guid to me and mine ;
 And now my dying charge I gie him —
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi’ him.

‘ Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
 Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers’ knives ! **foxes**
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel ; **provide for**
 And tent them duly, e’en and morn, **tend**
 Wi’ teats o’ hay, and rippis o’ corn. **hardfuds**

‘ And may they never learn the gaets **ways**
 Of other vile, wanrestfu’ pets ; **restless**
 To slink through slaps, and reave and steal **gaps**
 At stacks o’ peas, or stocks o’ kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears, **ancestors**
 For mony a year come through the shears :
 So wives will gie them bits o’ bread,
 And bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

‘ My poor toop-lamb, my son and heir,
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi’ care ;
 And if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast ! **manners**

‘ And warn him, what I wilna name,
 To stay content wi’ yowes at hame ;
 And no to rin and wear his cloots, **hoofs**
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. **senseless**

' And neist my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string ;
 Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up encounter
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
 But aye keep mind to moop and mell mump—associate
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :
 And when you think upo' your mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale ;
 And bid him burn his cursed tether,
 And, for thy pains, thou's get my blether.'

This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
 And closed her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead ;
 The last sad cape-stane of his woes —
 Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear sorrowful
 The mourning weed :
 He's lost a friend and neibor dear,
 In Mailie dead.

Through a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A lang half-mile she could descrie him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed :
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
 Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel wi' mense : discretion
 I'll say't she never brak a fence,
 Through thievish greed.
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence inner room
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe, valley
 Her living image in her yowe,
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe, hilloc.
 For bits o' bread ;
 And down the briny pearls rowe
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips, rams
 Wi' tawted ket, and hairy hips, matted fleeces

For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed:
 A bonnier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips fleece
 Than Mailie dead.¹

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing a rape! unlucky
 It makes guid fellows girn and gape, girn
 Wi' chokin' dread;
 And Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For Mailie dead.

Oh a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
 And wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
 Come, join the melancholious croon croon
 O' Robin's reed!
 His heart will never get aboon —
 His Mailie's dead!

¹ Variation in original MS.: —

She was nae get o' runted rams, stunted
 Wi' woo like goats, and legs like trams; wagon-shafts
 She was the flower o' Fairly lambs,
 A famous breed;
 Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams weeping
 O' Mailie dead.

JOHN BARLEYCORN--A BALLAD.¹

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high ;
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
 Put clods upon his head ;
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong ;
 His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

¹ This is an improvement upon an early song of probably English origin, of which Mr. Robert Jameson has given a copy in his *Ballads* (2 vols. 8vo.), which he obtained from a black-letter sheet in the Pepys Library, Cambridge.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Shewed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him further wo ;
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
 The marrow of his bones ;
 But a miller used him worst of all,
 For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
 And drunk it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise ;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his wo ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

MARY MORRISON.

The year 1783, and the early part of 1784, witnessed various love-affairs of the poet, of which we have but an obscure account. One of these is merely indicated in the beautiful song of *Mary Morrison*.

OH Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure, . dust
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morrison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a' :
 'Ye are na Mary Morrison.'

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?

Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morrison.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—*Corn Rigs.*

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Amang the rigs o' barley ;
 I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;

I kissed her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley !

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin' ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin' :
But a' the pleasures c'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

TUNE—*Gala Water.*

Of a third ditty we have also some particulars. It was a more serious and durable affair than either of the preceding. The heroine was a young woman acting as a superior servant in the house of Mr. Montgomery of Coilsfield; hence she was called by Burns Montgomery's Peggy. The poet's acquaintance with her commenced in the same way as that of the Laird of Dumbiedykes with the lady whom he chose as his wife — that is, by their sitting in the same seat in church.¹ He himself tells us that he entered on a courtship, partly from a desire to show his skill in the writing of *billets doux* — a kind of exercise in composition, of the dangers of which he, as an unreflecting poet, was of course quite unaware. By and by, as might have been expected, he came to write of the damsel in a somewhat fervent strain. When he at length began to make serious demonstrations, he found that the heart of Peggy had been for some time engaged to another, and it cost him, as he tells us, some heartaches to get quit of the affair.

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet nappy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

¹ These particulars are from Mrs. Begg.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy,
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The barin't with Montgomery's Peggy.

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE — *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

The Peggy of the following song (which belongs apparently to the year 1784) was, according to Burns's sister, Margaret Thomson, who had some years before been the object of a blazing passion, while Burns was at school at Kirkoswald.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather.
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring hern the fountains : heron
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves, wood pigeon
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;

I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!¹

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE OF
 WILLIAM BURNES.

OH ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

¹ Mrs. Begg remembers, about the time of her brother's attachment to Jean Armour, seeing this song freshly written out amongst his papers, with the name "Jeanie" instead of "Peggy," and the word "Armour" instead of "charmer," at the end of the first and fifth verses. She therefore suspects that the poet has, through inadvertency, made a mistake in assigning this song to Miss Thomson. The present editor has not deemed himself justified on such a ground to reject so direct a statement of the poet himself. Perhaps he may have written the song for Miss Thomson, and only temporarily dethroned her name for the sake of a newer love. It seems next to impossible that Burns could have ever published the song with a change so calculated to debase its poetical value as the substitution of "Armour" for "charmer."

The pitying heart that felt for human wo;
 The dauntless heart that feared no human
 pride;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
 "For even his failings leaned to virtue's side."¹

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

In the course of the summer 1784, the health of the poet gave way to a serious extent. The movements of the heart were affected, and he became liable to fainting fits, particularly in the night-time. The youthful bard, feeling that death hovered over him, and reflecting with compunction on the errors partly involved in the cause of his malady, was for a time under very serious impressions. He at this time wrote what he calls in his *Commonplace-book* "a Prayer when fainting fits and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder which still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm." It was subsequently published under the more simple title of *A Prayer in the Prospect of Death*.

OH thou unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!

¹ Goldsmith.

In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong ;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-good ! — for such thou art, —
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween:

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing
storms:

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?

Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms

I tremble to approach an angry God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"

Fain promise never more to disobey;

But should my Author health again dispense

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way:

Again in Folly's path might go astray;

Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;

Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,

Who act so counter heavenly mercy's
plan?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to tempta-
tion ran?

Oh Thou, great Governor of all below!

If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea:

With that controlling power assist even me

Those headlong furious passions to confine;

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allowed line ;
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Di-
 vine !¹

THE FIRST PSALM.

To the same period I am disposed to refer two translations of psalms, which appeared in the Edinburgh edition of his poems.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

¹ In Mr. Dick's MS. is apparently an earlier copy of this poem, containing some variations expressive of deeper contrition than what here appears. After "Again I might desert fair Virtue's way," comes, "Again by passion would be led astray." The second line of the last stanza is, "If one so black with crimes dare on thee call."

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

OH Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command;

That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st: "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off,
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All withered and decayed.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE.

Rankine was a prince of boon-companions, and mingled a good deal in the society of the neighboring gentry, but was too free a liver to be on good terms with the stricter order of the clergy. Burns and he had taken to each other, no doubt in consequence of their community of feeling and thinking on many points.

Rankine had amused the fancy of Burns by a trick which he played off upon a guest of rigid professions, which ending in making the holy man thoroughly drunk.

OH rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'! rhobee
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams and tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin',
 Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, oh dinna tear it!
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black!
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back. Tears

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing: harming
 It's just the blue-gown badge and claithing ¹

¹ Alluding to a blue uniform and badge worn by a select number of privileged beggars in Scotland usually called King's Bedesmen. Edie Ochiltree, in the *Antiquary*, is an example of the corps.

O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargained for, and mair;
 Sae, whan ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon sang,¹ ye'll sen't wi' canny care, thoughtfu
 And no neglect.

Though, faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 My muse dow scarcely spread her wing; can
 I've played mysel a bonnie spring,
 And danced my fill;
 I'd better gaen and sair't the king served
 At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ac night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 And brought a paitrick to the grun', partridge
 A bonnie hen,
 And as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
 I straitit it a wee for sport, stroked

¹ A song he had promised the author. — B.

Ne'er thinking they wad fash me for't; trouble
 But deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

Some auld used hands had taen a note
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorned to lie;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 And pay't the fee. . . .

As soon's the clocking-time is by, breeding
 And the wee pouts begun to cry, poult
 L—, I'se hae sportin' by and by,
 For my gowd guinea,
 Though I should hunt the buckskin kye
 For't in Virginia. . . .

It puts me aye as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme and write nae mair;
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
 Your most obedient

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

TUNE — *Green grow the Rashes.*

THERE'S nought but care on every hand,
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies' the life o' man,
 And 'twere na for the lasses, O.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase, worldly
 And riches still may fly them, O;
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en, happy
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 And warly cares, and warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O. topsy-turvy

For you sae douce ye sneer at this, grave
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.¹

August.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

TUNE — *Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*

Burns had joined a fraternity of freemasons who met in a small public-house in the village of Torbolton. His generous and social temper disposed him to

¹ In this song Burns made an improvement upon an ancient homely ditty to the same air. It has been pointed out that the last admirable verse is formed upon a conceit, which was put into print long before the days of Burns, in a comedy entitled *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607. The passage in the comedy is an apostrophe to the female sex, as follows:—

“ Oh woman ——

—— since we

Were made before ye, should we not love and
 Admire ye as the last, and therefore perfect'st work
 Of Nature? Man was made when Nature was
 But an apprentice, but woman when she
 Was a skilful mistress of her art.”

It might be presumed that Burns had no chance of seeing the old play; but it appears that the passage has been transferred into a book which was not very scarce in his time — namely, *The British Muse, a Collection of Thoughts* by Thomas Hayward, Gent. 4 vols. London, 1738.

take a warm part in their festive proceedings ; and his witty intelligent conversation made him speedily ascend to a leading-place in the lodge. Any bacchanalianism which appears in his verses was not from the heart, as his ravings on amatory subjects usually are. He was here merely the literary medium of a recognized common sentiment.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare ;
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are
 here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother — his
 horse ;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his
 purse ;
 But see you The Crown, how it waves in the
 air !
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck ;
But the pury old landlord just waddled up
stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

Life's cares, they are comforts'¹—a maxim
laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown ;
And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

THEN fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of th' compass and
square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harassed with
care!

“THOUGH CRUEL FATE SHOULD BID US
PART.”

The four pieces which follow are extracted from
Burns's Commonplace-Book. They are inserted be-

¹ Young.

tween entries for May and August [1784?], but possibly may be the production of a period somewhat later.

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
As far's the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.¹

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root.

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bickered to the seas, raced
A cushat crooded o'er me, wood-pigeon
That echoed through the braes.

¹ The allusion is to Jean Armour, afterwards the wife of the poet.

ROBIN.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth my while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew handsel ¹ in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof, peeped — palm
 Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof; goodly — fool
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a';
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

¹ A gift for a particular season, or the first money received on any particular occasion.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.¹ blessings

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 RUISSEAUX.²

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair,
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him;
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him, troubled
 Except the moment that they crush't him;
 For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
 Though e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash't 'em,
 And thought it sport.

¹ It has been said, but upon no good authority that I am aware of, that there was some foundation in fact for this tale of a gossip — a wayfaring woman, who chanced to be present at the poet's birth, — having actually announced some such prophecies respecting the infant placed in her arms. Some similar circumstances attended the birth of Mirabeau.

² Ruisseau, *Fr.* for rivulets, a translation of his own name

Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,
Not dreadin' anybody,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

August.

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS
DECEIVED ME.

THOUGH fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair, and performed but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.¹

September

¹ "The above was an extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which indeed threatened to undo me altogether." — B.

OH RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING
BLAST.

OH raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
Oh raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

"It was, I think, in summer, 1784, when in the interval of harder labor, he and I were weeding in the garden (kail-yard), that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed." — G. BURNS.

This poem appears to have been completed, as it now stands, in January 1785, for a copy in the poet's handwriting exists in possession of Miss Grace Aiken, Ayr, bearing that date, and with the following more ample title—*An Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet, Lover, Ploughman, and Fiddler.*

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or two o' rhyme,
 In lamely westlin' jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug, in — ear
 I grudge a wee the great folk's gift, little
 That live sae bien and snug: comfortably
 I tent less, and want less mind
 Their roomy fireside;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared;
 How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant, fools
 And ken na how to wair't; know — spend
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head; trouble
 Though we hae little gear, wealth

We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier: scund
 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'¹ ask
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg, ag
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.²

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
 Is doubtless great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Even then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile:
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther we can fa'.

¹ Ramsay.

² "The old-remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his power that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *guid crack* — that is, to possess talents for conversation — was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourses af

What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal' ? Without—hold
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year :
 On braes when we please then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune ; com
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae dune.

forded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming, one day or other, a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to so often as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says :

 ' And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.'

Again, in his *Epistle to Davie*, a brother poet, he states that in their closing career,

 ' The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.'

And after having remarked, that

 ' To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
 Is doubtless great distress,'

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, that free enjoyment of the beauties of nature which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant." SIR WALTER SCOTT — *Notes to Antiquary*.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in making muckle *mair* ;
 It's no in books ; i's no in lear, learning
 To mak us truly blest ;
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest ;
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart aye's the part aye
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, we are less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way, observes
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either heaven or hell
 Esteeming and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet. And see
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts! mark
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover and the frien' ;
 Ye hae your Meg,¹ your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean!
 It warms me, it charms me.
 To mention but her name :
 It beats me, it beets me, adds fue
 And sets me a' on flame!

¹ Sillar's fame was a lass named Margaret Orr, who had

Oh all ye powers who rule above!
Oh Thou whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming through my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, all-seeing,
Oh hear my fervent prayer!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!

the charge of the children of Mrs. Stewart of Stair. Burns, accompanying his friend on a visit to Stair, found some other lasses there who were good singers, and communicated to them some of his songs in manuscript. Chance threw one of these in the way of Mrs. Stewart, who, being struck by its elegance and tenderness, resolved to become acquainted with the author. Accordingly, on his next visit to the house, he was asked to go into the drawing-room to see Mrs. Stewart, who thus became the first friend he had above his own rank in life. It was not the fortune of 'Meg' to become Mrs. Sillar

Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean!

Oh how that name inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin', rank and thronging
 file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin' owre my pen. staring
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp, hobble
 And rin an unco fit: at a good pace
 But lest then, the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now wipe
 His sweaty, wizened hyle. withered

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK:

A TRUE STORY.

In the *seed-time* of 1785 — the date is from the poet's own authority — Burns attended a masonic meeting at Torbolton, when there chanced to be also present the schoolmaster of the parish, a man with as powerful a self-esteem as the poet himself, though of a different kind, or manifested differently. This personage, John Wilson by name, to eke out a scanty subsistence, as Gilbert tells us, "had set up a shop of grocery goods." Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised that "Advice would be given in common disorders at the shop gratis." On this occasion he made a somewhat too ostentatious display of his medical attainments. It is said that Burns and he had a dispute, in which the poor dominie brought forward his therapeutics somewhat offensively. Be this as it may, in going home that night, Burns conceived, and partly composed, his poem of *Death and Dr. Hornbook*. "These circumstances," adds Gilbert, "he related when he repeated the verses to me next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me."

This, then, as far as we can see, is, next to the *Epistle to Davie*, the first considerable poem by Burns manifesting anything like the vigor which is characteristic of his principal pieces.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penned :
 Ev'n ministers they hae been kenned,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid at times to vend, ab
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell, going
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true's the deil's in hell,
 Or Dublin city :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty — village aie
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye staggered
 To free the ditches ;
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r stars
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel' ;

But whether she had three or four,
I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin' down on Willie's mill,¹
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker; sure
Though leeward whyles, against my will, sometimes
I took a bicker. short race

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither; dismal hesitation
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither fish-spear
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seemed lang Scotch ells twa,
'The queerest shape that e'er I saw;
For fient a wame it had ava; belly—at all
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp and sma',
As cheeks o' branks.²

“Guid e'en,” quo' I; “friend, hae ye been mawin',
When ither folk are busy sawin'?”

¹ Torbolton Mill, then occupied by William Muir, an intimate friend of the Burns family—from him it was called *Willie's Mill*.

² Branks—a kind of wooden frame, forming, with a rope, a bridle for troublesome horses or cows.

I' seemed to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak;
 At length says I: "Friend, whare ye gaun?
 Will ye go back?"

It spake right howe: "My name is Death, hollow
 But be na fley'd." Quoth I: "Guid frightened
 faith,

Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
 But tent me, billie — friend
 I red ye weel, tak care o' scaith, advise — harm
 See, there's a gully!" clasp-knife

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
 I'm no designed to try its mettle;
 But if I did, I wad be kittle difficult
 To be mislear'd;¹
 I wadna mind it, no that spittle
 Out-owre my beard."²

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
 Come, gie's your hand, and say we're gree't;
 We'll ease our shanks and tak a seat —
 Come, gie's your ne'ws;

¹ To be put out of my art. This is not the usual sense of the word, which Burns himself interprets in his glossary into mischievous, unmannerly; but the sense of the passage can only be so understood.

² Both in the scythe and in this feature of the beard, which, as connected with a skeleton, is in plain prose a solecism, the poet appears to have had the ordinary figure of Time in view rather than that of Death.

This while ye hae been mony a gaet, road
 At mony a house." ¹

‘Ay, ay!’ quo’ he, and shook his head,
 “It’s e’en a lang lang time indeed
 Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 And choke the breath:
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 And sae maun Death.

‘Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
 And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 To stap or scaur me;
 Till ane Hornbook’s taen up the trade,
 And faith he’ll waur me. get the better of

“Ye ken Jock Hornbook i’ the clachan, village
 Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan! tobacco-
 He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ Buchan ² pouch
 And ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin’, children
 And pouk my hips. pluch

“See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 They hae pierced mony a gallant heart;
 But Doctor Hornbook wi’ his art
 And cursèd skill,

¹ Alluding to a recent epidemical fever.

² *Buchan’s Domestic Meaicine*, then a popular book, and of course a readily available manual for a village Galen.

Has made them baith no worth a—;
D—d haet they'll kill.

Devil-a bli

“ ’Twas but yestreen, nae further gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just played dirl¹ on the bane,
But did nae mair.

“ Hornbook was by wi’ ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o’t wad hae pierced the heart
O’ a kail-runt.

cabbage-roo

“ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near hand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O’ hard whin rock.

tumbled ower

“ Even them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne’er had kenned it,
Just—in a kail-blade and send it,
As soon’s he smells’t,
Baith their disease and what will mend it
At once he tells’t.

¹ A short tremulous stroke.

‘ And then a’ doctor’s saws and whittles,
 Of a’ dimensions, shapes, and metals,
 A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, and bottles,
 He’s sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C.

“ Calces o’ fossils, earths, and trees ;
 True sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
 The farina of beans and peas,
 He has’t in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

“ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons, ^{Besides}
 Urinus spiritus of capons,
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distilled *per se*,
 Sal-alkali o’ midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae.”

“ Wae’s me for Johnny Ged’s Hole¹ now,”
 Quo’ I ; “ if that thae news be true,
 His braw calf-ward² where gowans grew, ^{daisies}
 Sae white and bonny,
 Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the pleugh ;
 They’ll ruin Johnny !”

¹ The parish gravedigger.

² The churchyard, which had occasionally been used as an enclosure for calves.

The creature grained an eldritch laugh, *unearthly*
 And says: "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 Kirkyards will soon be tilled enough,

Tak ye nae fear:

They'll a' be trenched wi' mony a sheugh, *furrow*
 In twa-three year.

' Whare I killed ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 This night, I'm free to tak my aith,

That Hornbook's skill

Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 By drap and' pill.

" An honest wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, *[flute]*

When it was sair;

The wife slade cannie to her bed, *gently*
 But ne'er spak mair.

" A bonny lass, ye ken her name,
 Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame;
 She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,

To Hornbook's care;

Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 To hide it there.

" A country laird had taen the batts, *both*
 Or some curmurring in his guts;

His only son for Hornbook sets,
 And pays him well —
 The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, young ewes
 Was laird himsel',

“ That’s just a swatch o’ Hornbook’s way; sample
 Thus goes he on from day to day,
 I’hus does he poison, kill, and slay,
 An’s weel paid for’t;
 Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey
 Wi’ his d—d dirt.

“ But hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
 Though dinna ye be speaking o’t;
 I’ll nail the self-conceited sot
 As dead’s a herrin’:
 Niest time we meet, I’ll wad a groat, wages
 He gets his fairin’!”

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith:
 I took the way that pleased mysel’,
 And sae did Death.¹

¹ The publication of this poem was of course discomfoting to the poor schoolmaster, though he is said to have been in reality a respectable man in his legitimate capacity and even useful as a dispenser of medicines in a village which had then no medical practitioner within four miles.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1786.

Early in this year, on Fasten's e'en (*Anglicè*, Shrovetide), there was a *rocking* at Mossgiel. Gilbert explains this term:— 'It is derived from those primitive times when the country-women employed their spare hours in spinning on a rock or distaff. This simple instrument is a very portable one, and well fitted to the social inclination of meeting in a neighbor's house; hence the phrase of *going a-rocking*, or *with the rock*. As the connection the phrase had with the implement was forgotten when the rock gave place to the spinning-wheel, the phrase came to be used by both sexes on social occasions, and men talk of going with their rocks as well as women.' There was then a simple frugal social meeting at Mossgiel, when, among other entertainments, each did his or her best at singing. One sang a pleasing specimen of the rustie lore of Ayrshire, understood to be the composition of a person now in advanced years, named Lapraik, residing at Muirkirk:

"When I upor thy bosom lean,
 Enraptured I do call thee mine,
 I glory in those sacred ties,
 That made us ane wha ance were twain."

¹ The verses which passed for Lapraik's were in reality derived, with slight alterations, from a poem in the *Weekly*

Burns was so much pleased with the ditty, that he soon after sent a versified epistle to the supposed author.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 And paitricks sraichin' loud at e'en, partridges
 And morning poussie whiddin seen, hare scudding
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin'; chat
 And there was muckle fun and jokin',
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
 A' to the life. [thrilled]

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
 What generous manly bosoms feel;

Magazine, Oct. 14, 1773, entitled Lines addressed by a Husband to his Wife after being six Years married, and sharing a great Variety of Fortune together.

Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me sidgin-fain to hear't, excitedly eager
And sae about him there I spier't, inquired
'Then a' that kent him round declared
 He had ingine, genius
That nane excelled it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
And either douce or merry tale, grave
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel',
 Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and T'eviotdale,
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and
 graith, harness
Or die a cadger pownie's death peddler
 At some dyke back,
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack. one

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,

I to the crambo-jingle fell,
 Though rude and rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sell, humming
 Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,
 And hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter!
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
 And say: "How can you e'er propose,
 You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns and stools?
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoos,
 Or knappin-hammers. stone-hammers

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in college-classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses, bullocks
 Plain truth to speak;

And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge through dub and mire
At pleugh or cart, [puddle]
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart,

Oh for a spunk o' Allan's glee, spark
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it!

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Though real friends I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel'; boast
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me; praise
Though I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

But Mauchline race,¹ or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to Care,
 If we forgather,
 And hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, make
 And kirsen him wi' reekin' water; christen
 Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,²
 To cheer our heart ;
 And, faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa' ye selfish warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, and grace, manners
 Even love and friendship should give place
 To catch the plack! doit
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack. conversation

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your being on the terms,
 " Each aid the others,"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

¹ This was celebrated on the road adjoining to Burns's farm of Mossgiel.

² A hearty draught of liquor.

My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfceil'd hizzie, heedless — overspent
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she: "Ye ken, we've been sae busy
This month and mair,
That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
And something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad: stupid
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad! feeble
I'll write, and that a hearty blaud, effusion
This very night;
Sae dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes, Praise
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
And thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I: "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
And if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof,
 But I shall scribble down some blether, nonsense
 Just clean aff-loof. off-hand

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
 Though fortune use you hard and sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp tickle
 Wi' gleesome touch;
 Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp —
 She's but a b—h!

She's gien me monie a jirt and fleg, jerk—kick
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the L—, though I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow, gray
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow! car

Now comes the sax-and-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer,
 Frae year to year
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer, skittish wench
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent, chest—deceive

Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent burgh
 A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane, haughty
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane, shirt
 Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

Oh Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
 Through Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!

Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich and great,"
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gaet way
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began—
 'The social, friendly, honest man.
 Whate'er he be,

'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

Oh mandate glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, and squeeze, and
growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul handful
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detestin' owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year!

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE OF
KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

The west of Scotland was at this time, theologically, in a very different state from what it was a century before, when it gave so many martyrs to the sternest principles of Presbyterianism. There was, indeed, all over Scotland a reaction in the eighteenth century from the fervor of the seventeenth. It was generally believed, and there now can be little doubt of the fact, that an Arminianism, verging towards the dogmas of Socinus, had taken possession of many pulpits. The work of John Taylor of Norwich, entitled the *Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, had been extensively read in Ayrshire among the clergy as well as laity, and given rise to a pretty definite form of rationalism, which was recognized by the cant term of the *New Light*. As usual, minds of an active and restless character, especially when accompanied by philanthropic dispositions, had embraced this New Light, while the mass of the vulgar, and a section of the clergy, remained steadfast under the faith as it had been among their fathers. These were called 'the Whigs,' as representing the ancient religious party of that name, or were spoken of as adherents of the *Auld Light*. It affords a striking idea of the length which the new doctrines had gone, that a busy-brained old tradesman in Kilmarnock. by name John Goldie

or Goudie, published a book freely discussing the authority of the Scriptures, first in 1780, and in a new edition in 1785, without incurring an inconvenient degree of public odium.

It is stated by Dr. Currie that William Burnes had composed a little manual of religious belief for the use of his children, "in which the benevolence of his heart seems to have led him to soften the rigid Calvinism of the Scottish Church into something approaching to Arminianism." He was, in short, tinctured with the New Light, though modesty and prudence induced him to say very little on the subject. The poet, besides deriving a tendency that way from his father, had conversed with men of still more decided views at Irvine. While probably retaining, or thinking he retained, a hold of the main doctrines of Christianity, his vigorous and benevolent mind, and, as he has himself confessed, "a desire of shining in conversation-parties" — possibly, besides all this, an enjoyment in saying things calculated to startle common minds — led him into a by no means subdued demonstration of New-Light principles. It would be difficult to say how much of his heterodoxy was unreal, how much only temporary, — a passing gust of opinion, — but certainly he appeared to some at this time as entirely Socinian.¹ He seems to have believed that the religious mind of the country was undergoing a revolution which must result in the

¹ He himself, in a letter to Mr. Candlish, March 1787, speaks of his having "in the pride of despising old women's stories, ventured in 'the daring path Spinoza trod;'" but, he adds "experience of the weakness, not the strength, of human powers, made me glad to grasp at revealed religion."

abandonment of Calvinism. Such is the spirit of a short epistle in rhyme to Goudie on the publication of the second edition of his Essays.

OH, Goudie! terror of the Whigs,
 Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin', looks back, Grinning
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
 Wae's me! she's in a sad condition;
 Fie! bring Black Jock, her state-physician,
 To see her water.
 Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
 But now she's got an unco ripple; shake
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,¹
 Nigh unto death;
 See, how she fetches at the thrapple, windpipe
 And gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gane in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, cleverness

¹ That is, give in her name at church, to be prayed for.

Will ever mend her.
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief
 Wha are to blame for this mischief,
 But gin the L—'s ain fouk gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel empty
 And twa red peats wad send relief,
 And end the quarrel.

THE TWA HERDS; OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.¹

The person called *Black Jock* in the preceding Epistle was the Rev. John Russell, one of the ministers of the town where Goudie resided. He was a huge, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, of tremendous energy in the pulpit, of harsh and unloving nature, and a powerful defender of the strongholds of Calvinism. There was much room for his zeal in Kilmarnock, for so long ago as 1764, a New-Light clergyman named Lindsay had been introduced there, and had of course given a certain amount of currency to what Burns called common-sense (that is, rationalistic) views. There was another zealous partisan of the Auld Light—a Mr Alexander Moodie—in the adjacent parish of Rio

¹ Braw..

carton, and it was of course most desirable for two such champions in such circumstances to remain united. It so happened, however, that a dryness arose between them. The country story is, that as they were riding home one evening from Ayr, Moodie, in a sportive frame of mind, amused himself by tickling the rear of his neighbor's horse. The animal performed certain antics along the road, much to the amusement of the passing wayfarers, but greatly to the discomfiture of its rider, who, afterwards learning the trick, could not forgive Moodie for it. Afterwards, a question of parochial boundaries arose between them—it came before the presbytery for determination. "There in the open court," says Mr. Lockhart, "to which the announcement of the discussion had drawn a multitude of the country-people, and Burns among the rest, the reverend divines, hitherto sworn friends and associates, lost all command of temper, and abused each other *coram populo*, with a fiery virulence of personal invective such as has long been banished from all popular assemblies, wherein the laws of courtesy are enforced by those of a certain unwritten code." This was too much temptation for the profane wit of Burns. He lost no time in putting the affair into the following allegorical shape.

OH a' ye pious godly flocks,	
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,	
Wha now will keep ye frae the fox,	
Or worrying tykes,	dogs
Dr wha will tent the waifs and	stragglers
crocks,	old ewes
About the dikes?	enclosure walls

He smelt their ilka hole and road,¹
 Baith out and in,
 And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell telled his tale,
 His voice was heard through muir and dale,¹
 He kenn'd the L—'s sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
 And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
 Or nobly fling the Gospel club,
 And New-Light herds could nicely drab,
 Or pay their skin;
 Could shake them o'er the burning dub, poet
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa—oh, do I live to see't,
 Sic famous twa should disagree't,
 And names like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither gi'en,
 While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's liein'!

¹ There was a literal truth in this line, for a person who sometimes attended Russell's prelections affirmed, that in a favorable state of the atmosphere, his voice, when he was holding forth in the open air at sacraments, might be heard at the distance of upwards of a mile.

A' ye wha tent the Gospel fauld,
 There's Duncan,¹ deep, and Peebles,² shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,³ [shallow
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;
 There's scarce a new herd that we get,
 But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
 I winna name;
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple⁴ has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill⁵ has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursèd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,⁶
 And baith the Shaws,⁷

¹ Dr. Robert Duncan, minister of Dundonald.

² Rev. William Peebles, of Newton-upon-Ayr. See notes to *Holy Fair* and *Kirk's Alarm*.

³ Rev. William Auld, minister of Mauchline.

⁴ Rev. Dr. Dalrymple, one of the ministers of Ayr. He died in 1814, having filled his charge for the uncommon period of sixty-eight years. He had baptized Burns.

⁵ Rev. William M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr, colleague of Dr. Dalrymple. See note to *Kirk's Alarm*.

⁶ Minister of St. Quivox, an enlightened man, and elegant preacher.

⁷ Dr. Andrew Shaw of Craigie, and Dr. David Shaw of Coynton. Dr. Andrew was a man of excellent abilities, but extremely diffident—a fine speaker, and an accomplished

That aft hae made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow¹ lang has hatched mischief,
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forby turn-coats amang oursel';
 There's Smith for ane,²
 I doubt he's but a gray-nick quill,
 And that ye'll fin'.

besides

scholar. Dr. David, in personal respects, was a prodigy. He was ninety-one years of age before he required an assistant. At that period of life he read without the use of glasses, wrote a neat small hand, and had not a furrow in his cheek or a wrinkle in his brow. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1775. This amiable man died April 26, 1810, in the ninety-second year of his age, and sixty-first of his ministry.

¹ There were three brothers of this name, descended from the church historian, and all ministers— one at Eastwood, their ancestor's charge; the second at Stevenston; and the third, Dr. Peter Wodrow, at Torbolton. Dr. Peter is the person named in the poem. The assistant and successor mentioned in the verse was M'Math, elsewhere alluded to.

² Rev. Mr. Smith, minister of Galston. He is one of the best-preachers in the *Holy Fair*

Oh a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themsels
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance, halber
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banished o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.¹

¹ In the three last verses, the poet glances satirically at the demands made by the Old-Light party to obtain for congregations the right of choosing their own ministers, as opposite to the plan of their appointment by patrons, which had been reigning for several ages. The anti-patronage cause was almost identified with that of the Old Light, and for this reason BURNS had no sympathies with it.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelin's sklentet obliquely directed
 Ou my poor Musie ;
 Though in sic phrasin' terms ye've cajoling
 penned it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,¹ basket
 Should I but dare a hope to speel climb
 Wi' Allan² or wi' Gilbertfield,³
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or Fergusson, the writer chiel, lad
 A deathless name.

(Oh, Fergusson ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts !
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts, whinstone
 Ye E'nbrugh gentry ;
 The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stowed his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed, ren
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,

¹ In Scotland, when a person is much exalted and mystified about anything, he is said to be in a creel.

² Allan Ramsay.

³ William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, a Scottish poet contemporary with Ramsay.

(Oh sad disease!)

I kittle up my rustic reed; fingers
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila¹ now may fidge fu' fain, hug herself
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, pipes — spare
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;

¹ The district of Kyle, personified under the appellation of Coila. Burns afterwards assumed Coila as the name of his Muse.

But, Willie, set your fit to mine, foot
 And cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine rivulets
 Up wi' the best!

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells, mountains
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells, bore the bel
 Frae southron billies. fellows

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious died!

O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods meadows
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds, linnets
 And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,¹ furtive
 Their loves enjoy,
 While through the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry! [dove coos

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave through the naked tree;

¹ A word expressive of the quick, nimble movements of the hare, which hence is sometimes called a *whiddie* in Scotland.

Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray ;
 Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
 Darkening the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life and light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her, found
 Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 And no think lang ;
 O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
 A heartfelt sang !

The war'ly race may drudge and drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch and strive ;
 Let me fair Nature's face describe, [jostle - - push
 And I wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, " my rhyme-composing brither !"
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,

In love fraternal;
 May Envy wallop in a tether, quiver
 Black fiend infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,¹
 While terra firma on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen; pla
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans boys
 At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,
 Like you or me. [lowland speech]

¹ Dead sheep—a perquisite of the shepherd.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, shirt — shoes
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon paring
 Gaed past their viewing,
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one

This passed for certain — undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiels gat up, and wad confute it,
 And ca'd it wrang;
 And muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learned up' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; assert
 For 'twas the auld moon turned a neuk,
 And out o' sight,
 And backlins-comin', to the leuk
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied — it was affirmed;
 The herds and hirsels were alarmed; flocks
 The reverend gray-beards raved and stormed,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were informed
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words and aiths to clours and blows
 nicks. cuts

And mony a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt; dint
 And some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hanged and brunt. burnt

This game was played in monie lands,
 And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands, fellows
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe, fright
 Folk thought them ruined stick-and-stowe, completely
 Till now amaist on every knowe hillock
 Ye'll find ane placed;
 And some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin';
 Their zealous herds are vexed and sweatin';
 Mysel' I've even seen them greetin' crying
 Wi' ginnin' spite, grinning
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word and write.

But shortly they will cowe the loons! rascals
 Some Auld-Light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't in things they ca' balloons
 To tak a flight,

come up to the standard of Mr. Auld. This gentleman had some time before been in trouble with the parish session or consistory, on account of defects in his religious practice. It is said that the minister of Mauchline, who was, on the whole, an amiable and worthy man, would never have himself assailed Gavin Hamilton. He was, however, so unfortunate as to listen to, and act upon, the insinuations of one who was a member of his session, as well as its clerk, and who had a personal spite at Hamilton, in consequence of some dispute about the levying of a poor-rate. We cannot follow the controversy through all its windings; but at length it terminated in July 1785, when the session granted Mr. Hamilton a certificate of being free from all ground of church censure; so that he was substantially the victor. It appears, that on the final appearance of the case before the presbytery, Mr. Hamilton's agent, Mr. Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, exercised the oratorical talents for which he was locally remarkable, in exposing the secret motives of the prosecution, and the conduct of the session, one member of which appears to have been a very wretched creature. Burns had looked on with feelings keenly excited in favor of Gavin, whom he regarded as a noble-hearted man wronged by a set of malicious bigots; and he soon after produced a satire, nominally aimed at the particular elder here alluded to, commonly called *Holy Willie*, but in reality a burlesque of the extreme doctrinal views of the party to which he belonged.

OH Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',

Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night.
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation,
I wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plungèd me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burning lake,
Whare d—d devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To shew thy grace is great and ample;
I am here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,

A guide, a buckler, an example,
To a' thy flock.

But yet, oh L—! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust; *troubled*
And sometimes too wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

* * * *
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

L—, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race:
But G— confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame.

L—, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' grit and sma',
Frae G—'s ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

And whan we chasten'd him therefor,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, **disturbance**
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us :
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

L—, hear my earnest cry and prayer,
 Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, L—, mak it bare
 Upo' their heads,
 L—, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

Oh L—, my G—, that glib-tongued Aiken,
 My very heart and saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
 And swat wi' dread,
 While he wi' hingin' lip and snakin',
 Held up his head.

L—, in the day of vengeance try him,
 L—, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer ;
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, L—, remember me and mine,
 Wi' mercies temp'rai and divine,

That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excelled by nane,
 And a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen!¹

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Takes up its last abode ;
 His saul has ta'en some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

¹ The strength of satire here employed needs no comment. That Burns did not misrepresent the man whom he selected for vengeance is proved by events, for Holy Willie was afterwards found guilty of secreting money from the church-offerings, and he closed his miserable life in a ditch, into which he had fallen in going home from a debauch. The Rev. Hamilton Paul defends the poem as a just exposure of an odious interpretation of Christianity; and Mr. Lockhart, commenting on Mr. Paul, says: "That performances so blasphemous should have been not only pardoned, but applauded by ministers of religion, is a singular circumstance, which may go far to make the reader comprehend the exaggerated state of party-feeling in Burns's native county at the period when he first appealed to the public ear. Nor is it fair," he adds, "to pronounce sentence upon the young and reckless satirist, without taking into consideration the undeniable fact, that in his worst offences of this kind, he was encouraged and abetted by those who, to say nothing more about their professional character and authority, were almost the only persons of liberal education whose society he had any opportunity of approaching at the period in question."

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
 Poor silly body, see him;
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun',
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implcre,
 For pity ye hae nane;
 Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it

THIRD EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK.¹

The harvest of 1785 was beset by wretched weather, and was very late. On Mossiel the half of the crop was lost, a circumstance seriously affecting the prospects of Burns and his family. In two epistles of this period — one to his brother poet Lapraik, the other to a clerical friend — the bard alludes

¹ First published by Lapraik in a volume of his own poems.

to the evil season, as well as to the ecclesiastical bick-
erings then going on.

September 13, 1785.

GUID speed and funder to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale han's, and weather bonny;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny cutting
 The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thrash your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, ricks
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs and hagg's mosses
 Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, and skelpin' at it, working briskly
But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it, beating
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
And took my jocteleg and whatt it, knife — cut
 Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusiu' me for harsh ill-nature
 On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sel's;
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills jades
 To help, or roose us, praise
 But browster-wives and whisky-stills,
 They are the muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 And if ye mak objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, fast
 And witness take,
 And when wi' usquebae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared curbs
 Till kye be gaun without the herd, cows
 And a' the vittel in the yard,
 And theekit right, thatched
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter-night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blithe and witty,
 Till ye forget ye're auld and gutty, gouty
 And be as canty
 As ye were nine year less than thretty —
 Sweet ane-and-twenty!

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast, overturned
 And now the sinn keeks in the west, peeps

Then I maun rin amang the rest.
 And quat my chanter pipes
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste
 Yours, RAB THE RANTER.¹

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.²

September 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers shock — reapers
 cower
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower, beating
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower confusion
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tired wi' monie a sonnet
 On gown, and ban', and douce black grave
 bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie, now she's done it, fearful
 Lest they should blame her,

¹ A sobriquet borrowed from the clever old Scotch song, *Maggy Lauder*.

² At that time enjoying the appointment of *assistant and successor* to the Rev. Peter Wodrow, minister of Torbolton. He was an excellent preacher, and a decided moderate. He enjoyed the friendship of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, and of Burns, but unhappily fell into low spirits, in consequence of his dependent situation, and became dissipated. He died in obscurity at Rossul, in the Isle of Mull, December 1325.

And rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathém her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
That I, a simple country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse h— upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, and hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience, *stretching*
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn,¹ misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him;
And may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
And shall his fame and honour bleed
 By worthless skellums, *wretches*

¹ Gavin Hamilton.

And not a Muse erect her head
 To cove the blellums? follows

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 And tell aloud
 Their jugglin' locus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

G— knows I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass ;
 But mean revenge, and malice fause, false
 He'll still disdain,
 And then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
 For what? to gie their malice skouth scope
 On some puir wight,
 And hunt him down, o'er right and ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line,
 Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain
And far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth and merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid liberal band is found
 Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renowned,
 And manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named;
Sir, in that circle you are famed:

And some, by whom your doctrine's blamed
 (Which gies you honour),
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteemed,
 And winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 And if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good sir, in a
 Whase heart ne'er wranged ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belanged ye.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,
 NOVEMBER, 1785.

It is more than merely likely, that before the end of this year [1785] the notion of publishing had come upon Burns, and that he began accordingly to exert himself vigorously in the composition of poems not strictly, as for the most part hitherto, occasional. "Holding the plough," we are told by Gilbert, "was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise."

WEE, sleeokit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!

hasty clatter

I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!¹

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earthborn companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; *some't mees*
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave²
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive, *rest*
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane *build*
 O' foggage³ green,
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen! *sharp*

Thou saw the fields laid bare and was'e,
 And weary winter comin' fast,

¹ The stick used for clearing away the cloés from the plough.

² An occasional ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

³ Stray vegetable materials used by birds, etc., in constructing nests.

And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald, Without — hold
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble, endure
 And cranreuch cauld ! hoar-frost

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, alone
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
 Gang aft a-gley, wrong
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.¹

¹ We have the testimony of Gilbert Burns that this beautiful poem was composed while the author was following the plough. Burns ploughed with four horses, being twice the amount of power now required on most of the soils o' Scotland. He required an assistant called a *gaudsman*, to drive the horses, his own duty being to hold and guide the

HALLOWEEN.¹

“ Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

“ The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity, makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind,

plough. John Blane, who had acted as gandsman to Burns, and who lived sixty years afterwards, had a distinct recollection of the turning up of the mouse. Like a thoughtless youth as he was, he ran after the creature to kill it, but was checked and recalled by his master, who, he observed, became thereafter thoughtful and abstracted. Burns, who treated his servants with the familiarity of fellow-laborers, soon after read the poem to Blane.

¹ [All Hallow Eve, or the eve of All Saints' Day,] is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said in that right to hold a grand anniversary. — B.

if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own." — *Burns*.

UPON that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downans¹ dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, held
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams,
 There, up the Cove² to stray and rove,
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night,

Among the bonnie, winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear, wheeling
 Where Bruce³ ance ruled the martial ranks;
 And shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, country-folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks, nuts—pull
 And haud their Halloween hold
 Fu' blithe that night.

¹ Certain little romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis. — *B.*

² A noted cavern near Colean House, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies. — *B.*

³ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick. — *B.*

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat, trim
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe, show
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin': true
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs spruce — knots
 Weel knotted on their garten, garter
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs bashful — talk
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night. sometimes

Then, first and foremost, through the kail, cabbage
 Their stocks¹ maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, and graip, and close — grope
 wale, choose
 For muckle anes and straught anes. straught
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, fool
 And wandered through the bow-kail; cabbages
 And pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail, stalk
 Sae bow't that night. crooked

¹ The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the man and object of all their spells — the husband or wife. If any yird or earth stick to the root, that is tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc — that is, the heart of the stem — is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question. — B.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther; in confusion
 'The very wee things, todlin', rin tottering
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther :
 And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ; knives
 Syne cozily aboon the door, Then
 Wi' cannie care, they've placed them gentle
 To lie that night.

'The lasses staw frae 'mang them a' stole
 To pou their stalks o' corn ;¹
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about, dodges
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast ;
 Loud skirlèd a' the lasses ; screamed
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kuittlin' in the fause-house² cuddling
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits³
 Are round and round divided ;

¹ They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle — that is, the grain at the top of the stalk — the party in question will not continue spotless until marriage. — *B.*

² When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause house. — *B.*

³ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad

And mony lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle couthie, side by side, agreeably
 And burn thegither trimly;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 But this is Jock, and this is me,
 She says in to hersel':
 He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part;
 Till, fuff! he started up the lum, chimney
 And Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; demaure
 And Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, a pet
 To be compared to Willie.
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 And her ain fit it brunt it; foot
 While Willie lap, and swore, by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be. — B.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel' and Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin'. ashes
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
 She whispered Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob stowlins prie'd her bonny mou' stealthily kissed
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks, conversing
 And slips out by hersel':
 She through the yard the nearest taks,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins graipit for the bauks, cross-beams
 And in the blue-clue¹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

And aye she win't, and aye she swat, winded
 I wat she made nae jaukin'; dallying
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guic L—! but she was quakin'!

¹ Whoever would with success try this spell, must strictly observe these directions:— Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a c're off the old one, and towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand "Wha hauds?" — that is, Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse. — *B.*

But whether 'twas the deil himsel',
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en', beam-end
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin'
 To spier that night. inquire

Wee Jenny to her granny says:
 "Will ye go wi' me, granny?
 I'll eat the apple¹ at the glass
 I gat frae Uncle Johnny:"
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, smoke
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt cinder
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!² young jade
 I daur you try sic sportin', dare
 As seek the foul thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune: tell
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
 Great cause ye hae to fear it;
 For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
 And lived and died deleeret delirious
 On sic a night.

¹ Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and, some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder — *B.*

² "A technical term in female scolding" — *B.*

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor — harvest
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure young girl
 I was na past fifteen :
 The simmer had been cauld and wat,
 And stuff was unco green ;
 And aye a rantin' kirn we gat, noisy harvest-home
 And just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

" Our stibble-rig¹ was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow :
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, son
 That lived in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed,² I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't ;
 But mony a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightened
 That very night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck, fighting
 And he swore by his conscience,

¹ The leader of the reapers.

² Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then: "Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say: "Come after me, and shaw thee" — that is, shew thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say "Come after me, and harrow thee," — *B.*

That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ;
 For it was a' but nonsense.
 The auld guidman raught down the peck, *reached*
 And out a handfu' gied him ;
 Synce bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,
 And try't that night.

He marches through among the stacks,
 Though he was something sturtin ; *timorous*
 The graip he for a harrow taks, *dung-fork*
 And hauls at his curpin ; *drags—rear*
 And every now and then he says :
 “ Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 And her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, and draw thee
 As fast this night.”

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery ;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd and eerie : *frightened*
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 And then a grane and gruntle ;
 He by his shouther ga'e a keek, *peep*
 And tumbled wi' a wintle *staggers*
 Out-owre that night.

He roared a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 And young and auld cam rinnir' out,

And hear the sad narration :
 He swore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw, halting
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie, crook-backed
 Till, stop — she trotted through them a' —
 And wha was it but Grumphie the pig
 Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething;¹ corn-baskets
 But for to meet the deil her lane, alone
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the herd a pickle nits, few
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That very night.

She turns the key wi' canny thraw, gentle twist
 And owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawny gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters :

¹ This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life. — B

A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, "L—, preserve her!"
 And ran through midden-hole¹ and a',
 And prayed wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; urged
 They hecht him some fine braw ane; promised
 It chanced, the stack he faddom't thrice,²
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin'; timber—twisting
 He taks a swirly auld moss oak knotty
 For some black, grousome carlin; loathsome
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke, oath
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin' shreds—peeling
 Aff's nieves that night. hands

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin; merry—kitten
 But, och! that night, amang the shaws, woods
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She through the whins, and by the cairn, gorse
 And owre the hill gaed scrieven, scrambling
 Where three lairds' lands meet at a burn,³
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

¹ A gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill.

² Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow. — *B.*

³ You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, fa.1
 As through the glen it wimpl't; wheeled
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays; cliff
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't; eddy
 Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle; racing
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes, suddenly }
vanished }
 Below the spreading hazel
 Unseen that night.

Among the brackens, on the brae, fern
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey, unhoused cow
 Gat up and gae a croon: moan
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; case
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit, lark
 But mist a fit, and in the pool foot
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit, ears
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹ are ranged dishes

south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and sometime near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. — *B.*

¹ Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) tips the left hand — if by chance in the clean water, the fu

And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's year¹ did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice empty
 He heaved them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheery;
 Till buttered so'ns,² wi' fragrant lunt, smoke
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin'; mouths
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, spirits
 They parted aff carecrin'
 Fu' blithe that night.³

ture husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered. — *B.*

¹ The year 1715, when the Earl of Mar raised an insurrection in Scotland.

² Sowens, [a dish made of the seeds of oat-meal soured] with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper. — *B.*

³ The most of the ceremonies appropriate to Halloween, including all those of an adventurous character, are now disused. Meetings of young people still take place on that evening, both in country and town, but their frolics are usually limited to ducking for apples in tubs of water — a ceremony overlooked by Burns — the lottery of the dishes, and

NOTE TO HALLOWEEN.

Mr. John Mayne, a comparatively obscure follower of the Scottish Muses, had attempted a poem on the subject of Halloween, forming twelve stanzas. It appeared in *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*, November 1780, and therefore may have been seen by Burns. That the Ayrshire poet actually saw and improved upon this composition can scarcely be doubted, [?] after reading the following specimens: —

* * * *

“Ranged round a bleezing ingle-side,
Where nowther could nor hunger bide,
The farmer's house, wi' secret pride,
Will a' convene * * *

“Placed at their head the guidwife sits,
And deals round apples, pears, and nits,
Syne tells her guests how, at sic bits,
Where she has been,
Bogles hae gart folk tyne their wits ~~made — loss~~
At Halloween.

* * * *

“A' things prepared in order due,
Gosh guide's! what fearfu' pranks ensue!
Some i' the kiln-pat thraw a clue,
At whilk, bedeen, forthwith
Their sweethearts at the far-end pu',
At Halloween.

pulling cabbage stalks. The other ceremonies are discountenanced as more superstitious than is desirable, and somewhat dangerous.

* * * *

“ But ’twere a langsome tale to tell
 The gates o’ ilka charm and spell; manner
 Ance gaun to saw hemp-seed himsel’,
 Puir Jock M’Lean
 Plump in a filthy peat-pot fell,
 At Halloween.

“ Half-felled wi’ fear, and drookit weel, killed—drenched
 He frae the mire dought hardly spiel; could—climb
 But frae that time the silly chiel
 Did never grien long
 To cast his cantrips wi’ the Deil, spells
 At Halloween.”

* * * *

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEIBOR,

I’M three times doubly o’er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien’ly letter; sensible
 Though I maun say’t, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair:
 For my puir, silly, rhymin’ clatter
 Some less maun sai. serve

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbock jink and diddle,

To cheer you through the weary widdle bustle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie lad, I'm red ye're told
 glaikit; inattentive
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket, beaten
 Until ye fyke; shrug
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket, spared
 Be hain't wha like. saved

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink; make
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons; jades
 And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-hae't, (that I sud ban!) devil-a-bli
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in, fist

And while ought's there,
 Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin', scriabbling
 And fash nae mair. trouble

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure, [*Commend me to*
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure ;
 The Muse, poor hizzie! wench
 Though rough and raploch be her measure, course
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie; trick
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Though e'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie spavin
 Frae door to door.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.¹

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decayed on Catrine lea,

¹ Composed on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes obliged him to sell the estate. — *B.* Maria was Miss Whitefoord, afterwards Mrs. Cranstoun.

Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sickened on the ee.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

“Several of the poems,” says Gilbert Burns, “were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me, that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might

be brought forward, the elegy *Man was made to Mourn* was composed."

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage:
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain
Or youthful pleasures rage!
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride:
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proots
That man was made to mourn.

“ Oh, man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time ;
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

“ Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn ;
Then Age and Want — oh ill-matched pair! —
Shew man was made to mourn.

“ A few seem favourites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn !
Through weary life this lesson learn —
That man was made to mourn.

“ Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !

More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame ;
And man, — whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn, —
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

“ See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

“ If I'm designed yon lordling's slave —
By Nature's law designed —
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

“ Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,

Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

“Oh, Death! the poor man’s dearest friend —
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn!
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!”¹

¹ The metrical structure, and some other features of this poem, may be traced to an old stall-ballad, entitled the *Life and Age of Man*, which Mr. Cromek recovered, and which opens thus: —

“Upon the sixteen hunder year
 Of God and fifty-three,
 Frae Christ was born, that bought us dear,
 As writings testifie;
 On January the sixteenth day,
 As I did ly alone,
 With many a sigh and sob did say,
 Ah! man is made to moan.”

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.¹

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.” -- GRAY.

Robert had begun, some time before his father's death, to take a part in the family devotions, reading "the chapter" and giving out the psalm. After the death of William Burness, it fell to the poet by right of ancient custom, he being the eldest born, to take on himself the whole function of the family-priest, and he conducted the cottage-worship every night when at home during the whole time of his residence at Moss-giel. More than this, his sister and another surviving member of the household speak in the warmest terms of the style of his prayers. The latter individual² states, that he has never since listened to anything equal to these addresses. These facts, it will be admitted, form an interesting prelude to the beautiful poem in which Burns has placed in everlasting remembrance this phase of the rustic life of Scotland. Gilbert Burns gives us an account of what immedi-

¹ Probably the first verse and inscription to Mr. Aiken were added afterwards.

² Mr. William Ronald, now a farmer in the neighborhood of Beith, in Ayrshire (1854).

ately prompted his brother to compose this immortal work. "He had frequently," says Gilbert, "remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family-worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the *Cotter's Saturday Night*." It needs only further to be remarked, that the poet found a model in one of the best poems of his predecessor Fergusson, entitled *The Farmer's Ingle*.

My loved, my honoured, much-respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been:
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry
sugh;

noise

The short'ning winter-day is near a close
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose:

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes, —
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, —
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
 hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.¹

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin',
 stacher through stagge
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' fluttering
 noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care anxiety
 beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

¹ The opening verse of *The Farmer's Ingle* bears a considerable resemblance to this: —

' Whan gloamin' gray out-owre the welkin keeks,
 Whan Bawtie ca's the owser to the byre,
 Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door jade'
 steeks, shuts
 Whar lusty lasses at the dighting tire — winnowing
 What bangs fu' leal the e'ening's coming cauld, beats—truly
 And gars snaw-tappit winter freeze in vain, makes
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe and bauld,
 Nor fleyed wi' a' the puirtith o' the plain — frightened
 Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain "

Belyve, the elder bairns come By and by
drapping in,

At service out, among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin attentively

A cannie errand to a neibor town easy
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new
gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee, wages
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,

And each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers: inquires

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet;

Each tells the uncos that he sees or news
hears;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years;

Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the
new —

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
 The younkers a are warnèd to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent dilligent
 hand,
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk dally
 or play :
 " And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the
 Lord aright ! "

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires
 his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ; half
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ; he
 A strappin' youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy,

But blate and lathefu', scarce bashful—hesitating
can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae
grave:

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected
like the lave. other people

Oh happy love!—where love like this is
found!

Oh heartfelt raptures!—bliss beyond com-
pare!

I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth!

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board, —

The halesome parritch, chief of porridge
 Scotia's food;

The soupe their only hawkie does afford, cow
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows porch
 her cood:

The dame brings forth, in complimentary
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd well-sav'd
 kebbuck, fell, cheese — biting

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' twelvemonth
 lint was i' the bell. flax was in flower

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,

The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and gray temples
 bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care ; *selects*
 And " Let us worship GOD ! " he says, with
 solemn air.

' They chant their artless notes in simple
 guise ;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name,
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays : *[feeds*
 Compared with these, Italian trills are
 tame ;

The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page —
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on
 high ;

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme —

How guiltless blood for guilty man was
 shed :

How HE, who bore in heaven the second
name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head
How his first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL
KING,

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"¹
That thus they all shall meet in future
days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

¹ Pope's *Windsor Forest*. - B.

The Power, incensed, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request,
That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad :

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp? — a cumbrous
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent,

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content!

And oh! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-
loved isle.

Oh Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,

That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
heart,

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

Oh never, never, Scotia's realm desert;

But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,

In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard!

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

“Oh prince, oh chief of many throned powers,
That led th’ embattled seraphim to war!” — MILTON

The *Address to the Deil* appears to have been produced in early winter, probably before the month of November had expired. Gilbert recollected his brother repeating the poem to him as they were going together with their carts to bring coal for the family fire.

OH thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,¹
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,² *dashie*
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor d—d bodies be;
I’m sure sma’ pleasure it can gie,
E’en to a deil,

¹ A Scotch appellative of Satan, from his cloven feet or *clots*.

² Burns here imagines a foot-pail, called in Scotland a *cootie*, as employed by Satan in distributing brimstone over the unfortunates under his care.

To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me. beat
 And hear us squeel !

Great is thy power, and great thy fame ;
 Far kenned and noted is thy name ;
 And though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far ; [flaming hollow
 And, faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame, slow
 Nor blate nor scaur. bashful — easily scared

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey a' holes and corners tryin' ;
 Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
 Tirlin' the kirks ; Uncovering
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld ruined castles gray
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon. fearful moan

When twilight did my grannie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce honest woman ! sob
 Aft yont the dike she's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone ; dreary
 Or, rustlin', through the boortrees comin', alder-trees
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter-night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light, glancing
 Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright
 Ayont the lough;
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight, rush
 Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake, set
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick — quaick —
 Amang the springs, {frightful — hoarse
 Awa' ye squattered, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and withered hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
 Owre howkit dead. excavated

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain; churn
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
 By witching skill;
 And dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen petted — cow's
 As yell's the bill. milkless — bull

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmer, fond, keen, and crouse,

When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction ;
And 'nighted travellers are allured
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is :
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
'Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When mason's mystic word and grip,
In storms and tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straicht to h— !

Lang syne, in Eden's bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
And all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,

Sweet on the fragrant flowery swaird,
 In shady bower,¹ —

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing dog!²
 Ye came to Paradise incog.
 And played on man a cursed brogue, track
 (Black be your fa'!)
 And gied the infant warld a shog, snake
 'Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, bustle
 Wi' reekit duds, and reestit smoked clothes -- withered
 gizz, hair
 Ye did present your smootie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uzz glanced
 Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 And brak him out o' house and hall,
 While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,

¹ This verse ran originally as follows: —

Lang syne, in Eden's happy scene,
 When strappin' Adam's days were green,
 And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
 My dearest part,
 A dancin', sweet, young handsome quean,
 O' guileless heart.

² "Sneck-drawing dog" expresses a stealthy, insidious person, who opens doors by drawing the *sneck* or latch un-
 heard.

And lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scawl, *scolding with*
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce, *fighting*
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse, *Lowland*
 In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
 A certain bardie's rantin', drinkin',
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin' *tumbling*
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin', *dodging*
 And cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
 Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken — *perhaps*
 Still hae a stake —
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Even for your sake!

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon ;
What was his religion ?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pigeon had name !

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the joy of his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS:

A CANTATA.

This poem is understood to have been founded on the poet's observation of an actual scene which one night met his eye, when, in company with his friends John Richmond and James Smith, he dropped accidentally at a late hour into the humble hostelry of Mrs. Gibson, more familiarly named Poesie Nansie. After witnessing much jollity amongst a company

who by day appeared abroad as miserable beggars, the three young men came away, Burns professing to have been greatly amused with the scene, but particularly with the glesome behavior of an old maimed soldier. In the course of a few days, he recited a part of the poem to Richmond, who used to say, that, to the best of his recollection, it contained, in its original complete form, songs by a sweep and a sailor, which did not afterwards appear.

The cantata was first published in a piratical edition of the author's poems by Stewart, Glasgow, 1801.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird, gray — earth
 Or wavering like the baukie-bird, bat
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
 When hailstanes drive wi bitter skyte impulse
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ; hoar-frost
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies, sturdy — vagrant
 In Poozie Nansie's held the splore, merry-meeting
 To drink their orra duddies : superfluous clothes
 Wi' quaffing and laughing
 They ranted and they sang,
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle¹ rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,

¹ An iron plate. used in Scottish cottages for baking cakes over the fire.

And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm —
 She blinket on her sodger :
 And aye he gies the tozie drab tipsy
 'The tither skelpin' kiss, smacking
 While she held up her greedy gab mouth
 Just like an aumos dish.¹
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's² whip,
 Then staggering and swaggering,
 He roared this ditty up.

AIR.

TUNE — *Soldiers' Joy.*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And shew my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a
 trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of
 the drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

¹ The Scottish beggars used to carry a large wooden dish for the reception of any alms which took the shape of food. The same utensil seems to have once been (if it is not so still) a part of the accoutrements of a continental beggar. When the revolted Netherlanders, in the sixteenth century, assumed the character of *Les Gueux*, or the Beggars, a beggar's wooden cup was one of their insignia.

² A *cadger* is a man who travels the country with a horse or ass, carrying two panniers loaded with various merchandise for the country-people. — CROMEK.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed
 his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights
 of Abram; ¹
 I served out my trade when the gallant game
 was played,
 And the Morro ² low was laid at the sound of
 the drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating-
 batteries, ³
 And there I left for witness an arm and a
 limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot ⁴ to head
 me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

¹ The battle-ground in front of Quebec, where Wolfe fell victoriously, September, 1759.

² El Morro, the castle which defends the entrance to the harbor of Santiago or St. Jago, a small island near the southern shore of Cuba. It is situated on an eminence, the abutments being cut out of the limestone rock. — *Logan's Notes of a Tour*, etc. Edinburgh, 1838. In 1762, this castle was stormed and taken by the British, after which the Havana was surrendered, with spoil to the value of three millions.

³ The destruction of the Spanish floating-batteries during the famous siege of Gibraltar in 1782 — on which occasion the gallant Captain Curtis rendered the most signal service — is the heroic exploit here referred to. — MOTHERWELL.

⁴ George Augustus Elliot, created Lord Heathfield for his

And now though I must beg, with a wooden
 arm and leg,
 And many a tattered rag hanging over my
 bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and
 my callet, wench
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the
 winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a
 home,
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other
 bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of h— at the sound of a
 drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk, rafters
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore. innermost
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirlèd out "Encore!" squealed
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

admirable defence of Gibraltar during a siege of three years
 Born 1717, died 1790.

AIR.

TUNE — *Soldier Laddie.*

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I 'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so
ruddy,

Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body —
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair.

His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

And now I have lived — I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie; wench
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy.
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoitered up and made a face; staggered
Then turned, and laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou, drunk
Sir Knave is a fool in a session; ¹
He's there bu a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

¹ Meaning, appar ntly, when under trial for some mis-
teed.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa' to the school :
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzic's the half o' my craft,
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that's avowedly daft? insane

I ance was tied up like a stirk, bullock
 For civilly swearing and quaffin' ;
 I ance was abused in the kirk,
 For touzling a lass i' my rumpling
 daffin. merriment

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob?
 He rails at our mountebank squad —
 It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry ;
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Guid L— ! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin, stout beldam
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling, catch
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in monie a well been ducked.
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! halber
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE.—*O an' ye were dead, Guidman.*

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn,
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And guid claymore down by his side, sword
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And lived like lords and ladies gay ;
 For a Lawland face he fearèd none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, etc.

They banished him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, etc.

But, oh ! they catched him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hanged my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, etc.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, etc.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle, pizz
 Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle flumy
 (He reached na higher)

Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He crooned his gamut, one, two, three, *murmured*
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo. *violin*

AIR.

TUNE—*Whistle owre the lave o't.*

Let me ryke up to dight that tear, *reach—wipe*
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't. *rest*

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there, *harvest-suppers*
And oh! sae nicely's we will fare ;
We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, etc.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke, pick
 And sun oursel's about the dike,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, etc.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,¹
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird, sweep
 As weel as poor gut-scraper ;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a rusty rapier.

He swore by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver, plover
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended, hams
 And prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.

¹ While I apply hair to catgut.

But though his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler prest her,
 He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve, laugh
 When thus the caird addressed her :

AIR.

TUNE— *Clout the Caudron.*

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station.
 I've travelled round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation :
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron :
 But vain they searched, when off I marched
 To go and clout the caudron patch
 I've ta'en the gold, etc.

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron. bag
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbagie,¹
 If e'er you want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie. throat
 And by that stoup, etc.

¹ A sort of whiskey in high reputation, produced at a distillery of that name in Clackmannanshire.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed — the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That shewed a man of spunk,
 Wished unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That played a dame a shavie, trick
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
 Ahint the chicken cavie. hen-coop
 Her lord, a wight o' Homér's craft,
 Though limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpled up, and lap like daft, hobbled
 And shored them Dainty Davie threatened
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever missed it.
 He had nae wish but — to be glad,
 Nor want but — when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but — to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke, staring multitudes
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank, poor
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams, foams
 My Helicon I ca' that,
 For a' that, etc.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, etc.

Ir raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love; and a' that ;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, etc.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex ;
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard — and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth :
 They toomed their pokes, and pawnd emptied
 their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds, tails
 To quench their lowin' drouth. flaming
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack and wale a sang, select
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE — *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

See the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where!
 A fig, etc.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 A fig, etc.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove?

Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
 A fig, etc.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, etc.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets! trulls
 One and all cry out — Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.¹

¹ "In one or two passages of the *Jolly Beggars*, the Muse has slightly trespassed on decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song —

'High kilted was she,
 As she gaed owre the lea.'

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet; and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO JAMES SMITH.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much!" — BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the slee'est, paukie thief cunning
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, robbery
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef spell
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief proof
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon, twinkles
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature, stinted
She's turned you aff, a human creature
On her first plan;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She's wrote, the Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime, yeasty
 My fancy yerkit up sublime fermented

Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time,
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme a neighbour's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the country clash, gossip
 And raise a din ;
 For me, an aim I never fash — sare for
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And d—d my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has blest me wi' a random shot
 O' country wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent, bent
 To try my fate in guid black prent ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries "Hoolie! Gentl'y
 I red you, honest man, tak tent! warn
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither poets much your better,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, skilled

Hae thought they had insured their debtors
 A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
 Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang, thick
 And teach the lanely heights and howes hollows
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless need
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?
 Just now we're living sound and hale :
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave Care o'er side !
 And large before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where Pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,

Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield ;
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd, climbed
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild, age
 Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin' owre the coughing — limping
 field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the
 gloamin', twilight
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 And social noise ;
And fareweel dear, deluding woman,
 The joy of joys !

Oh, Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves

And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled or swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ; Without
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase ;
Keen hope does every sinew brace ;
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then cannie, in some cozie place, quietly
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin',
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zigzag on ;
Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil and straining —
But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
E'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, "Ye Powers," and warm implore,
 "Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes. abundance

"Gie dreeping roasts to country lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour;
 And yill and whisky gie to cairds, ale — tinkers
 Until they sconner. are nauseated

"A title, Dempster¹ merits it;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
 Gie wealth to some be-ledgered cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But give me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

'While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,² oatmeal-gruel

¹ George Dempster of Dunnichen, then a conspicuous orator in parliament, and a friend to all patriotic institutions in his native land. He commenced his parliamentary career in 1762, closed it in 1790, and died in 1818 at the age of eighty-two.

² Broth made without meat.

I see you upward cast your eyes —
 Ye ken the road.

Whilst I — but I shall haud me there —
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where :
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content with you to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

THE VISION.

'There was at this time a contention going on in Burns's mind between the sad consideration of his position in life and those poetical tendencies which might be interpreted as partly the cause of that position being so low. This contention we see traced in the several epistles he had written to his brother poets, Sillar, Lapraik, and Simpson, and to his friend Smith, during the course of the present year of flowing inspiration. It might have been easy for any of these individuals to see, that if Burns only could be a successful man of the world by an utter abandonment of the Muse, he never could be so at all, for he invariably ends by taking his rhyming power as a quittance of fortune. At length we have the final struggle between these two contending principles, and the tri-

umph of the Muse, expressed in a poem of the highest strain of eloquence.

DUAN FIRST.¹

THE sun had closed the winter-day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,²
 And hungered maukin ta'en her way bare
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree
 The lee-lang day had tirèd me ;
 And when the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie, inner-room
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,

¹ *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his "Cath-Loda," vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation. — *B.*

² Curling is a game nearly peculiar to the southern counties of Scotland. When strong ice can be obtained, a number of individuals, each provided with a large stone of the shape of an oblate spheroid, smoothed on the bottom, and furnished with a handle, range themselves in two sides, to play against each other. The game much resembles bowls, but is more animated, and, from its unavoidable rarity, is much more keenly enjoyed. It is well characterized as a *roaring play*.

That filled wi' hoast-provoking smeeck cough-p.
 The auld clay biggin';
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'. roof

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mused on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 And done nae thing,
 But stringin' blethers up in rhyme, follies
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit
 My cash-account:
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit, skirted
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead! coof! fool
 And heaved on high my waukit loof, hardened palm
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I henceforth would be rhyme-proof
 Till my last breath.

When, click! the string the snick did draw; latch
 And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw, chimney-blaze
 Now bleezin' bright,

And such a leg! my bonny Jean¹
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,²
 Nane else cam near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand;
 And seemed to my astonished view
 A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost:
 Here, tumbling billows marked the coast
 With surging foam;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast—
 The lordly dome.

Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
 There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: *sounds*
 Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,

¹ In the first edition, the line stood thus—

“And such a leg! my Bess, I ween.”

Indignation at the conduct of Jean induced him to take the compliment from her, and bestow it on another person for whom at the time he entertained an admiration. In the first Edinburgh edition, the indignant feeling having subsided, the line was restored as above.

² Clean is often used in Scotland to describe a handsome figure or limb. Such is the sense here.

On to the shore,
 And many a lesser torrent scuds run
 With seeming roar.

Low in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough reared her head ¹
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,²
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
 Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race ³ heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel
 Their suthron foes.

¹ Avr, whose charter, dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century.

² This, and the six ensuing stanzas, were added in the second edition, for the purpose, apparently, of complimenting Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, and other great people who had befriended the author.

³ The Wallaces — B

His Country's Saviour,¹ mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's² heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark³ who glorious fell
 In high command;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade⁴
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
 I marked a martial race, portrayed
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
 They strode along.⁵

¹ William Wallace. — *B.*

² Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence. — *B.*

³ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought in 1448. The glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action. — *B.*

⁴ Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shewn. — *B.* The spot pointed out by tradition as the burial-place of Coilus, is a small mound marked by a few trees. It was opened, May 29, 1837, when two sepulchral urns were found, attesting that tradition has been at least correct in describing the spot as a burial-place, though whose ashes these were it would be difficult to say.

⁵ The Montgomeries of Coilsfield.

Through many a wild romantic grove,¹
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),²
 In musing mood,
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe,
 The learnèd sire and son I saw.³
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward⁴ I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
 Who called on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on.
 Where many a patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

¹ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice-Clerk. -- *B* Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, afterwards President of the Court of Session.)

² Burns had wandered in this valley with his friend Sillar and his youthful mistress, Highland Mary.

³ The Rev. Dr. Matthew Stewart, the celebrated mathematician, and his son, Mr. Dugald Stewart, the elegant expositor of the Scotch system of metaphysics, are here meant; their small villa of Catrine being situated on the Ayr.

⁴ Colonel Fullarton. — *B*. This gentleman had travelled under the care of Patrick Brydone, author of a well-known *Tour in Sicily and Malta*.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonished stare,
 I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;
 A whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

“All hail, my own inspirèd bard!
 In me thy native Muse regard!
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

“Know, the great genius of this land
 Has many a light, aërial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

“They Scotia's race among them share;
 Some fire the soldier on to dare;
 Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart:
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

" 'Mong swelling floods of recking gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour ;
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 And grace the hand.

" And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild, poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

" Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired¹ tongue ;
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His 'Minstrel lays ;'
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The sceptic's bays.

" To lower orders are assigned
 The humbler ranks of humankind,
 The rustie bard, the labouring-hind,
 The artisan ;
 All choose, as various they're inclined,
 The various man.

¹ In first edition —

" Hence Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue."

“ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threatening storm some strongly rein ;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage skill ;
 And some instruct the shepherd-train,
 Blithe o'er the hill.

“ Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
 Some soothe the labourer's weary toil
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

“ Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard ;
 And careful note each opening grace,
 A guide and guard.

“ Of these am I — Coila my name ;¹
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells,² chiefs of fame,

¹ The idea of this visionary being is acknowledged by Burns himself to have been taken from the *Scots* of Mr. Alexander Ross, a Mearns poet, author of a pastoral of some merit, entitled *The Fortunate Shepherdess*.

² The Loudoun branch of the Campbells is here meant. Mossgiel and much of the neighboring ground was the property of the Earl of Loudoun.

Held ruling power:
I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

“With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely-caroled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

“I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy stor;
Drove through the sl y,
I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

“Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every floweret’s birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

“When ripened fields, and azure skies,
Called forth the reaper’s rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
In pensive walk.

“ When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong
Keen shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th’ adorèd Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame.

“ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
Misled by Fancy’s meteor-ray,
 By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

“ I taught thy manners painting strains,
The loves, the wants of simple swains,
Till now, o’er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila’s plains,
 Become thy friends.

“ Thou canst not learn, nor can I shew,
To paint with Thomson’s landscape glow
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone’s art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

“ Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows

Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one —
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect ;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head :
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.¹

¹ Certain stanzas omitted by Burns from the printed copy of *The Vision*, will be found in an Appendix at the end of this volume. — A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1852, expresses his opinion that Burns was indebted for the idea of *The Vision* to a copy of verses written by the "melan

A WINTER NIGHT.

“ Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? ” — SHAKSPEARE.

The *Vision* leaves the poet reassured and comforted in the all-sufficing grace of the Muse; but no such feel-

choly and pensive Wollaston,” so far back as 1681. “ Wollaston’s poem was written on the occasion of his leaving, ‘ with a heavy heart,’ as he says, his beloved Cambridge.” He describes himself as sitting in his own “ small apartment.”

“ As here one day I sate,
Disposed to ruminate,
Deep melancholy did benumb,
With thoughts of what was past and what to come.

* * * *

“ I thought I saw my Muse appear,
Whose dress declared her haste, whose looks her fear;
A wreath of laurel in her hand she bore,
Such laurel as the god Apollo wore.
The piercing wind had backward combed her hair,
And laid a paint of red upon the fair;
Her gown, which, with celestial color dyed,
Was with a golden girdle tied,
Through speed a little flowed aside,
And decently disclosed her knee;
When, stopping suddenly, she spoke to me:
‘ What indigested thought, or rash advice,
Has caused thee to apostatize?

ing, however thoroughly once established, could long hold sway over one so sensitive as he to all the harassing problems of his lowly destiny, and to all that met his eye in humble life. At every recoil from the glowing excitement of the social hour, the love-meeting, or the triumphant essay in verse, the deep contemplative melancholy which has been remembered by so many as the reigning expression of his face, again beset him. We have a description of these darker moods of his mind in a poem, otherwise sufficiently remarkable as containing an early specimen of his composition in pure English. In the *Winter Night* we see a reflection of Gray and Collins, as in the *Epistles* we see a reflection of Ramsay.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure, keen — stern
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;

Not my ill-usage, surely, made thee fly
From thy apprenticeship in poetry.'

"She paused awhile, with joy and weariness oppressed,
And quick reciprocations of her breast:
She spoke again: 'What travel and what care
Have I bestowed! my vehicle of air
How often changed in quest of thee!'"

She concludes, like the Muse of Burns, by counselling him to remain true to her and poetry:

"Suppose the worst, thy passage rough, still I'll be kind
And breathe upon thy sails behind;
Besides, there is a port before:
And every moment thou advancest to the shore,
Where virtuous souls shall better usage find.'
Concern and agitation of my head
Waked me; and with the light the phantom fled."

When Phœbus gies a short-lived glower stare
 Far south the lift, sky
 Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,
 Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or, through the mining outlet bocked, vomited
 Down headlong hurl.

Listening the doors and winnocks rattle, windows
 I thought me on the ourie cattle, drooping
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle beating
 O' winter war,
 And through the drift, deep-lairing, sinking
 sprattle, scramble
 Beneath a scaur. cliff

Ilk happing bird, wec, helpless thing,
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
 And close thy e'e? [chattering]

Even you, on murdering errands toiled,
 Lone from your savage homes exiled,
 The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cot spoiled,
 My heart forgets,

While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain
Slow, solemn, stole : —

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
Not all your rage, as now united, shews
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man
bestows !¹

“ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Wo, Want, and Murder o’er a land !
E’en in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,

¹ Blow, blow, thou winter wind ;
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude. . . .
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot. . . . — SHAKSPERE.

How pampered Luxury, Flattery by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile
 below.

“Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour dark the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone!
 Mark maiden innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares:—
 This boasted Honour turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers!
 Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rock-
 ing blast!

“Oh ye who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate

Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill satisfied keen Nature's clamorous call,
 Stretched on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushèd low
 By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite
 bliss !”

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hailed the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impressed my mind.—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles **GOD**.

YOUNG PEGGY.

'TUNE — *Last time I came o'er the Muir.*

During the autumn of 1785, Burns had an opportunity of seeing and studying a being in a great measure new to him — a young accomplished lady of the upper classes. Miss Margaret (usually called in old Scottish style, Miss Peggy) K—— was the daughter of a land-proprietor in Carrick: Burns met her at the house of a Mauchline friend, where she was paying a visit. The lively conversation of the young lady, which he interpreted into wit, her youth and beauty, deeply impressed the susceptible poet, and in a spirit of respect suitable to her rank and apparent destiny in life, he made her the subject of a song, which he sent to her enclosed in a letter.

The song was first published after the poet's death.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning:
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each freshening flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them;

They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is as the evening mild,
 When feathered tribes are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen;
 And fretful Envy grins in vain
 The poisoned tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From every ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly-favoured youth
 The destinies intend her:
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.¹

¹ A letter to Miss K—— appeared, without date, in Cromek's volume; the song of *Young Peggy*, in Stewart's edition of *Burns's Poems*. Their connection and date, and the manner of the poet's acquaintance with the lady, are given on the authority of his sister, who has a tolerably clear recollection of the circumstances. — The bard could little imagine the sad fate which was in reality in store for Young Peggy While this blooming creature of seventeen — for she was no

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; stupid Lore
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft clad in massy siller weed,
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;¹
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.²

relishes

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Without
 Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspired,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,³
 Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reekin' on a New-year morning

¹ As ale in silver mugs, at the tables of the wealthy.

² Brisk small beer is a favorite relish to porridge in Scotland. This humane passage redeems much that is objectionable in the poem.

³ Sitting round the movable puppits erected in the open air at parochial celebrations of the communion. — See notes to *Holy Fair*.

In cog or bicker, wooden vessels
 And just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 And gusty sucker! savory sugar

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 And ploughmen gather wi' their graith, implements
 Oh rare! to see thee fizz and freath froth
 I' the lugget caup! eared cup
 Then Burnewin comes on like death Blacksmith
 At every chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owerhip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block and studdie ring and reel anvil
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the screaming infants
 light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight; fools
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night, midwife
 Or plack frae them. coin

When neebors anger at a plea,
 And jst as wud as wud can be, mad
 How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel!

It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! blame
But monie daily weet their weason throat
 Wi' liquors nice,
And hardly in a winter's season
 E'er spier her price. ask

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash! sickness
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken deprives — stupid
 hash, rough fellow
 O' half his days;
And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell:
Poor plackless devils like mysel',
 It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, dear — meddle
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch mouth — frowns
 O' sour disdain,

Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch
 Wi' honest men!

Oh whisky! soul o' plays and pranks!
 Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks!
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks¹
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes — they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's ——!

'Thee, Ferintosh! oh sadly lost!
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
 Now colic grips, and barkin' hoast, cough
 May kill us a';
 For loyal Forbes' chartered hoast
 Is ta'en awa!²

¹ *Crank* — the noise of an ungreased wheel.

² For services and expenses on the public account at the Revolution, Forbes of Culloden was empowered, by an act of the Scottish Parliament in 1690, to distil whiskey on his barony of Ferintosh, in Cromartyshire, free of duty. This inconsiderately conferred privilege in time became the source of a great revenue to the family; and *Ferintosh* was at length recognized as something like a synonyme for whiskey, so much of it was there distilled. By the act respecting the Scotch distilleries in 1785, this privilege was declared to be abolished, the Lords of the Treasury being left to make such compensation to the existing Mr. Forbes as should be deemed just, or, should they fail to make a satisfactory arrangement, the case was to be decided by a jury before the Scottish Court of Exchequer. The Lords failing to satisfy Mr. Forbes, the case was accordingly tried by a jury, November 29, 1785, when it was shown by Mr. Henry Erskine, the plaintiff's counsel, that

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the whisky-stells their prize!
 Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
 There, seize the blinkers!
 And bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor d——d drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky-gill, barley-cake
 And rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, abundance
 Tak a' the rest,
 And deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

the privilege could be made to yield no less than £7,000 a year to the family, though the actual annual gains from it, at an average of the last thirteen years, was but a little more than £1,000. He further showed, that while the right was an undoubted piece of property, which nothing could justly take away, the family had not failed to deserve it, as they had ever continued useful and loyal servants to the government, Mr. Duncan Forbes, the late Lord President, having, in particular, spent no less than £20,000 of his private fortune in suppressing the rebellion of 1745-6. The jury surprised the Lords of the Treasury by decreeing the sum of £21,580 for "loyal Fo-bes' chartered brast."

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS.

"Dearest of distillation! last and best!
How art thou lost!" — PARODY ON MILTON.

Towards the close of the year 1785, loud complaints were made by the Scottish distillers respecting the vexatious and oppressive manner in which the Excise laws were enforced at their establishments — such rigor, they said, being exercised at the instigation of the London distillers, who looked with jealousy on the success of their northern brethren. So great was the severity of the Excise, that many distillers were obliged to abandon the trade, and the price of barley was beginning to be affected. Illicit distillation was also found to be alarmingly on the increase. In consequence of the earnest remonstrances of the distillers, backed by the county gentlemen, an act was passed in the session, of 1786 (alluded to by the author), whereby the duties on low wines, spirits, etc., were discontinued, and an annual tax imposed on stills, according to their capacity. This act gave general satisfaction. — These verses seem to have been composed during the general outcry against fiscal oppression at the end of 1785, or beginning of 1786.

YE Irish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha represent our brughs and shires,

And doucely manage our affairs soberly
 In parliament,
 To you a simple Bardie's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roopit¹ Muse is hearse!
 Your honours' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin' on her ——
 Low i' the dust,
 And screechin' out prosaic verse,
 And like to burst!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland and me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On aqua vitæ;
 And rouse them up to strong conviction,
 And move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier youth,²
 The honest, open, naked truth:
 Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble:
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble.

Does ony great man glunch and gloom? frown
 Speak out, and never fash your thoom! trouble

¹ A person at the last stage of cold in the throat is said in Scotland to be *roopit*. The word is not in Jamieson

² Mr. Pitt.

Let posts and pensions sink or soom swim
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin' votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your ear -- shrug
 back,
 And hum and haw ;
 But raise your arm, and tell your crack, speech
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle, weeping
 Her mutelkin stoup as toom's a whistle ; empty
 And d——d exciseman in a bussle,
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell. limpet

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler, right behind her,
 And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner fat-faced
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot

Thus dung in staves, knocked
 And plundered o' her hindmost goat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire out o' sight!
 But could I like Montgomeries fight,¹
 Or gab like Boswell,²
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet, cheerful old wife
 And no get warmly to your feet,
 And gar them hear it, make
 And tell them with a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period and pause,
 And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;—
 Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs!

¹ The poet here alludes, in chief, to Hugh Montgomery of Coilsfield, representative of Ayrshire in parliament, and subsequently twelfth Earl of Eglintoune. He had served as an officer in the American war.

² James Boswell of Auchinleck, the well-known biographer of Johnson. He frequently spoke at the Ayrshire county meetings.

Dempster,¹ a true blue Scot I'se warran';
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;²
 And that glib-gabbet Highland ready-tongued
 baron,
 The Laird o' Graham;³
 And ane, a chap that's d——d auldfarran, sagacious
 Dundas his name.⁴

Erskine,⁵ a spunkie Norland billie;
 True Campbells, Frederick⁶ and Ilay;⁷
 And Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
 And mony ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

¹ George Dempster of Dunnichen. See the *Epistle to James Smith*, and *The Vision*.

² Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bart. He had several times represented Ayrshire, but at present was member for the city of Edinburgh.

³ The Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose. He became the third Duke of Montrose, and died in 1836.

⁴ The Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy, and M. P. for Edinburghshire, afterwards Viscount Melville.

⁵ Probably Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine; but he was not then in parliament.

⁶ Lord Frederick Campbell, second brother of the Duke of Argyle, Lord Register of Scotland, and M. P. for the county of Argyle in this, and the one preceding, and the two subsequent parliaments.

⁷ Ilay Campbell, Lord Advocate for Scotland, representative in this parliament of the Glasgow group of burghs. He was afterwards President of the Court of Session, and died in 1823 at an advanced age.

See, sodger Hugh, my watchman stented, chosen
 If bardies e'er are represented;
 I ken if that your sword were wanted,
 Ye'd lend a hand,
 But when there's ought to say anent it about
 Ye're at a stand.¹

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
 Or faith, I'll wad my new plough- pledge
 pettle, stick
 Ye'll see't or lang, ere
 She'll teach you wi' a reekin' whittle, knife
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood; fretful
 Her lost militia² fired her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Played her that pliskie!) trick
 And now she's like to rin red-wud mad
 About her whisky.

¹ This stanza, alluding to the imperfect elocution of the gallant Montgomery of Coilsfield, was omitted from the poem by the author.

² A militia bill for Scotland was introduced into parliament in 1782, when the country was in danger of French and Dutch invasion. The Rockingham ministry, perhaps taking alarm at the attitude of the Irish militia, proposed a clause at the third reading for facilitating enlistment from the designed militia into the army; and the bill, being declined in this form by Dempster and other patriots, was lost.

And L— ! if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 And durk and pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 And rin her whittle to the hilt
 I' th' first she meets !

For G— sake, sirs ! then speak her fair
 And straik her cannie wi' the hair, gently
 And to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 And strive, wi' a' your wit and lear, learning
 To get remead. remedy

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks ;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cow the cadie ! fellow
 And send him to his dicing-box
 And sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,¹
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannoeks,²

¹ Mr. Pitt's father, the Earl of Chatham, was the second son of Robert Pitt of Boconneck, in the county of Cornwall.

² "Scones made from a mixture of oats, peas, or beans with wheat or barley, ground fine, and denominated *mashlum*, are in general use, and form a wholesome and palatable food." — *New Statistical Account of Scotland, parish of Dalry, Ayr shire.*

And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's¹
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,²
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; stout
 She's just a devil wi' a rung; bludgeon
 And if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Though by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your mither's heart support ye;

¹ A worthy old hostess of the author's in Manchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink. — *B.* Nanse's story was different. On seeing the poem, she declared that the poet had never been but once or twice in her house. A portrait of Nanse was taken by Brooke in 1799, and has been engraved.

² The young Chancellor of the Exchequer had gained some credit by a measure introduced in 1784 for preventing smuggling of tea by reducing the duty, the revenue being compensated by a tax on windows.

Then, though a minister grow dorty, sulky
 And kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers poor and hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise, suits
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes jackdaws
 That haunt St. Jamie's!
 Your humble Poet sings and prays,
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starved slaves in warmer skies
 See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blithe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famished swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouter;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther; ~~cannae~~

Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring
 swither uncertainty
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp — a shot — they're aff, a'thr'owther, *slay*
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say such is royal George's will,
 And there's the foe, —
 He has nae thought, but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes — wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;
 And when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas !

Sages their solemn een may steek, shut
 And raise a philosophic reek, mist
 And physically causes seek,
 In clime and season ;
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
 Though whiles ye moistify your leather, *sometimes*
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather crope

He should been tight that daur't to raize thee *excite*
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A filly buirdly, steeve, and swank, *stout--firm--stately*
 And set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird; *ground*
 And could hae flown out-owre a stank *morass*
 Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid-father's meare;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, *dowry*
 And fifty mark;
 Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 And thou was stark. *strong*

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
 Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie; *mother*
 Though ye was trickie, slee, and funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie: *mischievous*
 But hamely, tawie,¹ quiet, and cannie,
 And unco sonsie. *engaging*

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonny bride:
 And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air.

¹ That allows itself peaceably to be handled

Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, challenged
 For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and can — limp
 hobble,

And wintle like a saumont-coble, stagger — salmon-boat
 That day ye was a jinker noble, runner
 For heels and win'!

And ran them till they a' did wauble reel
 Far, far behin'!

When thou and I were young and
 skeigh, high-mettled

And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh, tedious
 How thou would prance, and snore, and skreigh,
 And tak the road! [neigh

Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh, off
 And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,

We took the road aye like a swallow:

At brooses¹ thou had ne'er a fellow

For pith and speed;

But every tail thou pay't them hollow,

Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle, thin-flanked

Might aiblins waur't thee for a perhaps have worsted
 brattle race

¹ A race at a marriage is called a *broose*.

But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
 And gar't them whaizle : wheese
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazle. willow

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',¹
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gaun,
 In guid March weather,
 Hae turned sax rood beside our han'
 For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fetch't,² and raged
 fliskit, fretted
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,
 And spread abreed thy weel-filled brisket breast
 Wi' pith and power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rain't and risset,
 And slypet owre.³

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
 And threatened labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee bit heap wooden dish
 Aboon the timmer ; wood
 I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer. ere

¹ The near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

² Pulled irregularly.

³ " Till hillocks, where the earth was full of tough-rooted plants would have given forth a cracking sound, and the sods gently fallen over."

In cart or car thou never reestit;
 The stayest brae thou wad hae fac't it; steepest
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw; [reared — sprung
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa'. went on quietly

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a',¹
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa',
 That thou hast nurst:
 They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
 The very warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae day's work
 wrought,
 And wi' the weary warl' fought;
 And monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat;
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 And thy auld days may end in starvin';
 For my last fow, bushel
 A heapit stimpert,² I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for yca.

¹ All the four horses now working in my plough are thy progeny.

² The eighth part of a bushel.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ; move
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, move
 To some hain'd rig, saved ridge
 Where ye may nobly rax your leather, stretch
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE.

"The tale of the *Twa Dogs*," says Gilbert Burns, "was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog which he called Luath, that was a great favorite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend; but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favorite Luath."

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,¹

¹ Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire. The portion to the north of the river Ayr is distinguished as Kyle-Stewart, hav-

Upon a bonny day in June,
 When wearing through the afternoon,
 Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame, busy
 Forgathered ance upon a time. Encountered

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his honour's pleasure ;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, ears
 Shewed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass-collar,
 Shewed him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride — nae pride had he ; deuce
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin', cur
 E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan.
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae dirty
 duddie, ragged
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie, cur
 A rhyming, ranting, roving billie, fellow
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,

ing once belonged to that family, and afterwards to the eldest son of the sovereign. This was the district in which Burns had lived since his nineteenth year.

And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 Aft'er some dog in Highland sang,¹
 Was made lang syne — Lord knows how lang !

He was a gash and faithful tyke,	sagacious
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.	ditch — wall
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, ²	comely
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.	each
His breast was white, his touzie back	shaggy
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;	
His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,	jolly
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.	hips

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,	fond
And unco pack and thick thegither ;	intimate
Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit,	
Whyles mice and moudieworts they	mole
howkit,	dug
Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion,	
And worried ither in diversion ;	
Until wi' daffin' weary grown,	sporting
Upon a knowe they sat them down,	hillock
And there began a lang digression	
About the lords o' the creation.	

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;

¹ Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's *Fingal*. — *B.*

² Having a white stripe down the face.

And when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived ava. at all

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain,¹ and a' his stents;²
 He rises when he likes himsel';
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonny silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the
 steeks, stitches
 The yellow lettered Geordie keeks. peeps

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 And though the gentry first are stechin, stuffing
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their kitchen-people
 pechan belly

Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic-like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner, interloper
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Better than ony tenant man
 His honour has in a' the lan';
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch stomach
 in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

¹ Rent in the shape of farm-produce.

² Assessments.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough ;
 A cotter howkin' in a sheugh, [troubled
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dike,
 Barring a quarry, and sic-like : fencible
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans, heap -- ragged
 And nought but his han' darg, to keep day's work
 Them right and tight in thack and rape.¹

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they maun starve o' cauld and hunger ,
 But how it comés, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented :
 And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, stout — girls
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huffed, and cuffed, and disrespeckit !
 L—, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock. badger
 I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
 And monie a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,

¹ Thatch and rope, i. e. clothes and necessaries.

How they maun thole a factor's bear with
 snash : abuse

He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ; distrain
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ;
 'Though constantly on poortith's brink : poverty
 They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.
 Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in less or mair provided ;
 And though fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ; thriving
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fireside ;
 And whyles twalpennie worth¹ o' nappy ale
 Can mak the bodies unco happy.
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,

¹ A pennyworth, twelve pence of Scotch money being equal to one penny sterling.

Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

winter

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns, harvest homes
When rural life o' every station
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, ale—froth
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam :
The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin-mill, smoking—snuff-box
Are handed round wi' right guidwill ;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse, talking briskly
'The young anes rantin' through the romping
house,
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften played.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k see only
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster

In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin', perhaps busy
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'——

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
 For Britain's guid ! guid faith, I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 And saying Ay or No's they bid him :
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft, mad
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To mak a tour and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ; tearr
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowte ; bullocks
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 W—— hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
 Then bouses drumly German water, muddy
 To mak himsei' look fair and fatter,
 And clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughthen and harassed worried
 For gear to gang that gate at last! money — way

Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
 And please themsel's wi' country sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies, blades
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows; no one
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer, mistress
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them, sth
 The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.
 It's true they needna starve or sweat,
 Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 And fill auld age wi' grips and grance:

But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsel's to vex them;
 And aye the less they hae to sturt them, *molest*
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's tilled, he's right eneugh;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel: *dozen*
 But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
 Wi' even-down want o' wark are curst. *downright*
 They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy;
 Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy; *nothing*
 Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

And e'en their sports, their balls and races,
 Their galloping through public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches, *quarrels*
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches; *solder*
 Ae night they're mad wi drink and w—ing,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters: *intimate*

But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platic,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks; cards
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man and woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 And darker gloaming brought the night:
 The bum-clock hummed wi' lazy drone; beetle
 The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan; lowing—milking-yard
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs, ears
 Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs;
 And each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA! where ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie? wonder
 Your impudence protects you sairly:
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely strut
 Owre gauze and lace:

Though faith, I fear ye dine but sparcly
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunned, by saunt and sinner,
 How dare you set your fit upon her, foot
 Sae fine a lady?
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; quick—cheek
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, [scramble
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight; ribbon-ends
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The very tapmost, towering height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as ony grozet; gooseberry
 Oh for some rank, mercurial rozet, rosin
 Or fell, red smeddum! powder
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
 Wad dress your droddum! breecb

I wad na been surprised to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy; cap
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, ragged
 On's wyliecoat; undervest
 But Miss's fine Lunardi!¹ fie!
 How daur ye do't?

Oh, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 And set your beauties a' abroad!
 Ye little ken what cursèd speed
 The blastie's makin'! shrivelled dwarf
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin'!

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion:
 What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
 And even devotion!

¹ Lunardi made several ascents in his balloon in Scotland in 1785, and gave rise to a kind of bonnet bearing his name.

THE ORDINATION.

“For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven —
To please the mob, they hide the little given.”

At this time, by the death of a moderate clergyman named Mutrie, there was much excitement in Kilmarnock, it being uncertain whether the patron would appoint a moderate or a *high-flier* in his place. When it was learned that the appointment had been settled in favor of the Reverend James Mackinlay, a young scion of the zealous party, there was great joy throughout that camp. They remembered how a moderate — or, as Burns called it, a common-sense divinity — had come into their precincts twenty years before, with Mutrie's predecessor, Lindsay, and much they bewailed the effects of so long a predominance of error. But now this place was to be taken by one who might be expected to do much to repair the evil. The moderates were proportionately vexed. To console them as far as possible, Burns composed a poem containing an anticipatory view of the approaching ceremony, by which Mackinlay was to be introduced to his cure.¹

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge weavers — fidget
and claw,

And pour your creeshie nations; greasy
And ye wha leather rax and draw, stretch

¹ The actual ordination of Mackinlay did not take place till the 6th April, 1786.

O' a' denominations,¹
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an a', quick
 And there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to Begbie's² in a raw
 And pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' h—,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;³
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 And Russell sair misca'd her ;⁴ abused
 This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her ! slap
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail, cleft stick
 And set the bairns to daud her bespatter
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste and turn King David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy clangor ; ring

¹ Kilmarnock was then a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in the manufacture of carpets, and other coarse woollen goods, or in the preparation of leather.

² A tavern near the church.

³ There was a popular notion that Mr. Lindsay had been indebted for his presentation from the patron, Lord Glencairn, to his wife, Margaret Lauder, who was believed, but, I am assured, erroneously, to have been his lordship's housekeeper. Mr. Lindsay's induction, in 1764, was so much in opposition to the sentiments of the people, that it produced a riot, attended by many outrages.

⁴ Oliphant and Russell were Kilmarnock ministers of the zealous party.

O' double verse come gie us four,
 And skirl up the Bangor: sing shrilly
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, dust
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she'll whang her strap
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham¹ leugh at his dad, laughed
 Which made Canaan a nigger;
 Or Phinehas² drove the murdering blade,
 With w— abhorring rigour;
 Or Zipporah,³ the scauldin' jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' the inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion;
 And gie him owre the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin'
 Spare them nae day.

¹ Genesis, ix. 22.

² Numbers, xxv. 3

³ Exodus, iv. 25.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty; merry
 Nae mair thou'll rowte out-owre the dale, ^{low}
 Because thy pasture's scanty;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 And runts o' grace the pick and cabbage-stems
 wale, choice
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin':
 Come, screw the pegs, wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin'; fiddle strings
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, elbows fly
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day.

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, iron
 Has shored the Kirk's undoin', menaced
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn, distressed
 Has proven to its ruin:¹

¹ Allusion is here made to the long-disputed settlement of Mr. William Boyd as minister of the parish of Fenwick. The people being prejudiced against him as a moderate, or as one brought forward by that party, his nomination was combated as long as possible; but he was at length ordained in the council-chamber of Irvine, June 25, 1782. Mr. Boyd at

Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
 He saw mischiéf was brewin',
 And like a godly élect bairn
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Now, Robertson,¹ harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever; close - x.cath
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear, learning
 Ye may commence a shaver;
 Or to the Netherton² repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie³ and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones:
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons: cat
 And aye he catched the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons:
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

terwards became an acceptable pastor to his flock, over whom he presided till his death at an advanced age in 1828.

¹ The colleague of the newly-ordained clergyman — a moderate.

² A portion of the town of Kilmarnock.

³ The deceased clergyman whom Mr. Mackinlay succeeded

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein through the city:
 Hark how the nine-tailed cat she plays!
 I vow it's unco pretty:
 There Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty,
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie¹
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel'
 Embracing all opinions;
 Hear how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions;
 See how she peels the skin and fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions!
 Now there — they're packèd aff to h—,
 And banished our dominions
 Henceforth this day.

Oh happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys
 That heresy can torture

¹ Probably the well-known author of the *Essay on Truth* is here meant. Local antiquaries are unable to give any other explanation.

They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, hoist
 And cove her measure shorter deck
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's for a conclusion:—
 To every New Light mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion!
 If mair they deave us wi' their din, deafen
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and every skin match
 We'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil some day.¹

AN ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

“ My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither:
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither.
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight winnowed
 May hae some pyles o' caff in; chaff
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.” folly

SOLOMON.—Eccies. vii. 13.

We venture, on conjecture, to refer to this period,
 a poem containing some lines calculated to engrave

¹ Mackinlay became a favorite preacher, very much, it is said, in consequence of his “fine manner,” for he had little

themselves on the heart, but which did not see the light till after the fame of Burns was established.

Oor ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour's fauts and folly:—
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supplied wi' store o' water,
 The heapèd happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter:—

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door sober
 For glaikit Folly's portals! idle
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, unlucky
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
 And shudder at the niffer: exchange
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave) rest
 Your better art o' hiding.

variety of illustration. He survived till 1841, attaining the patriarchal age of eighty-five years.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop;
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;
 Bat in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It makes an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrified, they're **grown**
 Debauchery and Drinking.
 Oh would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences!
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases;
 A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination —
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

ca:
perhaps

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Though they may gang a kennin'
 wrang,

small matter

To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it:
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us;
 He knows each chord — its various tone,
 Each spring — its various bias.
 Then at the balance let's be mute;
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE
 TAXES.

In May 1785, in order to liquidate ten millions of unfunded debt, Mr. Pitt made a considerable addition to the number of taxed articles, amongst which were female-servants. The poem seems to have been called forth by the bard's receipt of the next annual mandate from Mr. Aiken of Ayr, surveyor of taxes for the district.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list

O' gudes and gear, and a' my graith, furnishing
To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage-cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle. plough-stick
My han' afore's¹ a gude auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been. strong
My han' abin's² a weel-gaun filly,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,³
And your auld burro' monie a time,
In days when riding was nae crime.
But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
I like a blockhead boost to ride, must needs
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to
(L—, pardon all my sins, and that too!)
I played my filly sic a shavie, trick
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My fur ahin's⁴ a wordy beast, worthy
As e'er in tug or tow was traced. hide or rope
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d—d red wud Kilburnie blastie!⁵ mad
Forbye a cowte o' cowtes the wale, colt—choice

¹ The fore-horse on the left hand in the plough.

² The hindmost on the left hand in the plough.

³ Kilnarnock.

⁴ The hindmost horse on the right hand in the plough.

⁵ (Shrivelled old thing.) Burns had bought this horse at a Kilburnie fair, from one William Kirkwood, a noted horse-scouper, who lived at Baillieston in that neighborhood, and who realized a fortune by his trade.

As ever ran afore a tail,
 If he be spared to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.
 Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new; mostly
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken; shafts
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 And my auld mither brunt the trin'le. wheel

For men, I've three mischiévous boys,
 Run deils for rantin' and for noise; Run wild
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, ploughman
 Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.¹
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And aften labour them completely; thrash
 And aye on 'Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the Questions targe them tightly; examine
 Till, faith, wee Davock's turned sae gleg, quick
 Though scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,²
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.
 I've nane in female servin' station
 (L— keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
 I hae nae wife — and that my bliss is,

¹ Keeps the cattle in fodder.

² In the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines — universally used in Scotland, and commonly called *The Questions — What is Effectual Calling?* is one of the interrogations.

And ye have laid nae tax on misses.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heaven sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,¹ *comely*
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace;
 But her, my bonny sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 And gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L—! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; * * *
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, *walk*
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit. * * *
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, February 22, 1786.

¹ The poet's child, then an inmate of Mossgiel, and about fifteen months old.

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

The letter which follows was the consequence of a request for a sight of his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, from a person named John Kennedy, who then resided as clerk or sub-factor at Dumfries House, the seat of the Earl of Dumfries, a few miles from Mauchline. It is characteristic of the frankness of Burns, and expresses some of his predominant feelings.

MOSSGIEL, 3d March, 1786.

SIR — I have done myself the pleasure of complying with your request in sending you my Cottager. If you have a leisure minute, I should be glad you would copy it, and return me either the original or the transcript, as I have not a copy of it by me, and I have a friend who wishes to see it.

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,¹
 L—, man, there's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy ;
 And down the gate, in faith, they're worse, ^{road}
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,

¹ The market-cross of the village.

Till some bit callan bring me news **boy**
 That you are there ;
 And if we dinna haud a bouze, **bold**
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow ;
 But gie me just a true guid fallow,
 Wi' right engine, **temper — genius**
 And spunkie, ance to make us mellow, **lively**
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 And sklent on poverty their joke, **glance**
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke, **exchange**
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
 Ye hate, as ill's the very deil,
 The flinty heart that canna feel,
 Come, sir, here's tae you !
 Hae, there's my han', I wiss you weel,
 And guid be wi' you !

R. B.

INSCRIBED ON THE BLANK-LEAF OF A
COPY OF MISS HANNAH MORE'S WORKS,
PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR.

3d April, 1786.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind

The dear, the beauteous Donor:

Though sweetly female every part,

Yet such a head, and more the heart,

Does both the sexes honour.

She shewed her taste refined and just

When she selected thee,

Yet deviating own I must,

In sae approving me;

But kind still, I'll mind still

The Giver in the gift—

I'll bless her, and wiss her

A friend aboon the lift.

above the sky

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

The title of this piece was originally *The Gowan*; the English appellation was subsequently adopted.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure dust
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth leaped
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield
 But thou, beneath the random field protection
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field, dry
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,

By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom.

LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S
 AMOUR.

“ Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself,
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe ! ” — HOME.

When it appeared, in the spring of 1786, that the love between the poet and Jean Armour had become transgression, Burns and his brother were beginning to fear that their farm would prove a ruinous concern. He yielded, nevertheless, to the wish of his unhappy partner to acknowledge her as his wife, and thus repair as far as possible the consequences of their error. He gave her such an acknowledgment in writing — a document sufficient in the law of Scotland to constitute what is called an irregular, though perfectly valid,

marriage. Jean probably expected that, if her parents were first made acquainted with her fault by the announcement of clandestine nuptials, they would look more mildly upon it; for such is a common course of circumstances in her rank in life in Scotland. But it was otherwise in this case. Knowing well that Burns was not in flourishing circumstances, it appeared to the father that marriage, so far from mending the matter, made it worse.

Burns came forward on this occasion with all the manliness which his character would have led us to expect. He admitted the hopelessness of his present circumstances; but he offered to go out to Jamaica in the hope of bettering them, and of coming home in a few years and claiming Jean as his wife. If this plan should not meet Mr. Armour's approbation, he was willing to descend even to the condition of a common laborer, in order to furnish means for the present support of his wife and her expected offspring. Mr. Armour met every proposal with rejection. He announced his resolution, if possible, to annul the marriage, such as it was. Yielding to his demand, probably preferred in no mild mood, Jean surrendered the paper to her angry father, by whom it was placed in the hands of Mr. Aiken of Ayr. There were some violent and distressing scenes between the parties. Not endowed by nature with very deep or abiding feelings, and depressed in spirit by the sense of her error, Jean, to the utter confusion of Burns, appeared less willing to cleave to her husband than to her father. The poet viewed her conduct with deep resentment, and was thrown by it into a state of mind which, according to his own confession, "had very nearly

given him one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart and mistaken the reckoning of rationality."

He instantly made up his mind to exile from his much-loved country. His poverty and imprudence made that course desirable; and after the mortification he had met with, he had no longer the wish to stay at home. He therefore agreed with a Dr. Douglas to go out to Jamaica as a book-keeper on his estate.

Oh thou pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!
 With woe I nightly vigils keep
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly-markèd distant hill:
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill:
 My fondly-fluttering heart be still!
 Thou busy power, remembrance, **cease**
 Ah! must the agonising thrill
 For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feigned poetic pains
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;

No shepherd's pipe — Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested Powers above,
The promised father's tender name —
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown !
How have I wished for fortune's charms
For her dear sake, and hers alone !
And must I think it! — is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth !
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie through rough distress
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us passed,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employed.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,

For her too scanty once of room!
Even every ray of hope destroyed,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harassed out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye
Keep watchings with the nightly thief.
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild in sore affright:
Even day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

Oh thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse;
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observed us, fondly-wandering, stray!
The time unheeded sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESSED with grief, oppressed with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh :
 Oh life ! thou art a galling lead,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Even when the wished end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward:
 Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or haply to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed,
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art.
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here, must cry here
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age.

TO RUIN.

ALL hail! inexorable lord,
A: whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then lowering and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Though thick'ning and black'nir
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim Power, by life abhor
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appalled, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face;
 Enclaspèd and graspèd
 Within thy cold embrace!

SONG.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues;
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steeped in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing linnet

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks; heedful

¹ Burns, on publishing this song in his first Edinburgh edit on, 1787, admitted into it a chorus from a song written by a gentleman of that city:

“ And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e,
 For it's jet jet black, and it's like a hawk,
 And it winna let a body be! ”

This doggerel interferes so sadly with the strain of Burns's beautiful ode, that the present editor felt compelled to extrude it. He hopes it will never hereafter be replaced.

But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,¹
And owre the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

NOTE TO GAVIN HAMILTON.

The wretchedness breathed in the foregoing poems is of too extreme a character to have been long predominant, at least in all its force, in such a mind as that of Burns. At the beginning of May, he is found

¹ Shuts the opening in his fold.

addressing Mr. Hamilton in playful terms respecting a servant-boy, whom that gentleman had talked of taking off his hands, and who in the mean time had been spoken to with a view to engagement by a person whom Burns did not so much esteem.

MOSGAVILLE,¹ *May 3,*

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty,
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire yon lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 And wad hae done't aff han': off-hand
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,²
 And tellin' lies about them;
 As lieve then, I'd have then, willingly
 Your clerkship he should sair, serve
 If sae be ye may be
 Not fitted other where. sulted

Although I say't, he's gleg enough, sharp
 And 'bout a house that's rude and rough,

¹ Mossgavel is the proper appellation of the farm — shortened into Mossgiel.

² Tootie lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows. The age of these animals is marked by rings on their horns, which may of course be cut and polished off, so as to cause the cow to appear younger than it is.

The boy might learn to swear;
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
 And get sic fair example straught, upright
 I havena ony fear.
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
 And shore him weel wi' h—, threaten
 And gar him follow to the kirk —
 Aye when ye gang yoursel'.
 If ye, then, maun be, then,
 Frae hame this comin' Friday;
 Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
 The orders wi' your leddy.

My word of honour I hae gien,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the warld's worm;¹
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 And name the airles² and the fee,
 In legal mode and form.
 I ken he weel a sneck can draw,³
 When simple bodies let him;
 And if a devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you, and praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureate scorns:
 The prayer still, you share still,
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

¹ A term expressive of a mean, avaricious character

² The airles — earnest-money.

³ See note to the *Address to the Deil*, p. 156.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

A poetical letter of sagacious advice to Andrew Aiken, son of his patron Robert Aiken, then about to launch out into the world.

May, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Though it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind memento;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
 And, Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, *strange*
 And muckle they may grieve ye.
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Even when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a';
 The real, lardened wicked.

Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked;
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,
 And little to be trusted;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer:
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Though poortith hourly stare him; *poverty*
 A man may tak a neibor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection,
 But keek through every other man *oo's*
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love, *stance*
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Though naething should divulge it.
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,

The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile
 That's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ; keep
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause —
 Debar a' side-pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And even the rigid feature.
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker,
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !

Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, " God send you speed,"
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may you better reckon the rede mind the course
 Than ever did th' adviser !¹

¹ In a copy of this poem in Burns's own hand, and bearing date "Mossgiel, May 15th, 1786," there occurs an additional stanza which the admirable taste of the poet had doubtless observed to be below the rest in terseness and point, and which he had therefore seen fit to omit. It throws so valuable a light on the state of his own mind at this crisis, that it certainly ought not to be suppressed, though we should not desire to see it replaced in the poem. It occurs immediately after the line, "And petrifies the feeling."

If ye hae made a step aside,
 Some hap mistake o'erta'en you,
 Yet still keep up a decent pride,
 And ne'er o'er far demean you.
 Time comes wi' kind oblivious shade,
 And daily darker sets it,
 And if nae mair mistakes are made,
 The world soon forgets it.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

TUNE — *The Yellow-haired Laddie.*

Burns had been cast off by the Armours in what he felt as a most shameful way — divorced on account of poverty! In this moment of wounded pride he recalled the image of an amiable girl in the service of his friend Hamilton, a sweet, sprightly, blue-eyed creature, of a firmer modesty and self-respect than too many of the other maidens he had addressed. Mary Campbell was of Highland parentage, from the neighborhood of Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde. There is some obscurity about the situations and movements of Mary: it is quite certain that she was at one time dairy-maid at Coilsfield.

A song of Burns, in persons, scenery, and circumstances most sweetly pastoral, and breathing of luxurious love unsmirched by disappointment actual or anticipated, must here be introduced, because it undoubtedly relates to his passion for Mary. It may be remarked, that the locality, Glen Afton, which is at a considerable distance, in the head of Nithsdale, has led to some misapprehensions regarding the history of the lyric; but all doubt is set at rest by a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, who affirms that she remembers hearing Burns say it was written upon the Coilsfield dairy-maid. We must consequently infer, that the name Afton was adopted by our poet *pro euphonia gratiâ* — suggested to him, probably, by the name of

Afton Lodge in the neighborhood of Coilsfield, the residence of his friend and patroness Mrs. Stewart of Stair.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through
the glen,

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,

I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding
rills;

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides

How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The date of Burns's attachment to Highland Mary, and several of the circumstances connected with it, have been matter of doubt and obscurity till lately. In January 1850, Mr. William Douglas brought before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries an elaborate paper, making it all but perfectly certain that the affair was, what had never been hitherto suspected, an episode in the attachment to Jean Armour. He showed that it could not have been, as several biographers had surmised, a strictly early or juvenile attachment, and also traced the connection between this attachment and the design of going to the West Indies, a design of which we hear at no earlier period of his life than spring 1786. This connection appears strongly in the following song, which Burns afterwards published in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*.

NÆ gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care :

Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good-will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !

"Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

A PRAYER FOR MARY.

The following song, which was found amongst the poet's manuscripts after his death, answers perfectly to the circumstances and feelings which have been represented.

POWERS celestial! whose protection,
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:

Guardian angels! oh, protect her
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

Burns told Mr. Thomson in 1792: "In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl."

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar?¹

¹ The first verse is not to be read as expressing a desire of the poet that Mary should accompany him to the West Indies; the rest of the poem makes the idea of a parting and farewell quite clear. The verse is to be accepted simply as a variation of the song whose air was adopted — *Will ye go to the Ewe-buchts, Marion?* But for the phrases, "very early life," and "my very early years," there could be no difficulty in assigning *My Highland Lassie* and *Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?* which is evidently another expression of the same passion, to the date 1786; but Mr. Douglas argues, that either Burns felt as if the lapse of six years had brought him out of youth into middle life, or he wished to maintain a mystery regarding the story of Mary.

Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange.
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me
 When I forget my vow!

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;
 Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join;
 And curst be the cause that shall part us,
 The hour and the moment o' time!

ELIZA.

TUNE — *Gilderoy.*

It is to be feared that Burns was not a man for whom his admirers can safely claim steadiness of affection, any more than they can arrogate for him a romantic or platonic delicacy. It appears as if there was still another maiden high in his book of passion

during this agitating period. Of her he takes leave in terms nearly resembling those employed in the *Highland Lassie*, and which involve the same allusions regarding his own approaching exile from his native land.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THOUGH CRUEL FATE.

TUNE — *The Northern Lass.*

It serves to add to the strange confusion of the love affairs of Burns, that there is a canzonet in which the same ideas which we have already seen brought forward regarding an eternal constancy to Mary and Eliza are wrought up in favor of Jean. (See p. 51.)

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains rise and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between,
Yet dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB.

“On Tuesday [May 23] there was a meeting of the Highland Society at London for the encouragement of the fisheries in the Highlands, etc. Three thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by eleven gentlemen present for this particular purpose. The

Earl of Breadalbane informed the meeting that five hundred persons had agreed to emigrate from the estates of Mr. McDonald of Glengarry; that they had subscribed money, purchased ships, etc., to carry their design into effect. The noblemen and gentlemen agreed to coöperate with government to frustrate their design; and to recommend to the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands to endeavor to prevent emigration, by improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures, and particularly to enter into a subscription for that purpose." Such is a very simple-looking announcement in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 30th May. One would have thought there was little in it to excite a jealous feeling regarding the Highland proprietors, whom we have since seen vilipended not a little for the very opposite procedure. So it is, however, that Burns took up the matter otherwise, and penned, though he did not publish, an

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross,¹

¹ Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross, a considerable proprietor in the west of Ross-shire, figures on many occasions as a liberal man. Mr. Knox, in his *Tour of the Highlands*, penned about this very time, mentions an act of Mr. Mackenzie's precisely contrary in its character to the motive which the rash poet attributes to him. "Perceiving," says Knox, "the bad policy of servitude in the Highlands Mr. Mackenzie has totally re-

were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. M'Donald of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing — LIBERTY.

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
 Unscaithed by hungered Highland boors; Unhurt
 Lord, grant nae duddie desperate beggar, ragged
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life deprive
 She likes — as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and Applecross were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
 I doubt na! they wad bid nae better propose
 Than, let them ance out owre the water,
 Then up amang thae lakcs and seas,
 They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin';
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected,
 When by such heads and hearts directed.
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to patrician rights aspire!
 Nae sage North now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,

linquished all the feudal claims upon the labor of his tenants, whom he pays with the strictest regard to justice at the rate of sevenpence or eightpence for every day employed upon his works."

And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cowe the rebel generation,
 And save the honour o' the nation?
 They, and be d——! what right hae they
 To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
 Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies, overseers
 I canna say but they do gaylies; pretty well
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 And tirl the hallions to the strip — clowns
 birses; bristles
 Yet while they're only poind't and herriet, despoiled
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
 But smash them, crash them a' to spails! chips
 And rot the dyvors i' the jails! bankrupts
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
 Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
 The hizzies, if they're oughtlins girls — at all
 fawsont, handsome
 Let them in Drury Lane be lessoned!
 And if the wives and dirty brats
 E'en thigger at your doors and yetts, beg — gates
 Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' Fluttering
 beas', vermins
 Frightie' awa' your deucks and geese,

Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tattered gipsies pack, make
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
 Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
 And in my *house at hame* to greet you.
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle;
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle, innermost
 At my right han' assigned your seat
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate —
 Or, if you on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A seat, I'm sure, ye're weel deservin't;
 And till ye come — Your humble servant,
BEELZEBUB.¹

June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790 [A. D. 1786.]

A DREAM.

"Thoughts, words, and deeds the statute blames with reason;
 But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason."

On reading in the public papers the *Laureate's Ode*,² with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the au-

¹ This poem came through the hands of Rankine of Adamhill to those of a gentleman of Ayr, who gave it to the world in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1818. A copy in the poet's handwriting is, or was lately, in the possession of a person in humble life at Jedburgh.

² Thomas Warton was then in this servile and ridiculous office. His ode for June 4, 1786, begins as follows: —

thor was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following "Address."

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!

May Heaven augment your blisses,
On every new birthday, ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birthday dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang, much
By many a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turned and ready,
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang, make
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

"When Freedom nursed her native fire
In ancient Greece, and ruled the lyre,
Her bards disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore,
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow,
And to the throne of virtuous kings," etc.

On these verses the rhymes of the Ayrshire bard must be allowed to form an odd enough commentary.

For me, before a monarch's face
 Even there I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There's mony waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better perhaps
 Than you this day.

'Tis^a very true, my sovereign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But facts are chiels that winna ding, be beaten
 And downa be disputed : cannot
 Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft and clouted,¹ broken and patched
 And now the third part of the string,
 And less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation !
 But faith ! I muckle doubt, my sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, cow-house
 Wad better filled their station
 Than courts yon day

¹ The American colonies being lost.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister,
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester.
 For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture must needs
 I' the craft some day. field

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (And Will's a true guid fallow's get,¹
 A name not envy spairges), asperges
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges;
 But G— sake! let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonny barges²
 And boats this day.

Adieu, my liege! may Freedom geck sport
 Beneath your high protection;

¹ Gait, gett, or gyte, a homely substitute for the word *child* in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott speaks somewhere of the *gait's' class* in the Edinburgh High School — namely, the class containing the youngest pupils. The above stanza is not the only testimony of admiration which Burns pays to the great Earl of Chatham.

² On the supplies for the navy being voted, spring 1786 Captain Macbride counselled some changes in that force, particularly the giving up of 64-gun ships, which occasioned a good deal of discussion.

And may you rax Corruption's neck, stretch
 And gie her for dissection.
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty and subjection
 This great birthday.

Hail Majesty Most Excellent!
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye?
 Thae bonny bairn-time Heaven has lent, children
 Still higher may they heeze ye raise
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell Your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,¹
 By night or day

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known colts
 To mak a noble aiver: cart-horse

¹ Charles James Fox.

So, ye may doucely fill a throne, wisely
 For a' their elish-ma-claver: talk
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day.

For you, Right Reverend Osnaburg,¹
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug ear
 Wad been a dress completer:
 As ye disown yon paughty dog proud
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! and get a wife to hug, quick
 Or, trowth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks,² I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her,
 A glorious galley,³ stem and stern,
 Weel rigged for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,
 Your hymeneal charter,

¹ Frederick, the second son of George III., at first Bishop of Osnaburg, afterwards Duke of York.

² William Henry, third son of George III., afterwards Duke of Clarence and King William IV.

³ Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour — *B.*

Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
 And, large upon her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak ye guid as weel as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty.
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant aye;
 And German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye
 On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet; caressed
 But ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet: salted
 And I hae seen their coggie fou, bowl full
 That yet hae tarrow't at it;¹
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen² they hae clautet scraped
 Fu' clean that day.

¹ To *tarrow* at food is to linger over it from dislike or want of appetite.

² The angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

APPENDIX.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS OF "THE VISION"

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of January 15, 1787, Burns speaks of certain stanzas of *The Vision* which he had omitted from the printed copy. A manuscript of ten leaves, in Burns's handwriting, has been preserved, which contains *The Vision* unabridged, as it stood in 1786 — *The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast* — *The Lass of Ballochmyle* — *My Nanie, O* — *Handsome Nell* — *Song in the Character of a Ruined Farmer* — *Song, Though Cruel Fate should bid us Part* — and *Misgivings of Despondency on the Approach of the Gloomy Monarch of the Grave*; all of them being poems which did not appear in the first edition, but most of which were inserted in the Edinburgh, or second edition. From allusions, the MS. was undoubtedly written after July 1786, and before the Edinburgh edition came out. By the liberality of Mr. Dick, bookseller, Ayr, present proprietor of the MS., we are enabled to present such portions of its contents as have not seen the light.

After 18th stanza of printed copies :

With secret throes I marked that earth,
That cottage, witness of my birth ;

And near I saw, bold issuing forth
 In youthful pride,
 A Lindsay, race of noble worth,
 Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,
 An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,
 I spied, among an angel brood,
 A female pair;
 Sweet shone their high maternal blood,
 And father's air.¹

An ancient tower² to memory brought
 How Dettingen's bold hero fought;
 Still far from sinking into nought,
 It owns a lord
 Who "far in western"³ climates fought,
 With trusty sword.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
 I saw a martial race portrayed
 In colours strong;⁴
 Bold, sodger-featured, undismayed,
 They stalked along.

¹ Sundrum.—*B.* Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum was married to a sister of Colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield; consequently, Burns felt a great interest in the family. The female pair were Misses Lillias and Margaret Hamilton, the latter of whom was living in 1851.

² Stair.—*B.*

³ These words are written over the original in another hand.

⁴ The Montgomeries of Coilsfield

Love, dearer than the parting breath
 Of dying friend !
 " Not even " ¹ with life's wild devious path,
 Your force shall end !

The power that gave the soft alarms,
 In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,
 Still threatens the tiny-feathered arms,
 The barbèd dart,
 While lovely Wilhelmina warms
 The coldest heart.²

After the 21st:

Where Lugar leaves his moorland plaid,³
 Where lately Want was idly laid,
 I markèd busy, bustling Trade,
 In fervid flame,
 Beneath a patroness's aid,
 Of noble name ;

While countless hills I could survey,
 And countless flocks as well as they ;
 But other scenes did charms display,
 That better please,
 Where polished manners dwelt with Gray
 In rural ease.⁴

¹ Originally written "only."

² A compliment to Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the "Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle," in whom certainly, when Maria Whitefoord departed, the poetic worshipper of beauty found a new goddess not inferior to the former divinity.

³ Cumnock. — *B.*

⁴ Mr Farquhar Gray. — *B.*

I once was by Fortune cared,
I once could relieve the distrest:
Now, life's poor support hardly earned,
 My fate will scarce bestow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear,
 O whither would they go?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
For in this world Rest or Peace
 I never more shall know
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

THE HOLY FAIR.

• A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget showed,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.”

Hypocrisy à-la-Mode.

The transactions described in this piece are those which attended a rural celebration of the communion in Scotland till a very recent period, if not till the present day. But it is important to notice that the rite itself, and even the place where it was administered, form no part of the picture. Burns limits himself to the assemblage, partly composed of parishioners and partly of strangers, which takes place on such occasions, in some open space near the church, where a succession of clergymen, usually from the neighboring parishes, give from a *tent* or movable pulpit a succession of services, while a lesser body are attending the more solemn ritual within doors. That Burns's de-

scription is not exaggerated in any particular, is rendered certain by a passage which we shall take leave to adduce from a pamphlet published in the year of the poet's birth, under the title of *A Letter from a Blacksmith to the Ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland*. "In Scotland," says this writer, "the run from kirk to kirk, and flock to see a sacrament and make the same use of it that the papists do of their pilgrimages and processions; that is, indulge themselves in drunkenness, folly, and idleness. Most of the servants, when they agree to serve their masters in the western parts of the kingdom, make a special provision that they shall have liberty to go to a certain number of fairs, or to an equal number of sacraments, and as they consider a sacrament, or an occasion (as they call the administration of the Lord's Supper), in a neighboring parish in the same light in which they do at a fair, so they behave at it much in the same manner."

It may be added, that the *Leith Races* of Fergusson served Burns as a literary model. The Edinburgh poet is there conducted to the festive scene by an imaginary being, whom he names MIRTH, exactly as Burns is conducted to the Holy Fair by FUN; but the poetical painting of the Ayrshire bard far distances that of his predecessor.

UPON a simmer Sunday-morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walkèd forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the cauler air. fresh
 The rising sun o'er Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin'; flashing

Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,
 And taks me by the hands :
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck meet
 Of a' the ten commands
 A screed some day. went

"My name is Fun — your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae ;
 And this is Superstition here,
 And that's Hypocrisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin' : sport
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runkled pair wrinkled
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day."

Quoth I : "With a' my heart, I'll do't ;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 And meet you on the holy spot —
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin' !"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, breakfast
 And soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, from side to side,
 Wi' mony a weary body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith, sensible — attire
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ; jogging
 There, swankies young, in braw braid striplings
 claith.

Are springin' o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang, walking along
 In silks and scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, cut
 And farls baked wi' butter, cakes
 Fu' crump that day. crisp

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Wcel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black-bonnet throws, look
 And we maun draw our tippence.¹
 Then in we go to see the show ;
 On every side they're gath'rin',
 Some carrying dails, some chairs, and stools, portions
(of food)?
 And some are busy blethrin' chatting
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
 And screen our country gentry,
 There, Racer Jess,² and twa-three w——s,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jauds,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 And there a batch o' wabster lads, weaver
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
 For fun this day,

¹ Black-bonnet, a cant name for the elder stationed beside the plate at the door for receiving the offerings of the congregation.

² A poor half-witted girl of the name of Gibson (daughter of Poesie Nansie), who was remarkable for pedestrian powers, and sometimes went with messages for hire.

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
 And some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs and prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch, sample
 Wi' screwed-up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses busily occupied
 To chairs that day.

Oh happy is that man and blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him,
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him ! sitting
 Wi' arm reposed on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom, palm
 Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation :
 For Moodie speels the holy door, climbs
 Wi' tidings o' d——tion.¹

¹ In the Kilmarnock edition, the word was salvation ; it was changed at the suggestion of Dr. Blair of Edinburgh. Moodie was the minister of Riccarton, and one of the heroes of *The Two Herds*. He was a never-failing assistant at the Mauchline sacraments. His personal appearance and style of oratory were exactly such as described by the poet. He dwelt chiefly on the terrors of the law. On one occasion, he told the audience that they would find the text in John viii

Should Hornie, as in ancient days
 'Mang sons o' God present him,
 The very sight o' Moodie's face
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin' !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin' and he's jumpin' !
 His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures, unearth
 Oh how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day!

But hark ! the tent has changed its voice ;
 There's peace and rest nae langer ;
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues,¹
 On practice and on morals ;
 And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars and barrels
 A lift that day.

“, but it was so applicable to their case, that there was no need of his reading it to them. The verse begins: “Ye are of your father the devil,” etc.

¹ Mr. (afterwards Dr.) George Smith, minister of Galston — the same whom the poet introduces in a different feeling, under the appellation of Irvine-side, in *The Kirk's Alarm*. Burns meant on this occasion to compliment him on his

What signifies his barren shiur
 Of moral powers and reason?
 His English style and gesture fine
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poisoned nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,¹
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the Word o' God,
 And meek and mim has viewed it, *primly*
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 And aff and up the Cowgate,²
 Fast, fast that day.

rational mode of preaching, but the friends of the divine regarded the stanza as calculated to injure his popularity.

¹ The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Peebles, minister of Newton-upon-Ayr, often called, from its geographical situation, the *Water-fit*. He was in great favor at Ayr among the orthodox party, though much inferior in ability to the moderate ministers of that ancient burgh.

² The Cowgate is a street running off the main one of Mauchline, exactly opposite the entrance to the church-yard. The sense of the passage might be supposed allegorical, and this is the theory which the present editor is inclined to adopt. He must, however, state that a more literal sense is attached to it by the best-informed persons in Mauchline. It is said that Mr. Mackenzie, the surgeon of the village, and a friend of Burns, had recently written on some controversial topic

Wee Miller ¹ niest the guard relieves, next
 And orthodoxy raibles, rattles
 Though in his heart he weel believes,
 And thinks it auld wives' fables:
 But, faith! the birkie wants a manse, fellow
 So, cannily he hums them;
 Although his carnal wit and sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him half-ways
 At times that day.

Now but and ben the change-house fills, throughout
 Wi' yill-caup commentators; ale-pot
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills, biscuits
 And there the pint-stoup clatters;
 While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
 Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Under the title of *Common Sense*. On the particular day which Burns is supposed to have had in view, Mackenzie was engaged to join Sir John Whitefoord of Ballochmyle, and go to Dumfries House, in Auchinleck parish, in order to dine with the Earl of Dumfries. The doctor, therefore, after attending church, and listening to some of the out-door harangues, was seen to leave the assembly, and go off along the Cowgate, on his way to Ballochmyle, exactly as Peebles ascended the rostrum.

¹ The Rev. Mr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmaurs. He was of remarkably low stature, but enormous girth. Burns believed him at the time to lean at heart to the moderate party. This stanza, virtually the most depreciatory in the whole poem, is said to have retarded Miller's advancement.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair Commend to
 Than either school or college:
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair, learning
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge. grams
 Be 't whisky gill, or penny wheep, small-beer
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion tickle
 By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul and body,
 Sit round the table weel content,
 And 'steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 And formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin', roaring
 And echoes back return the shouts —
 Black Russell¹ is na sparin':

¹ The Rev. John Russell, at this time minister of the Chapel-of-Ease, Kilmarnock, afterwards minister of Stirling, one of the heroes of *The Twa Herds*. A correspondent says: "He was the most tremendous man I ever saw: Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder, and his sentiments were such as must have shockee any class of hearers in the least more refined than those whom he usually addressed."

His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow ;
 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow ¹
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
 Filled fou o' lowin' brunstane, blasting
 Wha's ragin' flame, and scorehin' heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane !
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 And think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear
 'Twas but some neebor snorin',
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How monie stories past,
 And how they crowded to the yill, ale
 When they were a' dismissit :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups, pails
 Amang the forms and benches :
 And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunchedes,
 And dauds that day. hunks

In comes a gaucy, gash guidwife, fat — talkative
 And sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife ; cheese

¹ Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. — B.

The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 And gies them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing! soil with meal
 Oh wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
 How bonny lads ye wanted,
 And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel, cheese-rind
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell,¹ wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow and croon; peal — roar
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow, can
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink, gates
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses!

¹ Variation — "Now Robin Gib" etc.

Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,
 As soft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 And monie jobs that day begin
 May end in houghmagandy
 Some ither day.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, versifying
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me!
 Our billie's gien us a' a jink,¹
 And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore, frolic
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
 In social key;
 For now he's ta'en anither shore,
 And owre the sea!

¹ "Our brother has eluded us all."

Auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear, cheerful
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee; splinters
 He was her laureate monie a year,
 That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
 A jillet brak his heart at last, git
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock, rod
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, meal and water
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So row't his hurdies in a hammock, rolled — loins
 And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wadna bide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding —
 He dealt it free:
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a ~~co~~ biel: wrap — snug shoites

Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fou o' glee;
 He wadna wranged the very deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie! comra.le
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie!
 I'll toast ye in my hinmost gillie, gill
 Though owre the sea!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

In a different spirit, Burns wrote an epitaph for himself—a confession of his errors so solemn and so touching, as to take the sting from every other comment on the subject.

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to bashful
 snool, succumb
 Let him draw near;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this aréa throng,
 Oh, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave;
Here pause — and, through the starting tear
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name!

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

In dedicating his Poems to Gavin Hamilton, Burns took the opportunity not merely to characterize that generous-natured man, but to throw out a few parting sarcasms at orthodoxy and her partisans. This poem, however, was not placed at the front of the volume, though included in its pages.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication, wheedling — flattering
 To roose you up, and ca' you guid, praise
 And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnamed like his Grace ;¹
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do — maun do, sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou ; telly-fall
 For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, L— be thankit, I can plough ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig, cannot
 Then, L— be thankit, I can beg

¹ The Duke of Hamilton.

Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
It's just sic poet, and sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him, *beat*
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On every hand it will allowed be,
He's just — nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want; *cannot*
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't
'Till aft his gudeness is abused;
And rascals whiles that do him wrang,
Even that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then nae thanks to him for a' that,
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu', c'orrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,

Or hunters wild on Ponoiaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 'The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of d——tion;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No — stretch a point to catch a plack; penny
 Abuse a brother to his back;
 Steal through a winnock frae a w——,
 But point the rake that taks the door;
 Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane;
 Ply every art o' legal thieving;
 No matter — stick to sound believing!

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces; palms
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
 And d— a' parties but your own;
 I'll warrant, then, ye're nae deceiver —
 A steady, sturdy, stanch believer.

Oh ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin'! muddy ponds

Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets, till Heaven commission gies him:
 While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deepening tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgot my dedication;
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour, 202222
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, sir, to you:
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel'.

'Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever ——
 I had amaist said, ever pray,
 But that's a word I need na say:
 For prayin' I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead sweer, and wretched ill o't; 202222
 But I'se repeat each poor man's prayer
 That kens or hears about you, sir:—

" May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
 Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk!¹
 May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
 For that same generous spirit smart!
 May Kennedy's far-honoured name
 Lang beat his hymeneal flame, feed
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizzen,
 Are by their canty fireside risen: cheerful
 Five bonny lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout and able,
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days,
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe, great-grandchild
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad mournful rites bestow."

I will not wind a lang conclusion
 With complimentary effusion:
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which powers above prevent!)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances

¹ A sobriquet for Mr. Hamilton, probably because of his acting in this capacity to some of the county courts.

By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender-gushing tear,
 Should recognise my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, sir, your hand — my friend and brother

FAREWELL TO THE BRETHERN OF ST
 JAMES'S LODGE, TORBOLTON

'TUNE — *Good-night, and Joy be wi' you a'.*

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tie* !
 Ye favoured, ye *enlightened* few,
 Companions of my social joy.
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba'.
 With melting heart, and brimful eys,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
 Oft, honoured with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the *Sons of Light* :
 And by that *hieroglyphic* bright
 Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !
 Strong Memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand design*,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine !
 That you may keep the *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And *you*, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
 Heaven bless your honoured, noble name,
 To *masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round* — I ask it with a *tear* —
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*.¹

¹ The person alluded to in the last stanza was Major-General James Montgomery (a younger brother of Hugh Montgomery of Coilsfield), who now enjoyed the dignity of the Worshipful Grand Master in this village lodge, while Robert Burns was Depute Master.

ON A PROCESSION OF THE ST. JAMES'S
LODGE.

The St. James's Lodge at this time met in a small stifling back-room connected with the inn of the village — a humble cottage-like place of entertainment kept by one Manson. On the approach of St. John's Day, the 24th of June, when a procession of the lodge was contemplated, Burns sent a rhymed note on the subject to his medical friend Mr. Mackenzie, with whom, it may be explained, he had lately had some controversy on the origin of morals.

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
 By the Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession ;
 To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals, liberal portion
 And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, sample
 I' the way of our profession.
 The Master and the Brotherhood
 Would a' be glad to see you ;
 For me I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you. entertainment
 If Death, then, wi' skaith, then, hurt
 Some mortal heart is hechtin', threatening
 Inform him, and storm him,
 That Saturday you'll fecht him. figh
 ROBERT BURNS.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—*Shawnboy.*

Burns joined on at least one occasion in the festivities of the Kilmarnock Lodge, presided over by his friend William Parker; on which occasion he produced an appropriate song.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the
 tide,
 Who markèd each element's border;
 Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order;
 Within this dear mansion may wayward Con-
 tention
 Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter;
 May Secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And Brotherly Love be the centre.

THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The beautiful estate of Ballochmyle on the Ayr, near Mauchline, had recently been transferred from the Whitefoords to Mr. Claud Alexander, a gentleman well connected in the west of Scotland, who had realized a large fortune as paymaster-general of the East India Company's troops in Bengal. He had lately come to reside at the mansion-house. The steep banks of the river at this place form a scene of natural loveliness which has few matches, and Burns loved to wander there. In an evening of early summer, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the sister of the new laird, walking out along the braes after dinner, encountered a plain-looking man in rustic attire, who appeared to be musing, with his shoulder leaning against a tree. According to her own account: "The grounds being forbidden to unauthorized strangers—the evening being far advanced, and the encounter very sudden—she was startled, but instantly recovered herself, and passed on." During his walk homeward Burns composed a song descriptive of the scene and the meeting.

"TWAS even — the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang!¹
 The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along;

¹ *Hang*, Scotticism for *hung*.

In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy.
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!¹

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile.
Even there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotlaud's plain,

* Variation —

The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day has joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

(Between 3d and 16th August, 1784.)

FAREWELL, dear friend ! may guid-luck hit you,
 And 'mang her favourites admit you.
 If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, threaten
 May nane believe him,
 And ony deil that thinks to ge' you,
 Good L—, deceive him.

R. B.

THE FAREWELL.

“The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the loved tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hangs upon him,
 To helpless children! — then, oh then! he feels
 The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone!”

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora*.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! though thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care,
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me, remember
 Oh then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeanie, must I part?

Thou, weeping, answ'rest "No!"
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace;
 I for thy sake must go!
 Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear
 A grateful, warm adieu!
 I, with a much-indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you!
 All-hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
 It rustles, and whistles—
 I'll never see thee more!

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.¹

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
 Fell source o' a' my wo and grief:
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass;
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,

¹ "The above verses, in the handwriting of Burns, are copied from a bank-note, in the possession of Mr. James F Gracie of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland and is dated so far back as 1st March, 1730." — MOTHEB WELL.

And, for thy potence, vainly wished
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.

R. B. — Kyle.

WRITTEN

ON A BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE POEMS, PRESENTED
TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,¹ THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remembered dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere —
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him — he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic's roar.

¹ According to Dr. Currie, this old sweetheart was a girl whom the poet had seen at Kirkcaldy, when he was attending school there. If so, she was a Mrs. Neilson, living in Ayr

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT
GRIEF.¹

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin';
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; kut grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever!

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude — then, then I feel
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken;
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scetia's son — ance gay like thee —
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

¹ These verses were probably written, like the preceding, as a copy of the volume of poems. They were first published in the *Sun* newspaper, April, 1823.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN,¹

On his Text, *Malachi*, iv. 2. — “And ye shall go forth, and grow up as CALVES of the stall.”

RIGHT, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh;
 For instance, there's yoursel' just now,
 God knows, an unco calf!

And should some patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
 Ye're still as great a stirk. year-old bullock

¹ Afterwards minister of one of the Scotch churches in London, and ultimately of Kilwinning, in Ayrshire. The tradition in the family of Mr. Gavin Hamilton is, that the poet, in passing to the church at Mauchline, called at Mr. Hamilton's, who, being confined with the gout, could not accompany him, but desired him, as parents do with children, to bring home a note of the text. At the conclusion of the service, Burns called again, and sitting down for a minute at Mr. Hamilton's business-table, scribbled these verses, by way of a compliance with the request. From a memorandum by Burns himself, it would appear that there was also a wager with Mr. Hamilton as to his producing a poem in a certain time, and that he gained it by inditing *The Calf*.

But if the lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, every heavenly power,
 You e'er should be a stot!

ox

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns, kitchen and parlo
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James, as
 To hear you roar and rowte, bellor
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the nowte. sattl

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 "Here lies a famous bullock!"

WILLIE CHALMERS.

Mr. William Chalmers, writer in Ayr, who had drawn up an assignation of the bard's property, was in love, and it occurred to him to ask Burns to address the admired object in his behalf. The poet, who had seen the lady, but was scarcely acquainted with her

readily complied by producing the following specimen
of vicarious courtship.

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, **bridle**
 And eke a braw new brechan, **collar**
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus pechin'; **panting**
 Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush.
 The doited beastie stammers; **stupid**
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
 May cost a pair o' olushes;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm urgèd wishes.
 Your bonny face sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Though waired on Willie Chalmers. **spent**

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her:
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers;
 Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore promise
 Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, prim
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie :
 But oh ! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars ;
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin' glowrin' country laird staring
 May warsle for your favour ; wrestle
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard, ear
 And hoast up some palaver. cough
 My bonny maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp fly
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my Muse to gie'm his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him. flatter
 May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers

'TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.¹

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.' — **POPE**

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
 Or great M'Kinlay² thrawn his heel?
 Or Robertson³ again grown weel
 To preach and read?⁴
 "Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel —
 Tam Samson's dead!

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
 And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane, alone
 And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and clothe
 wean,
 In mourning weed;
 To Death she's dearly paid the kane — tribute
 . Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel, crook

¹ Thomas Samson was one of the poet's Kilmarnock friends — a nursery and seedsman of good credit, a zealous sportsman, and a good fellow.

² A preacher, a great favourite with the million. See *The Ordination*, stanza ii. — *B.*

³ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him also see *The Ordination*, stanza ix. — *B.*

⁴ For a minister to read his sermons, as is often done by those of moderate denomination, is often a cause of great unpopularity in Scotland.

While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco devel — blow
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loch the curlers ¹ flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock? — mark
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, or draw,² or wick a bore,³
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar proper line
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's hog-score ⁴ —
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately sawmont sail, salmon
 And trouts be-dropped wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel kenned for souple tail,

¹ *Curling* is a game played on the ice with large round stones. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, if well laid before, and to strike off that of his antagonist; and the great art in the game is to make the stones bend in towards the mark, when it is so blocked up that they cannot be directed in a straight line. — See Jamieson's *Dict.*

² Go straight to the mark.

³ Strike a stone in an oblique direction.

⁴ The *hog-score* is a line crossing the course (*rink*), near its extremity: a stone which does not pass it is set aside.

And geds for greed, pikes
 Since dark in Death's fish-cieel we wail basket
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a'; whirring partridges
 Ye cootie moorcocks crously craw; feather-legged
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, hares — tail
 Withouten dread;
 Your mortal fae is now awa' —
 Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourned
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorned, dress
 While pointers round impatient burned,
 Frae couples freed;
 But, och! he gaed, and ne'er returned! —
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
 In vain the gout his ankles fetters;
 In vain the burns cam' down like waters
 An acre braid!
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters weeping
 Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit, break in a moss
 And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide; fud
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aimed heed;
 "L—, five!" he cried, and owre did stagger—
 Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourned a brither;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoaned a father;
 You auld gray stane, among the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Where Burns has wrote, in rhyiming
 blether, NONSENSE
 Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
 Perhaps upcn his mouldering breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed;
 Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!—
 Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouter and lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heaven rest his saul, where'er he be!
 Is th' wish o' monie mae than me;

He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead? help
 Ae social, honest man want we :
 Tam Samson's dead!

EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots spare him ;
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him. got

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a fillie
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie ;¹
 Tell every social, honest billie fellow
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaited by Death's gleg sharp
 gullie, knife
 Tam Samson's leevin' !²

¹ Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock. — *B.*

² When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph. — *B.*

"The following anecdote was communicated by an intimate friend of Burns, the late William Parker, Esq., of Assloss, a gentleman whose excellent social qualities, and kind, hospitable disposition, will be long remembered in Ayrshire: —

"At a jovial meeting one evening in Kilmarnock, at which Burns, Mr. Parker, and M. Samson were present, the poet

after the glass had circulated pretty freely, said 'He had indited a few lines, which, with the company's permission, he would read to them.' The proposal was joyfully acceded to, and the poet immediately read aloud his inimitable *Tam Samson's Elegy* —

'Has auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?' etc.

The company was convulsed with laughter, with the exception of one individual — the subject, *videlicet*, of the verses. As the burden, 'Tam Samson's dead,' came round, Tam twisted and turned his body into all variety of postures, evidently not on a bed of roses. Burns saw the bait had taken, and fixing his keen black eye on his victim (Sir Walter Scott says that Burns had the finest eyes in his head he had ever seen in mortal,) mercilessly pursued his sport with waggish glee. At last flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Tam, evidently anything but pleased, roared out vociferously: 'Oo ay, but I'm no deid yet!' Shouts of laughter followed from the rest, and Burns continued to read, ever and anon interrupted with Tam's 'Ay, but I'm no deid yet!' After he had finished, Burns took an opportunity of slipping out quietly, and returned in a few minutes with his well-known

'PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a fillie
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie;
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaited by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's leevin'.'

We need not say that Tam was propitiated. Like the 'humble auld beggar,' in our humorous old Scotch ballad, 'He helpit to drink his ain dregie,' and the night was spent in the usual joyous manner where Burns was the presiding genius — **MERCATOR.**" (*From a Glasgow newspaper, Dec. 7, 1850*

TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGENGILLAN.

Among men of some figure who took notice of Burns, in consequence of the publication of his first volume of Poems was Mr. M'Adam of Craigengillan.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud;
 "See wha taks notice o' the Bard!"
 I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now diel-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky million:
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
 I'm roosed by Craigengillan! praised

'Twas noble, sir; 'twas like yoursel'
 To grant your high protection:
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
 Is aye a blest infection;—

Though, by his¹ banes who in a tub
 Matched Macedonian Sandy!
 On my ain legs, through dirt and dub, puddle
 I independent stand aye.

¹ Diogenes.

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
 Wi' welcome canna bear me,
 A lee dike-side, a sybow-tail, lonely — wall — look
 And barley-scone, shall cheer me. oaks

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' many flowery simmers!
 And bless your bonny lasses baith —
 I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers! girls

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry,
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country!

LYING AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR
 LEFT THE FOLLOWING

VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

Another person of local eminence whose friendly regard Burns obtained through the merit of his poetical volume, was the Rev. Mr. George Lawrie, minister of the parish of Loudon, a few miles from Mossgiel. This appears to have been a remarkably fine specimen of the old moderate clergy of the Scottish establishment — sensible, upright, kind-hearted, and with no mean taste in literature.

At Loudon manse, in a beautiful situation on Irvine

Water, entitled St. Margaret's Hill, the rustic bard paid the good minister a visit. He was received with the greatest cordiality, and immediately found himself in the midst of what was to him a scene equally novel and charming. Among the liberalities of Mr. Lawrie was a love of dancing, with a conviction that it was useful in promoting health and cheerfulness in his house. Scarcely a day passed in the manse when this exercise was not indulged. It was, therefore, exactly what might have been expected, that after dinner, or in the course of the evening, there was a dance, led by the excellent pastor and his lady and in which Burns and other guests joined. Burns, it may be observed, though somewhat heavy-limbed, was a good dancer. He retired for the night, with feelings deeply touched by the simple refinement, good-nature, and mutual affection of this family, as well as by the unaffected kindness which had been shown to himself.

OH thou dread Power who reign'st above,
 I know thou wilt me hear,
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my prayer sincere !

'The hoary sire — the mortal stroke,
 Long, long be pleased to spare,
 'To bless his filial little flock,
 And shew what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,

Oh bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush —
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand —
Guide thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost —
A family in heaven!¹

¹ Miss Louisa Lawrie possessed a scrap of verse in the poet's handwriting — a mere trifle, but apparently intended as part of a lyric description of the manse festivities. Some little license must be granted to the poet with respect to his lengthening the domestic dance so far into the night.

The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her, on the castle wa'.

Sae merrily they danced the ring,
Frae eenin' till the cock did crow;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring, burden — tune
Was Irvine's bairns are bonny a'.

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATHERING FAST.

TUNE — *Roslin Castle*

The time for parting came (see the preceding piece), and the benevolent host was left by Burns under feelings deeply affected by the consideration that so bright a genius should be contemplating a destiny so dismal as a clerkship in the West Indies. A wide stretch of moor had to be passed by Burns on his way home.¹ "His mind was strongly affected by parting forever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure, and depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects. The aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end [beginning?] of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind." Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed what he considered as "the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia."

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.

¹ Professor Walker gives the ensuing narration from the recollection of Burns in Edinburgh.

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure ;
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave —
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear !
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those :
The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr !

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

It seems to have been at the close of autumn that Burns composed his amusing poem, *The Briggs of Ayr*, the model of which he found in Fergusson's *Dialogue between the Plainstones and Causeway*, though, as usual, he made an immense advance upon his predecessor. A new bridge was now building across the river at Ayr, in order to supersede an ancient structure which had long been inconvenient, and was now infirm, and as this work was proceeding under the chief magistracy of his kind patron, Mr. Ballantyne, Burns seized the occasion to make a return of gratitude by inscribing the poem to him.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green
 thorn-bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill
 Or deep-toned plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er
 the hill :
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steeled,
 And trained to arms in stern misfortune's field —

Shall ne be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With aif the venal soul of dedicating prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward!
 Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
 Skilled in the secret to bestow with grace,
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to Fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter
 hap, covering
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won thatch—rope
 crap; crop
 Potato bings are snuggèd up frae heaps
 skaith danger
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumbered buds' and flowers' delicious spoils
 Sealed up with frugal care in massive waxen
 piles,
 Are doomed by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smooed wi' brim- smothered
 stone reek:
 The thundering guns are heard on every side

The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
The feathered field-mates, bound by Nature's
tie,

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie ;
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds
Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs ;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree ;
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide
blaze,

While thick the gossamour waves wanton in
the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, Simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, burgh
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's¹ wheeled the left-about :
(Whether impelled by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ;²
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wandered out he knew not where or why.)

¹ A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end. — *B.*

² In a MS. copy, here occur two lines omitted in print:

“ Or penitential pangs for former sins
Led him to rove by quondam Merran Din's.”

The drowsy Dungeon-clock¹ had numbered two,
And Wallace Tower² had sworn the fact was
true ;

The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dashed hoarse along
the shore.

All else was hushed as Nature's closed e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree ;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering
stream ; —

When lo ! on either hand the listening Bard,
The clanging sigh of whistling wings is rustk
heard ;

Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air.
Swift as the gos³ drives on the wheeling hare.

Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain
them,

¹ A clock in a steeple connected with the old jail of Ayr. This steeple and its clock were removed some years ago.

² The clock in the Wallace Tower — an anomalous piece of antique masonry, surmounted by a spire, which stood in the High Street of Ayr. It was removed some years ago, and replaced by a more elegant tower, which bears its name.

³ The gos-hawk, or falcon. — *B.*

And even the very deils they brawly ken well know
 them.)

Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seemed as he wi' Time had warstl'd wrestled
 lang,

Yet, toughly doure, he bade toughly stout—endured
 an unco bang. n severe stroke

New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat dressed
 That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums¹ at the head.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious
 search,

Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
 It chanced his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien, cold, dry
 He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien' ye'll think ye're nae sheep-
 shank, small affair

Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to stretched
 bank,

But gin ye be a brig as auld as me— if

Though, faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see—

There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a bet a
 boddle, doff

Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle. crotchets

¹ Rings and useless ornaments.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little
 mense, civility
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense.
 Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street —
 Whare twa wheel-barrows tremble when they
 meet —
 Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat
 Stream,¹
 Though they should cast the very sark shirt
 and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk, puffed up wi' windy fool
 pride!
 This monie a year I've stood the flood and
 tide;
 And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair age
 forfairn, enfeebled
 I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless
 cairn! heap of stones
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains

¹ A noted ford just above the Auld Brig. — B

When from the hills where springs the brawling
 ing Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland
 course,
 Or haunted Garpal¹ draws his feeble source,
 Aroused by blustering winds and spotting
 thowes, thaws
 In monie a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;²
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring
 speat, flood
 Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the
 gate; way
 And from Glenouck³ down to the Ratton-key⁴
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea —
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the muddy waves
 pouring skies:
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't
 o't!

¹ The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the west of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit. — *B.*

² (Snow-broth) melting snow-roll.

³ The source of the river Ayr. — *B.*

⁴ A small landing-place above the large key. — *B.*

The L— be thankit that we've tint the lost
gate o't! way

Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices;
O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows, and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipped on the bended
knee,

And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or
sea.

Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race, doting
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cui's of latter times, wha held the fools
notion

That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our good Brugh denies protection!¹
And soon may they expire, unblest with res-
urrection!

AULD BRIG.

Oh ye, my dear remembered ancient
yealings, coeval

¹ An allusion to the moderatism of the Ayr clergy.

Were ye but here to share my wounded feel-
ings!

Ye worthy Proveses, and monie a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons and ye douce Conveeners, *grave*
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly ga'e your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange)¹ ye godly
writers;

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, *water*
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonising, 'curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degenerate race!
Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid
story!

Nae langer thrifty citizens and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless *half-witted*
gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country; *plunder*
Men three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hained gear on *well-saved*
d—— new brigs and harbours!

¹ A sly hint at the easy professions of the Ayr writers of
awyers now known to Burns.

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there, for faith you've said
 enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to make
 through.¹ good

As for your Priesthood I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: ticklish
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spared.
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit.²
 Men wha grew wise prigg'in' owre hops haggling
 and raisins,
 Or gathered liberal views in bonds and seisins
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shored them with a glimmer of his offered
 lamp,

¹ Inserted in MS. copy:

"That's aye a string auld doited Graybeards harp on,
 A topic for their peevishness to carp on."

² Variation in MS.:

"Nae mair down street the Council quorum waddles,
 With wigs like mainsails on their logger noddles;
 No difference but bulkiest or tallest,
 With comfortable dulness in for ballast:
 Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's caution,
 For regularly slow, they only witness motion."

And would to Common-sense for once betrayed
 them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What further clish-ma-claver might palaves
 been said,

What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appeared in order bright;
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced
 Bright to the moon their various dresses
 glanced;

They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 Oh had M'Lachlan,¹ thairm-inspiring sage, cat-gut
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear strathspeys they bore
 with Highland rage;

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler ee
 fired,

¹ A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.
 — B. James M'Lachlan, a Highlander, had been once foot-
 man to Lord John Campbell at Inverary. He came to Ayr-
 shire in a fencible regiment, and was patronized by Hugh
 Montgomery of Coilsfield (afterwards Earl of Eglintoun),
 who was himself both a player and a composer.

And even his matchless hand with finer touch
 inspired!
 No guess could tell what instrument appeared,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody poured moving on the
 heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crowned,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
 Spring;
 Then, crowned with flowery hay, came Rural
 Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye;
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding
 corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleached locks did hoary
 show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
 Next followed Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,

¹ We have here a compliment to Montgomery of Coilsfield
 —Soger Hugh— alluded to in the preceding note. Coilsfield
 is situated on the Feal, or Faile, a tributary of the Ayr.

A female form, came from the towers of Stair ;¹
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, their long-loved abode :²
 Last, white-robed Peace, crowned with a hazel
 wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kind-
 ling wrath.

LINES ON MEETING WITH BASIL, LORD DAER.

Professor Dugald Stewart, the elegant expositor of the Scottish system of metaphysics, resided at this time in a villa at Catrine, on the Ayr, a few miles from the bard's farm. He had been made acquainted with the extraordinary productions of Burns by Mr. Mackenzie, the clever, liberal-minded surgeon of Mauchline. At the request of the professor, Mackenzie came to dinner at Catrine, accompanied by the poet. Burns was sufficiently embarrassed at the idea of meeting in the flesh a distinguished member of the literary circle of Edinburgh ; but, to increase the feeling, there chanced also to be present a young scion of nobility — Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk — a positively alarming idea to the rustic

¹ A compliment to his early patroness, Mrs. Stewart of Stair
 See note to *Epistle to Davie*, vol. i. p. 63.

² A compliment to Professor Dugald Stewart.

bard, who had as yet seen nobility no nearer than on the Ayr race-course, or whirling along the road in carriages. Lord Daer, who had been a pupil of Professor Stewart, had called, it appears, by chance. Of the meeting, Burns and Stewart have left their respective records.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 , Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae, *clambored*
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' reverence be it spoken :
 I've even joined the honoured jorum,
 When mighty squireships of the quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord! — stand out my shin,
 A Lord — a Peer — an Earl's son!
 Up higher yet my bonnet!
 And sic a Lord! — lang Scotch ells *twa*,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic power!
 To shew Sir Bardie's willyart glower, *bewildered stare*
 And how he stared and stammer'd.

When goavan, as if led wi' moving stupidly
 branks, rude bridle
 And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling sheltered in a nook,
 And at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 And (what surprised me) modesty,
 I markèd nought uncommon.

I watched the symptoms o' the great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he, devil a bit
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's anither ;
 Nae honest worthy man need care
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.¹

¹ Lord Daer was a young nobleman of the greatest promise. He had just returned from France, where he cultivated the society of some of those men who afterwards figured in the Revolution (particularly Condorcet), and had contracted their sentiments.—“The foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since.”—*B.*

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

In the course of his visits to Ayr, Burns had formed an acquaintance with Major William Logan, a retired military officer, noted for his wit, his violin-playing, and his convivial habits, who lived a cheerful bachelor-life with his mother and an unmarried sister. Burns had visited Logan at his villa of Park, near Ayr, had enjoyed his fiddle and his waggery, and run over—so to speak—the whole gamut of his congenial heart. He had also been much pleased with the manners of the old lady and her daughter. On the 30th of October, he is found addressing the major in an epistle expressed in merry but careless verse.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! cat-gut
 Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie, fellow
 We never heed,
 But take it like the unbacked filly,
 Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we walking aimlessly
 saunter,
 Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
 Uphill, down brae, till some mischanter, accident
 Some black bog-hole,
 Arrests us, then the scaith and banter damage
 We're forced to thole. bear

Hale be your heart!—hale be your fiddle!
 Lang may your elbock jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle *struggle*
 O' this wild warl',
 Until you on a crummock driddle *staff—creep*
 A gray-haired carle.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, *poverty*
 Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
 And screw your temper-pins aboon, *above*
 A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazy croon,
 O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
 Nae “lente largo” in the play,
 But “allegretto forte” gay
 Harmonious flow,
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld Strathspey—
 Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 And never think o' right and wrang
 By square and rule,
 But as the clegs o' feeling stang, *gadflies*
 Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase *chosen*
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, *miserly*

Wha count on poortith as disgrace!
 Their tuneless hearts —
 May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
 I' th' ither' warl', if there's anither —
 And that there is I've little swither doubt
 About the matter —
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither; joke
 I'se ne'er bid better. expect

We've faults and failings — granted clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad priests wyte them blame
 sheerly smartly
 For our grand fa';
 But still, but still — I like them dearly —
 God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, sprightly girls
 The witching cursed delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte, mad
 And gart me weet my waukrife made — sleepless
 winkers
 Wi' girnin' spite. grinning

But by yon moon! — and that's high swearin' —
 And every star within my hearin'!

And by her een wha was a dear ane !

I'll ne'er forget ;

I hope to gie the jads a clearin'

jads

In fair-play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,

I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it ;

lost

Ance to the Indies I were wanted,

gone

Some cantrip hour,

witching

By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,

smitten

Then, *vive l'amour !*

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuses,

To sentimental sister Susie,

And honest Lucky ; no to roose you,

praise

Ye may be proud,

That sic a couple Fate allows ye

To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,

And trowth, my rhymin' ware's nae treasure ;

But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,

Be't light, be't dark,

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure

To call at Park.

R. B.

MOSSIGEI, 30th October, 1786.

AN EXPOSTULATION ON A REBUKE ADMINISTERED BY MRS. LAWRIE

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form
 May cloud the highest mind;
 But when the heart is nobly warm,
 The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold cautious rules
 Warm Fervour may o'erlook;
 But spare poor Sensibility
 The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
 From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labour plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale ;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet¹ strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;

¹ "Fair B. is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Mombodo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence."—B.

I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar.
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears.
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home.
Alas, how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild wandering roam,
Though rigid law cries out, 'Twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

ODE ON THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTHDAY.

We have Burns's own authority for saying, that Jacobitism was not a deep feeling in his mind. It was, nevertheless, a sentiment which he at this time took no pains to conceal. A romantic feeling regarding his country, and its ancient independent condition, an antipathy towards the representatives of the old religious Whigs of Scotland, a sympathy springing from his own circumstances with all that was depressed by or in opposition to fortune—perhaps a shade of manly impatience with the cant of loyalty, as indulged in at that day—appear to have combined, with some notion about his own ancestral history, to throw Burns into this vain and insubstantial profession. Charles Edward was still alive, but lost in the rotteness which so sadly fell upon a mind once ardent and apparently capable of better things. A few generous souls, perhaps none of them of very high standing in society, kept his memory alive by an an-

nual symposium on his birthday [Dec. 31]. Burns attending one of these occasions, acted in the capacity of poet-laureate, and produced an ode, of which Dr. Currie has preserved a few stanzas.

* * * *

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away!¹
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
 We solemnise this sorrowing natal-day
 To prove our loyal truth; we can no more;
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive low adore.

Ye honoured mighty dead!
 Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
 Your king, your country, and her laws!
 From great Dundee who smiling victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms
 (What breast of northern ice but warms?)
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high
 flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes
 claim.

Nor unavenged your fate shall be,
 It only lags the fatal hour;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry

¹ "In the first part of this ode there is some beautiful imagery, which the poet afterwards interwove in the *Chevalier's Lament*."—CURRIE.

Awake at last th' unsparing power;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along,
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the
 vale!

So vengeance



TO MISS LOGAN¹ WITH BEATTIE'S
 POEMS:

AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts
 In Edwin's simple tale.

¹ Sister of Major Logan, to whom the poet had addressed an epistle on the 30th October of the past year.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps, too true ;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you !

BONNIE DOON.

This song referred to an unhappy love-story of which young Peggy K. was the heroine. See vol. i. p. 203. Another copy, considerably altered, is afterwards introduced.

January, 1787.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wistna o' my fate.

knew not

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae aff its thorny tree,
 And my fause luver staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

THE GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE
 TO BURNS.

During the first blaze of Burns's reputation in Edinburgh, several rhyming epistles were addressed to him publicly and privately — generally of no other value than to show how immensely he had stepped beyond all common bounds of success in cultivating the rustic Muse. One, however, from a Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, in Roxburghshire, was neatly and effectively written, and to it Burns made a suitable reply.

My cantie, witty, rhyming ploughman,
 I hafflins doubt it is na true, man, naif
 That ye between the stilts was bred, plough-handles
 Wi' ploughmen schooled, wi' ploughmen fed;
 I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
 Either frae grammar-school or college.

Guid troth, your saul and body baith
 War better fed, I'd gie my aith,
 Than theirs who sup sour milk and parritch,
 And bummil through the single bungle
 Carritch. Catechism

Whaever heard the ploughman speak,
 Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
 As get a single line of Virgil.
 And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
 O' Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox,
 Our great men a' sae weel describe,
 And how to gar the nation thrive, make
 Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them,
 And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
 Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
 And though the cauld I ill can bide, endure
 Yet twenty miles and mair I'd ride
 O'er moss and moor, and never grumble,
 Though my auld yad should gie a stumble, jake
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee. sly
 Oh gif I kenn'd but whare ye baide, resided
 I'd send to you a marled plaid; checkered
 Twad haud your shouthers warm and braw,
 And douce at kirk or market shaw; respectable
 Fra' south as weel as north, my lad,
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud. shepherd's plaid

BURNS TO THE GUDEWIFE OF WAU-
CHOPE-HOUSE.

I MIND it weel in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate, *bashful*
 And first could thrash the barn,
 Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh, *bout*
 And thought forfoughten sair eneugh, *fatigued*
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first among the yellow corn
 A man I reckoned was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn *rest*
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing,
 The tither stookèd raw, *row*
 Wi clavers, and haivers, *merry nonsense*
 Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its power —
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast —
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear, *barley*
 I turned the weeder-clips aside,

And spared the symbol dear !
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise,
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
 In formless jumble, right and wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that har'st I said before, harvest
 My partner in the merry core,
 She roused the forming strain.
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean, comely
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een sly
 That gart my heart-strings tingle :
 I firèd, inspirèd,
 At every kindling keek, peep
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 And we to share in common :
 The gust o' joy, the balm of wo,
 The saul o' life, the heaven below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name, fools
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
 She, honest woman, may think shame

That ye're connected with her.
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men woful
 That slight the lovely dears ;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears. fellow

For you, no bred to barn and byre, cow-house
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line :
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare, checkered
 By me should gratefully be ware ; worn
 'Twad please me to the Nine.
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, covering
 Douce hingin' owre my curple, rump
 Than ony ermine ever lap, wrapped
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang heal then, health
 And plenty be your fa', lot
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca' ! doer

WILLIAM SMELLIE.

P*rens was introduced by his printer to one of those convivial clubs composed of men of good condition which then abounded in Edinburgh, each usually founded upon some whim or conceit which shone

through all its proceedings. The club in question assumed the name of the Crochallan Fencibles, from a composite cause. Its landlord Douglas was noted for singing a beautiful Gaelic song called *Crochallan* (properly, *Cro Chalein* — that is, Colin's Cattle) This, with the raising of fencible regiments going on at the time to protect the country while the army was chiefly engaged in fighting the American colonists, had given the convivial society an appellation. It was customary to subject a new entrant to a severe ordeal of raillery, by way of proving his temper, and Burns acknowledged that on that happening to himself, he had been "thrashed" in a style beyond all his experience. Here Burns met several of the men whose acquaintance he had previously made at the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, particularly one William Dunbar, an uncommonly merry uproarious good fellow, who in the hours of mirthful relaxation appeared as *Colonel of the Crochallans*, but in the moments of daylight sobriety, practised as a *douce* writer to the Signet, from which position he ultimately stepped up to the dignity of Inspector-general of Stamp-duties for Scotland. William Smellie, the printer, has been thus described by Burns.

To Crochallan came,
 The old cocked-hat, the gray surtout, the same;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might;
 'Twas four long nights and days till shaving
 night;
 His uncombed grizzly locks, wild staring,
 thatched

A head for thought profound and clear un-
 matched ;
 Yet though his caustic wit was biting rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.'

Willie Dunbar was commemorated in verses of a different strain. There was an old rough Border ditty referring to a certain *Rattling, Roaring Willie*, of great celebrity in his day as a wandering violer. To this Burns added a stanza, which we are to take as a picture of the Colonel in his place of command and moment of highest exaltation.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannilie keekit ben ; aly ty peeped in
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en'
 Sitting at yon boord en',
 And amang gude companie ;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF
FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1751 — DIED, 16TH OCTOBER, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn, nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

VERSES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF
FERGUSSON.

The keen sympathy felt by Burns for Fergusson was expressed on many occasions. Very soon after making the arrangements for the tombstone (March 19, 1787), he presented a copy of the works of the Edinburgh poet to a young lady, and wrote the following lines under the portrait which served for a frontispiece.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure
Oh thou, my elder brother in misfortune,

By far my elder brother in the Muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BE-
 LOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE. [THE
 EARL OF GLENCAIRN.]

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
 And whose that eye of fire?
 And whose that generous princely mien
 Even rooted foes admire?

Stranger, to justly shew that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
 His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately port he moves;
 His guardian seraph eyes with awe
 The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
 That chief thou may'st discern;
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
 It dwells upon Glencairn.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thraw, man, turn
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea, quarrel
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin'-pat, tea pot
 And in the sea did jaw, man; dash
 And did nae' less, in full Congr ss,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery¹ takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man;
 Down Lowrie's Burn² he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man; drive before him
 But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec, what matters
 Montgomery-like³ did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

¹ General Richard Montgomery invaded Canada, autumn 1775, and took Montreal, the British commander, Sir Guy Carleton, retiring before him. In an attack on Quebec he was less fortunate, being killed by a storm of grape-shot in leading on his men at Cape Diamond.

² Lowrie's Burn, a pseudonyme for the St. Lawrence.

³ A passing compliment to the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, the patrons of the poet.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
 Was kept at Boston ha', man ;¹
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe **knoll**
 For Philadelphia,² man.
 Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man :
 But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
 Sir-loin he hackèd sma',³ man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man. **wood**
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought, **could**
 And did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save, **sword**
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And Sackville dour, wha stood the **obdurate**
 stoure, **dust**

¹ General Gage, governor of Massachusetts, was cooped up in Boston by General Washington during the latter part of 1775 and early part of 1776. In consequence of his inefficiency, he was replaced in October of that year by General Howe.

² General Howe removed his army from New York to Philadelphia in the summer of 1777.

³ Alluding to a *razzia* made by orders of Howe at Peekskill, March 1777, when a large quantity of cattle belonging to the Americans was destroyed.

The German Chief to thraw, man: thwart
 For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. loosed

Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man.
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North and Fox united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.¹

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*,² man.
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, cheers
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man;

¹ Lord North's administration was succeeded by that of the Marquis of Rockingham, March, 1782. At the death of the latter in the succeeding July, Lord Shelburne became prime minister, and Mr. Fox resigned his secretaryship. Under his lordship, peace was restored, January, 1783. By the union of Lord North and Mr. Fox, Lord Shelburne was soon after forced to resign in favor of his rivals, the heads of the celebrated Coalition.

² Fox's famous India Bill, by which his ministry was brought to destruction, December, 1783.

And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,
 "Up, Willie, waur them a', man!" vanquish

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While ssee Dundas aroused the class,
 Be-north the Roman Wa', man:
 And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith, armor
 (Inspired bardies saw, man,)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried: "Willie, rise!
 Would I hae feared them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, struck
 Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise cast off
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 And Caledon threw by the drone,
 And did her whittle draw, man; knife
 And swoor fu' rude, through dirt and blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.¹

* * * * *

¹ In the new parliament called by Mr. Pitt, after his accession to office, in the spring of 1784, amidst the many new members brought in for his support, and that of the king's prerogative, there was an 'exceeding proportion from Scotland.

TO A HAGGIS.¹

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face, plurep
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race:
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm; small guts
 Weel are ye wordy of a grace worthy
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill; naunches
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While through your pores the dew's distil .
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight, make ready
 And cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like ony ditch;
 And then, oh what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin', rich!

¹ The haggis is a dish peculiar to Scotland, though supposed to be of French extraction. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, mixed with oatmeal and suet, and boiled in sheep's stomach. When made in *Elspa's* way, with "a curn o' spice" (see the *Gentle Shepherd*), it is an agreeable, albeit a somewhat heavy dish, always providing that no horror be felt at the idea of its preparation.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes swelled stomachs
 belyve by and by
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to rive, burst
 " Bethankit!" hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
 Or olio that wad staw a sow, surfeit
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect scunner, disgust
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a withered rash, feeble
 His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit; flat — nut
 Through bloody flood or field to dash,
 Oh how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his wallee nieve a blade, lusty fist
 He'll mak it whistle;
 And legs, and arms, and heads will sned, shear
 Like taps o' thrissle. this!

Ye Powers wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,

Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware thin stuff
 That jaups in luggies; splashes in bowls
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
 Gie her a Haggis!

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE — *Killiecrankie*.

Two well-drawn sketches of the leading barristers of that day — namely, the Dean of Faculty, Harry Erskine, and the Lord Advocate, Mr. Ilay Campbell (subsequently Lord President).

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he tint it: lost
 He gapèd for't, he graipèd for't, groped
 He fand it was awa', man;
 But what his common-sense came short,
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood a wee,
 Then opened out his arm, man;
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And eyed the gathering storm, man;

Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a linn, man; waterfall
 The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON
 HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT,

Monday, 16th April, 1787.

Amongst the men whom Burns had met and liked at the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, was Joseph Woods, a respectable member of the Edinburgh *corps dramatique*, and the more likely to be endeared to the Ayrshire poet, that he had been an intimate friend of poor Fergusson.

WHEN by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
 That dearest meed is granted — honest Fame;
 When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot;
 What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barbarous
 throng,
 It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's
 song;
 But here an ancient nation famed afar,

For genius, learning high, as great in war —
 Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear!
 Before whose sons I'm honoured to appear!
 Where every science—every nobler art—
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
 Is known; as grateful nations oft have found
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
 Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
 Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;

Here History paints with elegance and force
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan
 And Harley¹ rouses all the god in man.
 When well-formed taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm us in the second place)
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here!
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With Decency and Law beneath his feet;
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O! thou dread Power! whose empire-giving
 hand

¹ *The Man of Feeling*, written by Mr. Mackenzie.

Has oft been stretched to shield the honoured
 land!
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire!
 May every son be worthy of his sire!
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain!
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest
 roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no
 more!

WILLIE'S AWA'.

“The enclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore,
 in a solitary inn at Selkirk, after a miserably wet
 day's riding.” — *Burns to William Creech, 13th May,*
 1787.

AULD chuckie¹ Reekie's² sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel-burnished crest,
 Nae joy her bonny buskit nest decorated
 Can yield ava, at all
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best —
 Willie's awa'!

¹ Literally, a hen; secondarily, a familiar term of address:

“Gin onr sour-mou'd girning bucky
 Ca' me conceited keckling chucky.” — RAMSAY.

² Literally, smoky; a familiar sobriquet for Edinburgh, and
 at all unsuitable.

Oh Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight; *knowledge*
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 And trig and braw:
 But now they'll busk her like a fright — *dress*
 Willie's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bowed;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cowed;
 They durst nae mair than he allowed,
 That was a law:
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd — *fellow — gold*
 Willie's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks,¹ and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools *toad-stools*
 In glen or shaw; *wood*
 He wha could brush them down to
 mools — *the dust*
 Willie's awa'!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer²
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a';

¹ Gawky, a simpleton; tawpy, usually applied to a foolish sluttish woman; gowk, literally, the cuckoo; secondarily, a fool.

² The Chamber of Commerce at Edinburgh, of which Creech was secretary.

I fear they'll now mak monie a stammer —
 Willie's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levee door¹
 Philosophers and poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw!
 The adjutant o' a' the core —
 Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
 Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun meet some ither place —
 Willie's awa'!

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken;
 He cheeps like some bewildered chicken, chirps

¹ Creech, who, besides being a clever and well-educated man, enjoyed high reputation as a teller of quaint stories, lived on familiar terms with many of the literary men of his day. His house, in one of the elevated floors of a tenement in the High Street, accessible from a wretched alley called Craig's Close, was frequented in the mornings by company of that kind, to such an extent that the meeting used to be called *Creech's Levee*. Burns here enumerates as attending it, Dr. James Gregory, author of the *Conspectus Medicinæ*; Alexander Fraser Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee; Dr. William Greenfield, professor of rhetoric in the Edinburgh University; Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*; and Dugald Stewart, professor of moral philosophy.

Scared frae its minnie and the mother
 cleekin' brood
 By hoodie-craw; hooded-crow
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin' —
 Willie's awa'!

Now every sour-mou'd girnin' grinning
 blemm — talking fellow
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him; ·
 And self-conceited critic skellum ¹
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum —
 Willie's awa'!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, winding
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled —
 Willie's awa'!

May I be Slander's common speech,
 A text for infamy to preach,
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach stretched
 In winter snaw,
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Though far awa'!

¹ A term of contempt:

“She tauld thee weel, thou was a skellum.”

Tam o' Shanter.

May never wicked Fortune touzle him! *tears*
 May never wicked men bamboozle him!
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty caw! *cheerfully scratch*
 Ther to the blessèd New Jerusalem
 Fleet wing awa'!

ON INCIVILITY SHEWN HIM AT INVERARY.

The Duke of Argyle had an overabundance of guests in the castle, and the innkeeper at Inverary was too much occupied with the surplus to have any attention to spare for passing travellers. Hereupon Burns penned an epigram, which it is to be supposed he left inscribed on one of the windows. We must regret this as a discourtesy towards a most respectable nobleman — the more so, as the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle stand at the head of the subscription for his Poems.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God — his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in an anger.

COMPOSED ON LEAVING A PLACE IN
 THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN
 KINDLY ENTERTAINED.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er —
 A time that surely shall come —
 In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,
 Than just a Highland welcome!

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.,
 BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
 THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms:
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly decked with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow,
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled,
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom cords
That nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief!

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave,
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER
BLAIR.

Sir James was an Ayrshire squire, and a member of the banking-house of Sir William Forbes and Company; a public-spirited citizen and magistrate of Edinburgh, and an amiable man. He had been one of Burns's kindest patrons when the poet first came to town, feeling, doubtless, a particular interest in his fortunes on account of his Ayrshire nativity.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
The inconstant blast howled through the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wandered by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train;¹
Or mused where limpid streams once hallowed well,²
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane;³

The increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-winged, flew o'er the starry sky.

¹ The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

² St. Anthony's Well.

³ St. Anthony's Chapel.

The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting-meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
 In weeds of wo that frantic beat her breast,
 And mixed her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I viewed :
 Her form majestic drooped in pensive wo,
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurled,
 That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar,
 And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

“ My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! ”
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried :
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretched to
 save,
 Low lies the heart that swelled with honest
 pride.

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear ;
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
 The drooping arts surround their patron's bier ;
 And grateful science heaves the heartfelt
 sigh !

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
 I saw fair Freedom’s blossoms richly blow ;
 But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
 Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

“ My patriot falls : but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name
 No: every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

“ And I will join a mother’s tender cares,
 Through future times to make his virtue last
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs !”—
 She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast

TO MISS FERRIER,¹

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NÆ heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
 Auld Reekie dings them a’ to sticks, beats
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove’s tunefu’ dochters three times three
 Made Homer deep their debtor ;

¹ Author of *The Inheritance*, etc.

But, gien the body half an e'e, given
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited; tottered
A creeping 'auld prosaic fog
My very senses doited. stupefied

Do what I dought to set her free, could
My saul 'ay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk — I saw your e'e —
She took the wing like fire!

The mournu' sang I here enclose
In gratitude I send you;
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere.
A' gude things may attend you!¹

VERSES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN
THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covied grouse and timid sheep,

¹ The original manuscript of this piece is in the possession
of Miss Grace Aiken, Avr.

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadálbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample
 sides;

The outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the
 hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace, rising on its verdant side;
 The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste,
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste,
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam —

* * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods —

* * * *

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through nature with creative fire;
 Here to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
 Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch
 her scan,

And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * *

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

TUNE—*The Birks of Abergeldy.*

The beautiful falls of Moness, at Aberfeldy, excited the poet to verse ; but on this occasion it came in a lyric form, for he remembered a simple old ditty, called the *Birks of Abergeldy*, referring to a place in Aberdeenshire, and struck by the nearly identical name of this spot, his thoughts fell into harmony with the tune possessing his mind.

CHORUS.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go ?
 Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes, glances
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blithely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing, hang
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws, ^{woods}
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours, ^{cascade}
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
 WATER¹ TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF
 ATHOLE.

MY lord, I know your noble ear
 Wo ne'er assails in vain;
 Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,

The first object of interest that occurs upon the public road after leaving Blair, is a chasm in the hill on the right hand, through which the little river Bruar falls over a series of beautiful cascades. Formerly, the Falls of the Bruar were unadorned by wood; but the poet Burns, being conducted to

How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts, startles
 That through my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray;
 If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, wept—vexation
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry:
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shored me; promised
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

see them (September 1787,) after visiting the Duke of Athole, recommended that they should be invested with that necessary decoration. Accordingly, trees have been thickly planted along the chasm, and are now far advanced to maturity. Throughout this young forest a walk has been cut, and a number of fantastic little grottos erected for the conveniency of those who visit the spot. The river not only makes several distinct falls, but rushes on through a channel, whose roughness and haggard sublimity adds greatly to the merits of the scene, as an object of interest among tourists." — *Picture of Scotland*.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild roaring o'er a linn: cascade
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, although I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
 And bonny spreading bushes.
 Delighted doubly then, my lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen monie a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild, lark
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, goldfinch
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, linnet
 The mavis mild and mellow, thrush
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall insure
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward maukin sleep secure, hary

Low in her grassy form.
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat
 From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care.
 The flowers shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain gray ;
 Or by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering through the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' watery bed !
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;

And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honoured native land !
So may, through Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be — "Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonny lasses !"

VERSES

WRITTEN WHILE STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR
LOCH NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The foaming Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream
resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below ;
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-
scends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
 showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers;
 Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below, the horrid caldron boils —

* * * *

CASTLE-GORDON.

Designed to be sung to *Morag*, a Highland tune, of
 which Burns was extremely fond. — CURRIE.

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
 Never bound by Winter's chains;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commixed with foulest stains,
 From tyranny's empurpled bands;
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Helpless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil;
 Woods that ever verdant wave,

I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober, pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood.
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonny Castle-Gordon.

THE BONNY LASS OF ALBANY.

TUNE— *Mary's Dream.*

Journeying through the Highlands with a Jacobite companion, Burns could not but feel a little more enthusiastic than he generally did regarding the memory of the Stuarts. His visit to the natal district of those ancestors whom he believed to have followed the Cavalier standard, would give increased energy to his feelings of romantic loyalty. Connecting these considerations with the fact of Prince Charles having this very month, [Sept. 1787] declared the legitimacy of his hitherto supposed natural daughter, styled Duchess

of Albany, I deem it probable that it was at this time that Burns composed a song in honor of that lady which has not till now seen the light.

MY heart is wae, and unco wae,
 To think upon the raging sea,
 That roars between her gardens green
 And the bonny Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
 That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,
 But oh, alas! for her bonny face,
 They've wranged the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
 There sits an isle of high degree,¹
 And a town of fame whose princely name
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.²

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
 That fills the place where she should be;³
 We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
 And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and wo the day,
 A false usurper wan the gree, *superiority*

¹ Bute

² Rothsay, the county town of Bute, gave a title to the eldest sons of the kings of Scotland (Duke of Rothsay).

³ An allusion to the Prince of Wales.

Who now commands the towers and lands,
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and drum,
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.¹

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN
LOCH TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

¹ Prince Charles, at his death in 1788, left the Duchess of Albany his sole heir, but she did not long survive him. The above song is printed from a portion of a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting, which is now in the possession of Mr. B Nightingale, London.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane —
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways,
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*

The subject of these verses was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, a beautiful creature of eighteen, already distinguished by the *sobriquet* of the “Flower of Strathmore.”

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben: *i. e.* everywhere
 Blithe by the banks of Earn,
 And blithe in Glenturit Glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik, oak
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw; birch-woods
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She trippèd by the banks o' Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea;

The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wandered wide,
And o'er the lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TUNE — *The Shepherd's Wife.*

Burns had taken up his residence with Mr. William Cruikshank, a master in the Edinburgh High School. Mr. Cruikshank had a daughter Janet, a young girl of budding loveliness, and much promise as a pianist. To her the poet was indebted for many pleasant hours, in listening to his favorite Scottish airs. He also employed her voice and instrument in enabling him to adapt new verses to old airs for the *Scots Musical Museum*. He gratefully celebrated his favorite, little Miss Jenny Cruikshank, in the two following pieces.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,¹
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

¹ An open space in a cornfield, generally a ridge left untilled

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedewed,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning. guards
So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watched thy early morning.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK, A VERY YOUNG
LADY,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK-LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED
TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS Rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never mayst thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower ;
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
'Taint thee with untimely blights !
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf,
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem :
'Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings,
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S
STORMS.

TUNE—*Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*

The two following songs, in honor of Miss Margaret Chalmers, were designed for publication in the second volume of Johnson's *Museum*. Of the personal attractions of Miss Chalmers, it could at the utmost be said, as Burns did say, that they were above the medium. She was, however, a woman of spirit, talent, and boundless love of things literary.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonished, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequestered shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

TUNE—*My Peggy's Face.*

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye —
Who but owns their magic sway !
Who but knows they all decay !
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms —
These are all immortal charms.

ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.

SENT WITH A SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,¹
Of Stuart, a name once respected —
A name which to love was the mark of a true
heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture conglobes in my
eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wanderer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily
join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine
Their title's avowed by my country.

¹ Mr. Tytler had published, in 1759, *An Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots.*

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover stem?
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty — truce! we're on dangerous ground
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

ON A YOUNG LADY

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON,
 IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS
 WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

Addressed to Miss Charlotte Hamilton, and in-
 tended for publication in Johnson's *Museum*. The

tune was a beautiful Highland air, entitled *Bhanarach dhonn a chruidh*, or the *Pretty Milkmaid*.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding
Devon,

With green-spreading bushes, and flowers
blooming fair!

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the
Devon

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the
Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the
dew,

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to re-
new!

Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and
lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay-gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud
rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS.

The Lord President of the Court of Session (Dundas) died on the 13th December, and it seems to have been suggested to Burns by Mr. Charles Hay, advocate, that he should bring his Muse into play for the celebration of the event. There must have been some reason beyond the merits of the President for Hay having advised this step, and for the proud soul of Burns having stooped to adopt it. He set to bewailing the decease of the great man in the usual style of the venal bards of the age of patronage, and, as might be expected, with no great success.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering
rocks ;

Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves,
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
Where to the whistling blast and water's roar

Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
Oh heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!

Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed her
rod ;
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow
She sank, abandoned to the wildest wo.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong
Hark, injured Want recounts th' unlistened tale,
And much-wronged Misery pours th' unpitied
wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !

Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

A FAREWELL TO CLARINDA,

ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part — but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF JOHNSON'S MUSEUM¹

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD.

OH whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,
Oh whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad;
Though father and mother and a' should gae
mad,
Oh whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad.

¹ The number of songs sent in Burns's handwriting to Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* has been stated at one hundred and eighty; but many of these were old songs, gathered by him from oral tradition; many had only received from him a few improving touches; and only forty-seven were finally decided upon by Dr. Currie as wholly and undoubtedly the production of Burns. The poet himself; through the voluminousness of Johnson's collection seems to have disposed him to regard it as "the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music," felt ashamed of much that he had contributed to it. "Here, once for all," said he in a letter to Mr. Thomson, "let me apologise for the many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words, and in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together, anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass." On the other hand, a considerable number of his contributions to Johnson were equal to the best of his compositions, and had already attained popularity.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to
 court me,
Come down the back stairs when ye come to
 court me,
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody
 see;
And come as ye were na coming to me.¹

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—*MacPherson's Rant.*

James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter, of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire (November 7, 1700), along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:—

“I've spent my time in rioting,
 Debauched my health and strength;
I squandered fast as pillage came,
 And fell to shame at length.

Burns afterwards altered and extended this song.

But dantonly, and wantonly,
 And rantingly I'll gae;
 I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
 Beneath the gallows-tree."

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff (Nov. 16), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to his fate.

The verses of Burns—justly called by Mr. Lockhart "a grand lyric"—were designed as an improvement on those of the freebooter, preserving the same air.

FAREWELL; ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He played a spring, and danced it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is Death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;

And there's no a man in all Scotlánd
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife; turnell
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE — *An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so
Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

The individual here meant is William, fourth Viscount of Strathallan, who fell on the insurgent side at the battle of Culloden, April, 1746. Burns, probably ignorant of his real fate, describes him as having survived the action, and taken refuge from the fury of the government forces in a Highland fastness.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!¹

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,

¹ Variation in MS. in possession of Mr. B. Nightingale
 Priory Road, London:—

“Thickest night, surround my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave!”

Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend:
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—*Morag.*

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover¹
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden,
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Soon shall wi' leaves be hinging,

¹ The Highland Rover is evidently meant for Prince Charles Stuart.

'The birdies dowie moaning, sadly
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
 And bonny Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE — *Macgregor of Ruara's Lament.*

"I composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death (1786) of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances." — *B.*

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella strayed deploring:
 "Farewell hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering,
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!”

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE — *Druimion Dubh.*

“I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. Maclachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.” — *B.*

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be ;

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me,
 Downy Sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa'!

BONNY PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE — *Braes o' Balquhidder.*

CHORUS.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
 And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonny Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O!
 Young kings upon their hansel newly-galied
 throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O,

I seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy e'en, sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!¹

TO CLARINDA

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses,
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast —
“The whole of human kind!”

¹ Mr. William Douglas, whose expiscation of the mysterious story of Highland Mary entitles him to be heard with respect on any subject connected with Burns, is strongly of opinion that both *Mary Morison* and *Bonny Peggy Alison* refer to Ellison Begbie, the poet's early sweetheart, whose rejection of him just before his going to Irvine caused him so much discomfiture during that period of his life.

“To those who love us!” — second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third — “To thee and me, love!”

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE — *Captain O'Kean.*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-
turning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through
the vale;
The hawthorn-trees blow in the dew of the
morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green
dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem
fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by
care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their
malice,

A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can
find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;

Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody
trial —

Alas! I can make you no sweeter return!

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

Written from the farm of Ellisland, upon which
Burns entered in June, 1788.

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,¹
Nor limpet in poetic shackles;
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it; *staggered*
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek, *chimney*

¹ Hackles — an instrument for dressing flax.

Hid in an atmosphere ofreek, smoke
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal :
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters.
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence ;
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,¹
 Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes.²
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside, Sad
 And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose ! cover
 Was it for this, wi' canny care, gentle
 Thou bure the Bard through many a shire ?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled, hollows
 And late or early never grumbled ?
 Oh, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation, raise
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face :

¹ Ellisland is near the borders of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, a portion of the district popularly called Galloway.

² His mare

For I could lay my bread and kail broth
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?
 Torbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE — *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

In the spring of 1788 Burns resolved to acknowledge Jean Armour as his wife. Until a proper house should be built at Ellisland she was to remain at Mauchline, with her only surviving child, Burns living in a mere hovel alone on his farm.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw quarters
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:

There's wild woods grow, and rivers row, and
 And monie a hill between; ¹
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:

¹ The commencement of this stanza is given in Johnson's *Museum* —

“There wild woods grow,” etc.,

as implying the nature of the scenery in the west. In Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, the reading is —

“Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' monie a hill between,
 Baith day and night,” etc.,

evidently an alteration designed to improve the logic of the verse. It appears that both readings are wrong, for in the original manuscript of Burns's contributions to Johnson, in the possession of Archibald Hastie, Esq., the line is written: “There wild woods grow,” etc., as in our text. Another example will serve to bring this peculiarity of composition more distinctly before the mind of the reader:

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

have been reminded that the idea is not new in verse:

“ἐπειὴ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ
 Οὐρεά τε σκίοντα, θάλασσά τε ἠχήμεσα.”
Ilud. i. 156.

There's not a bonny flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.¹

¹ The first of these stanzas appeared in the third volume of Johnson's *Museum*. Burns's note upon it afterwards was: "This song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. *N. B.*—It was in the honeymoon." Two additional stanzas were some years afterwards produced by John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh:

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft,
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa!
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa'!
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seer,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

TUNE— *My Love is lost to me.*

We have to suppose the poet in his solitary life at Ellisland, gazing towards the hill of Corsincon, at the head of Nithsdale, beyond which, though at many miles' distance, was the valley in which his heart's idol lived.

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill,
 Or had of Helicon my fill!
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonny sel';¹
 On Corsincon I'll glower and spell, ~~stare - discourse~~
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day.
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.

¹ An anonymous writer in the *Notes and Queries* points out a similar idea to this in Propertius (II. l. 3):

“Non hæc Calliope, non hæc mihi cantat Apollo,
 Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.”

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,¹ slender
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een —
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name —
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doomed to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then — and then I love thee.²

VERSES IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE.

One piece of special good-fortune in Burns's situation at Ellisland was his having for his next neighbor, at less than a mile's distance along the bank of the Nith, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, a man of literary and antiquarian spirit, and of kindly social nature. Captain Riddell had given Burns a key

¹ Clean in this relation means well-shaped — handsome.

² It is but four or five months since he said: "I admire you, I love you as a woman beyond any one in all the circle of creation. . . . I am yours, Clarinda, for life!"

admitting him to the grounds. On the 28th of June he composed, under the character of a bedesman, or mms-fed recluse, the following verses.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou decked in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul.
 Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Day, how rapid in its flight ;
 Day, how few must see the night.
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim.
 Ambition is a meteor gleam ;
 Fame a restless, idle dream ;
 Pleasures, insects on the wing
 Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring
 Those that sip the dew alone,
 Make the butterflies thy own ;
 Those that would the bloom devour,
 Crush the locusts — save the flower.
 For the future be prepared,
 Guard wherever thou canst guard ;
 But, thy utmost duly done,
 Welcome what thou canst not shun.
 Follies past, give thou to air,
 Make their consequence thy care :

Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman on Nithside.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

TUNE — *Killiecrankie*.

According to the recital of Gilbert Burns: "When Mr. Cunninghame, of Enterkin, came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it, Enterkin and Anbank, were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *éclat* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of Parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of

particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr. Cunninghame did not canvass the county." By the favor of W. Allasone Cunninghame, Esq., son of Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin, I learn that this affair must have taken place in the summer of 1788.

OH wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
 To do our errands there, man?
 Oh wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
 O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man?
 Or will ye send a man-o'-law?
 Or will ye send a sodger?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa-Major?¹

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
 Anither gies them clatter; idle stories.
 Anbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

¹ An allusion to the well-known joke of the elder Boswell who, hearing his son speak of Johnson as a great luminary unite a constellation, said: "Yes, *Ursa Major*,"

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay greenwoods amang, man,
 Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man,
 A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics to fetter,
 As theirs alone the patent-bliss
 To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
 Ower hill and dale she flew, man ;
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring, meandering
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man : wood
 She summoned every social sprite,
 That sports by wood and water,
 On th' bonny banks o' Ayr to meet,
 And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter ;
 The western breeze steals through the trees
 To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
 What sparkling jewels glance, man,
 To Harmony's enchanting notes

As moves the mazy dance, man.
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!¹
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man:
 He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champêtre.

THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE — *Seventh of November.*

"Johnson's collection of Scots songs is going on in the third volume; and, of consequence, finds me a

¹ Alluding to a superstition, which represents adders as forming annually from their slough certain little annular stones of streaked coloring, which are occasionally found, and which are in reality beads fashioned and used by our early ancestors.

consumpt for a great deal of idle metre. One of the most tolerable things I have done in that way is two stanzas I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance [Captain Riddell, of Glenriddell] composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day, which happens on the 7th of November." — *Burns to Miss Chalmers, Sept. 16, 1788.*

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet;
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line.
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more — it made thee mine

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart

FIRST EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF
FINTRY.

Burns had been told by some of his literary friends, that it was a great error to write in Scotch, seeing that thereby he was cut off from the appreciation of the English public. He was disposed to give way to this hint, and henceforth to compose chiefly in English, or at least to try his hand upon the soft lyres of Twickenham and Richmond, in the hope of succeeding equally well as he had hitherto done upon the rustic reed of Scotland. It seems to have been a great mistake. The flow of versification and the felicity of diction, for which Burns's Scottish poems and songs are remarkable, vanish when he attempts the southern strain. We see this well exemplified in a poem of the present summer, in which he aimed at the style of Pope's *Moral Epistles*, while at the same time he sought to advance his personal fortunes through the medium of a patron.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece designed
And framed her last, best work, the human mind
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed of various parts the various man

Then first she calls the useful many forth,
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth ;

Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow;
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave
 designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;
 Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.
 The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to shew it),
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet;
 Creature, though cft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
 A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,
 Admired and praised—and there the homage
 ends:

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
 PRONE to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
 But honest Nature is not quite a Turk ;
 She laughed at first, then felt for her poor
 work.

Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find ;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attached him to the generous truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous
 Graham.

Pity the tuneſul Muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives — though humbly takes
 enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung
 boon.
 'The world were blest did bliss on them depend :
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a
 friend !"
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,

Who feel by reason and who give by rule
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) —
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should* —
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're
 good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
 God's image rudely etched on base alloy!
 But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguished — to bestow!
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human
 race:

Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's
 grace,

Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times!
 Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abashed, to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
 But there are such who court the tuneful
 Nine —

Heavens! should the branded character be
 mine! —

Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely
 flows,

Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!

So to heaven's gate the lark's shrill song
ascends,

But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.

In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front ;

Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days !

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again ;

The piebald jacket let me patch once more ;

On eighteenpence a week I've lived before.

Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that
last shift !

I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift :

That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,

Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,

My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
flight.

MRS. FERGUSSON OF CRAIGDARROCH'S
LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF
HER SON,

AN UNCOMMONLY PROMISING YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN OR
NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

“ I am just arrived from Nithsdale, and will be here
a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning by three
o'clock ; for between my wife and my farm is just

forty-six miles. As I jogged on in the dark, I was taken with a poetic fit as follows."—*Burns to Mrs. Duntop, 27th Sept. 1788.*

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced my darling's heart ;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonoured laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravished young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death ! oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast ;
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest !¹

¹ It is a curious circumstance regarding the brief poem conveyed by this letter, that a copy of it in the possession of Mr. Allason Cunninghame of Logan House, Ayrshire, is understood by that gentleman's family to have been sent to his grandmother, Burns's early patron, Mrs. General Stewart of Afton, as a deploration of the death of her only son, Alexander Gordon Stewart, who died at a military academy at Strasburg, the 5th December, 1787. Allan Cunningham speaks of a copy of the poem in his possession bearing a note by the author, which shows that he really had endeavored to turn this piece to the account of gratifying two friends. "*The*

THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE— *The Lazy Mist.*

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the
hill,

Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly,
appear!

As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate
pursues!

Mother's Lament," he says, "was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton." We may suppose that the parity of the two cases, and their nearness in point of time, had produced but one indivisible impression in the mind of the bard. Yet there is reason to believe that, in his complaisance towards his friends, he was somewhat over-eager to gratify them with poetical compliments, and oftener than once caused one to pay a double debt. We shall find that the little poem beginning, *Sensibility, how charming*, was first written on certain experiences of Mrs. McLehose, and sent to her, but afterwards addressed to "my dear and much-honoured friend, Mrs. Dunlop." So the reader will perceive that even Burns had his little *mystères d'atelier*.

How long I have lived—but how much lived
in vain!

How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects Old Time, in his progress, has
worn!

What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
And downward, how weakened, how darkened,
how pained!

This life's not worth having with all it can
give:

For something beyond it poor man sure must
live.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

We may well believe that it was a time of great happiness to Burns when he first saw his mistress installed in her little mansion, and felt himself the master of a household, however humble—looked up to by a wife as “the goodman,” and by a host of dependants as “the master.” His sentiments on this occasion were in part expressed by the following vigorous and characteristic, though not very delicate verses. They are in imitation of an old ballad.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;

I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There — thanks to naebody ;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody ;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

blows

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody ;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine; daisies
But we've wandered monie a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere companion
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught, hearty pull
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup, flagon
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.¹

¹ Burns came to indulge in little mystifications respecting his songs. Though in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop he speaks of *Auld Lang Syne* as an old fragment, and afterwards communicated it to George Thomson, with an expression of self-congratulation on having been so fortunate as to recover it from an old man's singing, the second and third verses — those expressing the recollections of youth, and certainly the finest of the set — are by himself. So also of *Go fetch to me a pint of wine*, he afterwards acknowledged that only the first

MY BONNY MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie; cup
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonny lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,¹
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready;

verse (four lines) was old, the rest his own. The old verse was probably the same with one which occurs near the close of a homely ballad, printed in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns, as preserved by Mr. Peter Buchan, who further communicates that the ballad was composed in 1636, by Alexander Lesly of Edin, on Doveran side, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe:—

“Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,
 A server and a silver tassie,
 That I may drink, before I gang,
 A health to my ain bonny lassie.”

¹ North Berwick-Law, a conical hill near the shore of the Firth of Forth, very conspicuous at Edinburgh, from which it is distant about twenty miles.

The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody.
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

LINES WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE
 HERMITAGE.

Extended Copy.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;¹
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.

¹ In the shorter copy, an additional couplet is here inserted.—

Day, how rapid in its flight!
 Day, how few must see the night!

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning-star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease :
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not — art thou high or low ?

Did thy fortune ebb or flow? ¹
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven
 To virtue or to vice is given.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
 Quod the Bedesman of Nithside! ²

¹ Variation —

Say, man's true genuine estimate
 The grand criterion of their fate,
 The important query of their state,
 Is not — art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Wast thou cottager or king,
 Peer or peasant? — no such thing!
 Did many talents, etc.

² This extended copy of the lines for Friars' Carse Hermit

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

Jan. 1, 1789.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die — for that they're born:
 But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
 A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck! twelvemonth
 Oh Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events hae taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,¹ lost
 And my auld toothless Bawtie's² dead;
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox, fight
 And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks:
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil;
 The tither's something dour o' treadin', unsparing
 — But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden. dunghill

age was produced in December. We agree with Allan Cunningham in seeing in this second effort a proof of the comparative labor which Burns encountered in attempting to compose in pure English. The restricted religious views of the poet will be remarked.

¹ Charles III., king of Spain, died on the 13th of December, 1788.

² A generic familiar name for a dog in Scotland.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
 And cry till ye be hearse and roopit hoarse — raucous
 For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
 And gied ye a' baith gear and meal; money
 E'en monie a plack, and monie a peck, coin
 Ye ken yoursel's for little feek! . . . consideration
 Observe the very nowt and sheep, cattle
 How dowf and dowie now they creep: dull — sad
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.¹ Edinburgh — wept

Oh Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuffed, muzzled, hap-shackled foot-tied

Regent,²

But, like himsel', a full free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can.

¹ The Edinburgh newspapers of this period contain many references to a scarcity of water, in consequence of severe frost.

² The king having shown symptoms of unsound mind in November, the public was at this time agitated with discussions as to the choice of a regent.

A SKETCH.

Burns meditated a laborious poem, to be entitled *The Poet's Progress*, probably of an autobiographical nature. He submitted to Mr. Stewart various short pieces designed to form part of this poem, but none have been preserved except the following.¹

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learned *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour*;
 So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
 His solid sense — by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scotch ell;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

¹ It is not unlikely that the lines on William Smellie, already introduced, were intended to form a part of *The Poet's Progress*.

² It is painful to come to the conclusion, from a remark and quotation in a subsequent letter, that this selfish, superficial wight was — Creech — the same "Willie" whom Burns de-

EXTEMPORE TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

On returning a newspaper which Captain Riddel had sent to him for his perusal, containing some strictures on his poetry, Burns added a note in impromptu verse.

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through
and through, sir,

With little admiring or blaming ;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and
hewers,

Are judges of mortar and stone, sir ;
But of *meet* or *unmeet*, in a *fabric complete*,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your good-
ness

Bestowed on your servant the poet ;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it !

scribed in such affectionate terms in May, 1787, and to whom he then wished "a pow as auld's Methusalem."

ODE :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD.

The irritable genius of Burns led him often to view persons and things very much as they affected himself. The same lord, gentleman, or lady, who, receiving him with urbanity, became the theme of his kindest feelings, might have come in for the eternal stigma of his satire, if, by a slight change of circumstances, he or she had been a cause of personal annoyance to him, or awakened his jealous apprehensions regarding his own dignity. In the course of the present month, an example of this infirmity of temper occurs. Let himself be the recorder of the incident, it being premised that the lady whom he thus holds up to execration was one fairly liable to no such censure !

“ In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Bailie Whigham’s in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day ; and just as my friend the bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse — my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus

— further on through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire to the next inn! The powers of poetry and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode.”

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark!
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonoured years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam's face —
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See these hands, ne'er stretched to save,
 Hands that took — but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo! there she goes, unpitied and unblest
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
 ('A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends);
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?

No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
 Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
 In other words, can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
 The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Burns had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and the blacksmith of the place, busied with other pressing matters in the forge, could not spare time for *frosting* the shoes of the poet's mare. Burns called for pen and ink, and wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead, on the receipt of which, Taylor spoke to the smith, and the smith flew to his tools, and sharpened the horse's shoes.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,

(Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod —
I'll pay you like my master.

RAMAGE'S, 3 o'clock.

SKETCH:

INSCRIBED TO CHARLES JAMES FOX.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite;
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their
white;
How Genius, the illustrious father of Fiction,
Confounds Rule and Law, reconciles Contradiction —

I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should
 bustle,
 I care not, not I ; let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose
 glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits,
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere
 lucky hits ;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
 strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far
 wrong ;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite
 right ;
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.¹

[Good L—d, what is man? for as simple he
 looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his
 crooks ;
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and
 his evil,
 All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

¹The verses following within brackets were added after
 wards.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely
 labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats
 up its neighbours :
 Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would
 you know him?
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will
 shew him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular, Truth, should have missed
 him ;
 For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly describe ;
 Have you found this or t'other ! there's more in
 the wind,
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll
 find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
 In the make of that wonderful creature called
 Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the same,
 'Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,
 Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.¹

¹ The verses following this line were first printed from a manuscript of Burns, in Pickering's edition.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with the
Muse,

Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign
to peruse :

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and
your quarrels,

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?

My much-honoured Patron, believe your poor
Poet,

Your courage much more than your prudence
you shew it.

In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you
struggle,

He'll have them by fair trade, if not he will
smuggle ;

Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would
steal 'em !

Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can
achieve 'em :

It is not, out-do him — the task is, out-thieve
him !]

4th April, 1789

ON A WOUNDED HARE.

“ One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass-seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones.”— *Burns to Mr. Cunningham, 4th May, 1789.*

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains:
 No more the thickening brakes or verdant
 plains
 To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled innocent, some wonted form;
 That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed!
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom
 warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its wo ;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side ;
Ah ! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow ?

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruthless wretch, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

DELIA.

There is usually printed in Burns's works a little ode, entitled *Delia*, which, from its deficiency of force and true feeling, some have suspected to be not his composition. Allan Cunningham tells a feasible-enough-looking story regarding it. "One day, when the poet was at Brownhill, in Nithsdale, a friend read some verses composed after the pattern of Pope's song by a person of quality, and said: 'Burns, this is beyond you. The Muse of Kyle cannot match the Muse of London city.' The poet took the paper, hummed the verses over, and then recited *Delia, an Ode*." There is not anything in this anecdote inconsistent with the fact, that Burns sent the ode for insertion in a London newspaper. (?)

“MR. PRINTER — If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with Sylvester Otway, and the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from yours, &c.

“R. BURNS.

“ELLISLAND, near Dumfries,
18th May, 1789.”

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty shews

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-browned Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For, oh! my soul is parched with love!

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY
ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

The poem on the Hare had been sent to Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, for whose critical judgment and general character Burns entertained a high veneration. Dr. Gregory's criticisms led to certain alterations, the result of which was as follows.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant
plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
 hapless fate.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLEN-
 CONNER.¹

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do you, this blae eastlin wind, blue
 That's like to blaw a body blind?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 And ilka member nearly dozen'd. stupefied
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on:
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 And Reid, to common-sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till, wi' their logic jargon tir'd,
 And in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common-sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see and feel. weavers

¹ An old friend of the poet and his family, who assisted him
 in his choice of the farm of Ellisland.

But hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce, wise
 I pray and ponder butt the house; in the outer room
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston:
 Till by and by, if I haud on, hold
 I'll grunt a real gospel groan.
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my e'en up like a pyet, maggie
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace and wale o' honest men. choice
 When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 And views beyond the grave comfórt him;
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear! goods

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my Mason billie, comrade
 And Auchensbay, I wish him joy;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang, sting
 That shoots my tortured gums along;
 And through my lugs gies monie a twang, ears
 Wi' gnawing vengeance,
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets mocking children
 keckle, laugh
 To see me loup; jump
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle flax-comb
 Were in their doup. backside

O' a' the num'rous human dools, sorrows
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, foolish

evulcate principles of both Arian and Socinian character, and provoked many severe censures from the more rigid party of the church. M'Gill remained silent under the attacks of his opponents, till Dr. William Peebles of Newton-upon-Ayr, a neighbor, and hitherto a friend, in preaching a centenary sermon on the Revolution, November 5, 1788, denounced the essay as heretical, and the author as one who "with one hand received the privileges of the church, while with the other he was endeavoring to plunge the keenest poniard into her heart." M'Gill published a defence, which led, in April, 1789, to the introduction of the case into the presbyterial court of Ayr, and subsequently into that of the synod of Glasgow and Ayr. Meanwhile, the public out of doors was agitating the question with the keenest interest, and the strife of the liberal and zealous parties in the church had reached a painful extreme. It was now that Burns took up the pen in behalf of M'Gill, whom he looked on as a worthy and enlightened person suffering an unworthy persecution.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,

Wha believe in John Knox,

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;

There's a heretic blast

Has been blawn in the wast,

That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac,

You should stretch on a rack,

To strike evildoers wi' terror:

To join faith and sense,
 Upon any pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,¹
 It was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
 Provost John ² is still deaf
 To the church's relief,
 And Orator Bob ³ is its ruin.

D'ruple mild,⁴ D'rymple mild,
 Though your heart's like a child,
 And your life like the new-driven snaw ;
 Yet that winna save ye,

¹ When Dr. M'Gill's case first came before the synod, the magistrates of Ayr published an advertisement in the newspapers, bearing a warm testimony to the excellence of the defender's character, and their appreciation of his services as a pastor.

² John Ballantyne, Esq., banker, provost of Ayr, the prime mover, probably, in the testimony in favor of Dr. M'Gill—the same individual to whom *The Two Brigs* is dedicated. There could not have been a nobler instance of true benevolence and manly worth than that furnished by Provost Ballantyne. His hospitable mansion was known far and wide, and he was the friend of every liberal measure.

³ Mr. Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom the *Cotter's Saturday Night* is inscribed. He exerted his powerful oratorical talents as agent for M'Gill in the presbytery and synod.

⁴ The Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, senior minister of the collegiate charge of Ayr—a man of extraordinary benevolence and worth. If we are to believe the poet, his views respecting the Trinity had not been strictly orthodox.

Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John,¹ Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry, the book is wi' heresy crammed;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle, muck-water
And roar every note of the damned.

Simper James,² Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,³ Singet Sawney,
Are ye huirding the penny, hoarding
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,⁴ Daddy Auld,
There's a tod in the fauld, fox

¹ The Rev. John Russell, celebrated in *The Holy Fair*.

² The Rev. James Mackinlay, minister of Kilmarnock, the hero of *The Ordination*.

³ The Rev. Mr. Alexander Moodie, of Riccarton, one of the heroes of *The Twa Herds*.

⁴ The Rev. Mr. Auld, of Mauchline.

A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;¹
 Though ye downa do skaith, cannot -- harm
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And if ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,² Davie Bluster,
 For a saint if ye muster,
 The corps is no nice of recruits ;
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose,³ Jamy Goose,
 Ye hae made but toom roose, empty praise
 an hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the L—d's haly ark,
 He has cooper'd and cawt a wrong pin in't. driven

Poet Willie,⁴ Poet Willie,
 Gie the Doctor a volley,

¹ The clerk was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, whose defence against the charges preferred by Mr. Auld, as elsewhere stated, had occasioned much trouble to this clergyman.

² Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

³ Mr. Young, Cumnock.

⁴ The Rev. Dr. Peebles. He had excited some ridicule by a line in a poem on the Centenary of the Revolution :

“ And bound in *Liberty's* endearing chain.”

The poetry of this gentleman is said to have been indifferent. He attempted wit in private conversation with no better success.

Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —

Andro Gouk,¹ Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book not the waur, let me tell ye;
 Ye are rich, and look big,
 But lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,² Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye — what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence
 To havins and sense, manners
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine-side,³ Irvine-side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,

¹ Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton. Extreme love of money, and a strange confusion of ideas, characterized this presbyter. In his prayer for the royal family, he would express himself thus: "Bless the King — his Majesty the Queen — her Majesty the Prince of Wales."

² Rev. Stephen Young, Barr.

³ Rev. George Smith, Galston. This gentleman is praised as friendly to Common Sense in *The Holy Fair*. The offence which was taken at that praise probably embittered the poet against him.

Of manhood but sma' is your share;
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,¹ Muirland Jock,
 Whom the L—d made a rock
 To crush Common Sense for her sins,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,² Holy Will,
 There was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor;
 The timmer is scant, timber
 When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for a hour. ropes

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spir'tual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff,

¹ Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk. The statistical account of Muirkirk, contributed by this gentleman to Sir John Sinclair's work, is above the average in intelligence, and very agreeably written. He had, however, an unfortunate habit of saying rude things, which he mistook for wit, and thus aid himself open to Burns's satire.

² The elder, William Fisher, whom Burns had formerly scourged.

Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns, slapping
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Though your Muse is a gipsy,
Yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.¹

¹ In the present version of this poem, advantage is taken of a few various readings from a copy published by Allan Cunningham, in which there is a curious repetition of the last line of each verse, along with the name of the party addressed. A specimen of this arrangement is given in the following additional stanza, from Allan's copy: —

Afton's laird, Afton's laird,
When your pen can be spared
A copy of this I bequeath
On the same sicker score,
As I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith
Afton's laird;
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

“ This 'air is [Allan] Masterton's; the song, mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan — who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton — and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.” — *B.*

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree: taste
 Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are-na fou', we're nae that fou',
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
 And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie; say

She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',¹
He is the king amang us three!

THE WHISTLE.

“In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James VI., there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the

¹ In Johnson's *Museum* —

“Wha first beside his chair shall fa'.”

evidently a mistake.

Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

'And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.'

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's." ¹ — B.

The whistle being now in the possession of Captain Riddel, Burns's neighbor at Friars' Carse, it was resolved that he should submit it to an amicable contest, involving, besides himself, two other descendants of the conqueror of the Scandinavian — namely, Mr. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, then M. P. for Dumfriesshire. The meeting was to take place at Friars' Carse on Friday the 16th of October.

A note was sent to Burns, inviting him to join the party at Carse. He immediately replied in characteristic fashion.

The king's poor blackguard slave am I,
 And scarce dow spare a minute; can
 But I'll be with you by and bye,
 Or else the devil's in it!

R. B.

¹ Mr. C. K. Sharpe has shown from a pedigree of the Maxwelton family that the story of the toping Dane "may be regarded as a groundless fable, unless such a person came over in the train of Prince George of Denmark, the husband of our last Queen Anne, which is not very probable." — *2d edition of Johnson's Musical Museum* (1839) iv. 362.

He was, accordingly, present, if not at the dinner, at the computation which followed; and the whole affair has been by him chronicled in the most glowing phraseology in his poem.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish
 king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall
 ring.

Old Loda,¹ still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his
 hall:
 "This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland
 get o'er,
 And drink them to hell, sir! or ne'er see me
 more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventured, what champions fell;
 'The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill;

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the
 Skarr,²
 Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,

¹ See Ossian's Caric-thura. — *B.*

² The Cairn, a stream in Glencairn parish, on which Max

He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea —
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of
flaw:

Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as
oil,

Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the
man.

“By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel re-
plies,

“Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,¹
And bumper his horn with him twenty times
o'er.”

welton House is situated; the Skarr, a similar mountain-rill,
a the parish of Penpont; both being affluents of the Nith.

¹ See Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*. — B.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe — or
his friend ;

Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize of the
field,

And knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known
to fame

Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely
dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had
been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so
set,

And the bands grew the tighter the more they
were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a
core,

And vowed that to leave them he was quite
forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor
did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine!¹
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers con-
tend?
Though fate said — a hero shall perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus — and down fell the
knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in
drink:
" Craigdarroch, thou'lt scar when creation shall
sink;

¹ The elder of the Scottish church is called a ruling-elder when sent to represent a burgh in the General Assembly. Glenriddel represented the burgh of Dumfries in several successive assemblies.

But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come — one bottle more — and have at the
sublime!

“ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the oay ;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of
day ! ” ¹

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

The grave had closed over Mary Campbell, as far as our facts and arguments will allow us to assign a date, in the latter part of October, 1786. A day came at the end of harvest, in 1789,² when the death of Mary three years before was recalled to the poet. According to Mr. Lockhart, reporting the statement of Mrs. Burns to her friend Mr. M'Diarmid, Burns “ spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of

¹ The whistle remained in the possession of the late Mr. R. C. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, son of the victor.

² Mr. Lockhart assigns this incident to September, Chambers to October. The arguments for the latter date are given in the Appendix to Chambers's third volume.

the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance; but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,

That lov'st to greet the early morn,

Again thou usher'st in the day

My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallowed grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace, —
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray —
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Burns had written a letter about the late changes in his circumstances to his venerable friend Blacklock, and intrusted it to Robert Heron, a young scion of the church connected with the south-western district of Scotland, and who was now beginning to busy himself with literary speculations. Heron had proved a faithless messenger, and Blacklock had addressed Burns a rhyming letter of kind inquiries: to which Burns replied as follows.

ELLISLAND, 21st Oct., 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! elated
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? merrv
 I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie,
 Wad bring ye to:
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! levil
 And never drink be near his drouth!
 He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippened to the ehield in trouth, trusted
 And bade nae better. desired

Lord, help me through this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air! early
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than monie ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp¹ in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair:
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair. sometimes

But to conclude my silly rhyme
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife, little ones
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to Sister Beckie,
 And eke the same to honest Lucky;
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,²

rether, used for binding the end of a broom or birch besom."
 — *Dr. Jamieson.*

¹ The male hemp, that which bears the seed; "Ye have a
 stalk o' carl-hemp in you," is a Scotch proverb. — *Kelly.*

² Chuckie, a familiar term for a hen, transferred endearingly
 to a matron of the human species.

As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Francis Grose was a broken-down English gentleman who, under the impulse of poverty, had been induced to exercise considerable literary and artistic talents for the benefit of the public. A large work on the Antiquities of England had been completed some years ago. He had also produced a treatise on Arms and Armour, another on Military Antiquities, and several minor works. The genius and social spirit of the man were scarcely more remarkable than his personal figure, which was ludicrously squat and obese. Grose having made an inroad into Scotland, for the purpose of sketching and chronicling its antiquities, Burns met him at Friars' Carse, and was greatly amused by his aspect and conversation. The comic Muse also caught at the antiquarian enthusiasm as a proper subject.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk¹ to Johnny Groat's;

¹ Maidenkirk is an inversion of the name of Kirkmaiden in Wigtonshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it : advise — give heed to
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight, plump
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel —
 And wow ! he has an unco slight knack
 O' cauk and keel.¹

By some auld houlet-haunted biggin, owl — building
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin', roof
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part, elfish
 Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's ! colleaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer, chamber
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour, necromancy
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches !
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ; fallen
 Sut now he's quat the spurtle blade,²

¹ Chalk and red or black lead-pencil.

² A spurtle is a stick with which pottage, gruel, etc., are stirred when boiling ; used here like "toasting-iron."

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 (For meikle glee and fun has he,)
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose !
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !—
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GROSE, THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
 So whip ! at the summons, old Satan came flying ;
 But when he approached where poor FRANCIS
 lay moaning,
 And saw each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonished, confounded, cried Satan : “ By ——,
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load ”

WRITTEN IN AN ENVELOPE, ENCLOSING
A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

Professor Stewart having intimated to the poet a desire to see Grose, Burns sent a letter, notifying Stewart's wish, to his antiquarian friend.

Not being very sure of the whereabouts of Grose, the bard enclosed his letter in an envelope addressed to Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary, and containing a set of jocular verses in imitation of the quaint song of Sir John Malcolm.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?

Igo and ago,

If he's amang his friends or foes?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?

Igo and ago;

Or hauding Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?

Igo and ago;

Or drownèd in the river Forth?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
Igo and ago;
As for the deil, he daurna steer him, ~~disturb~~
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE — *Up and waur them a'.*

A contest for the representation of the Dumfries group of burghs commenced in September between Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, the previous member, and Captain Miller, younger of Dalswinton, son of Burns's landlord. In this affair the bard stood variously affected. Professing only a whimsical Jacobitism, he had hitherto taken no decided part with either of the two great factions of his time; but he had a certain leaning towards Mr. Pitt and his supporters. On the other hand, some of his best friends—as Henry Erskine, the Earl of Glencairn, Mr. Miller, Captain Riddel—were Whigs, and these persons he was fearful to offend. On this canvass becoming keen, Burns threw in his pen, but rather from the contagion of local excitement than from partisanship. One feeling, indeed, he had in earnest, and this was detestation of the Duke of Queensberry. The duke, who was the greatest landlord in Nithsdale, was considered as having proved something like a traitor to the king on the late occasion of the Regency Bill, when he was in the minority which voted for the surrender of the power of the

crown into the hands of the Prince of Wales without restriction. For this, and for his mean personal character and heartless debaucheries, Burns held his Grace in extreme contempt. In the first place, then, he penned an election ballad, chiefly against the duke.

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie.
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king — *serve*
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie, *baffle*
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,¹
 Ye turn-coat Whigs, awa'!

The day he stude his country's friend,
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
 There's no a callant tents the kye, *ooy watches*
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

¹ A Border proverb, significant of the great local power of this family in former times. The Gordons were the subject of a similar proverb, which forms the title of a beautiful melody.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirck,¹
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE FIVE CARLINES.

In this second election ballad the five burghs are presented under figurative characters most felicitously drawn: Dumfries, as Maggy on the banks of Nith Annan, as Blinking Bess of Annandale; Kirkcudbright, as Whisky Jean of Galloway; Sanquhar, as Black Joan frae Crichton Peel; and Lochmaben, as Marjory of the many Lochs — appellations all of which have some appropriateness from local circumstances.

THERE were five carlines in the south, old women
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there,

¹ Alexander Birtwhistle, Esq., merchant at Kirkcudbright and provost of the burgh.

And aiblins gowd and honour baith possibly
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride eneugh,
 And Marjory o' the Monie Lochs,
 A carline auld and teugh.

And Blinking Bess o' Annandale,
 That dwelt near Solwayside,
 And Whisky Jean, that took her gill,
 In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
 O' gipsy kith and kin —
 Five wighter carlines warn a foun' ~~brisker, stouter~~
 The south countra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 They met upon a day,
 And monie a knight and monie a laird
 Their errand fain would gae.

O monie a knight and monie a laird
 This errand fain would gae;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,¹
 Bred o' a Border clan,

¹ Sir James Johnston.

And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan'.

And he wad do their errands wee,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Would bid to him guid-day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,¹
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, promise
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad heclit an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert a friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell ; these
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'ed Meg o' prim-mouthed
Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

¹ Captain Miller.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court¹
 She didna care a pin;
 But she wad send the sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son.²

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
 And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
 That she wad vote the Border knight,
 Though she should vote her lane. alone

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' change are fain;
 But I hae tried the Border knight,
 And I'll try him yet again.

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
 A carline stoor and grim, austere
 "The auld guidman, and the young guidman,
 For me may sink or swim.

"For fools will freit³ o' right or wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn;
 But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
 So he shall bear the horn."

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
 "Ye weel ken, kimmers a', goasips

¹ The King.

³ Talk superstitiously.

² The Prince of Wa'es

The auld guidman o' Lon'on court
His back's been at the wa';

“And monie a friend that kissed his cup
Is now a fremit wight: estranged
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean —
I'll send the Border knight.”

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true;¹

“There's some great folks set light by me —
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wham I like best at hame.

“Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the king and ilka man
May look weel to himsel'.”

¹ It may not be unworthy of notice that this verse was one in great favor with Sir Walter Scott, who used to recite it with good effect.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.¹

Mr. Jeffrey, the clergyman of Lochmaben, had a daughter, a sweet blue-eyed young creature, who at one of Burns's visits, did the honors of the table. Next morning, our poet presented at breakfast a song which has given the young lady immortality.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen, road
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white —
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled ;
 She charmed my soul—I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound, pang
 Cam fra her een sae bonny blue.

¹ This song was printed in Johnson's *Museum*, with an air composed by Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel. It has been set by George Thomson to the tune of "The Blathrie o't," but, in the opinion of the present editor, it flows much more sweetly to "My only joe and dearie O."

But, spare to speak, and spare to speed;¹
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow; perhaps
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead death
 To her'twa een sae bonny blue.

SONG.

AIR — *Maggy Lauder.*

Miss Jeffrey married a gentleman named Renwick, of New York, and was living there about 1822, when a son of Mr. George Thomson was introduced to her by her son, the professor of chemistry in Columbia College.

The following song has been put forward as another composition of Burns in honor of the "Blue-eyed Lassie." It first appeared in the *New York Mirror* (1846).

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
 I couldna tell what ailed me,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost failed me.
 She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace does round her hover,
 Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover.

¹ A proverbial expression.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
 She's aye so blithe and cheerie;
 She's aye sae bonny, blithe, and gay
 O gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining;
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, *etc.*

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her,
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, *etc.*

SKETCH — NEW-YEAR'S DAY [1790].

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpaired machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's¹ with the hounds ;
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's² care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow —
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow —

¹ Afterwards General Dunlop of Dunlop.

² Rachel, a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, was making a sketch of Coila.

And join with me a moralising,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver?
 "Another year is gone for ever."

And what is this day's strong suggestion?
 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
 Rest on — for what? what do we here?
 Or why regard the passing year?
 Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more?
 A few days may — a few years must —
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes — all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight:
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as Misery's woeful night.
 Since, then, my honoured, first of friends
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us the important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.
 Though you, with days and honours crowned
 Witness that filial circle round

(A sight Life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale Envy to convulse),
 Others now claim your chief regard ;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S
 DAY EVENING [1790].

“ We have got a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New-year's Day evening, I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause.” — *Burns to his brother Gilbert, 11th January, 1790.*

No song nor dance I bring from you great city
 That queens it o'er our taste — the more's the
 pity :

Though, by the by, abroad why will you roam ?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good New Year !
 Old Father Time deutes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :

The sage grave ancient coughed, and bade me
say:

“You’re one year older this important day.”
If wiser, too — he hinted some suggestion,
But ’twould be rude, you know, to ask the
question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word —
“think!”

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope
and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way.
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That though some by the skirt may try to
snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.
Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven’s peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled
brow,
And humbly begs you’ll mind the important
Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak endeav-
ours,
With grateful pride we own your many fa-
vours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE — *The Quaker's Wife.*

About this time [the end of January, 1790,] the Clarinda correspondence was for a moment renewed. Burns closed his first letter with the following song, being, he says, one of his latest productions. From few men besides Burns could any lady have expected, along with an apology for deserting her only twenty months ago, a pleasant-faced canzonet of compliment declaring the world to be lightless without love.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :

Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure ;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

PROLOGUE FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

Towards the conclusion of the theatrical season at Dumfries, Coila came once more to the aid of Mr. Manager Sutherland ; but it cannot be said that her effusion was such as to hold forth a very favorable prognostic of dramatic effort.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?

Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us songs and plays at hame?
 For comedy abroad he needna toil;
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil.
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece:
 There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
 Would shew the tragic Music in a' her glory.

Is there nae daring bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
 How here, even here, he first unsheathed the
 sword

'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
 And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of
 ruin?

O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad rebellion's arms
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
 A woman — though the phrase may seem un
 civil —

As able and as cruel as the devil!
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age:

And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
 Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right suc- roll
 ceeds,

Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !
 As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
 Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend
 them ;

And aiblins when they winna stand the test, perhaps
 Wink hard, and say the folks hae done their
 best !

Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle Time, and lay him on his strive with
 back !

For us and for our stage should ony spier, as
 " Wha's aught thae chiels maks Who are those fellows
 a' this bustle here ? "

My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, —
 We have the honour to belong to you !
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But like guid mithers. shore before you threaten
 strike.

And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks :
 God help us ! we're but poor — ys'se get but
 thanks.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF JOHNSON'S MUSEUM

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—*Johnny M' Gill.*

The third volume of the *Scots Musical Museum* had been going on, somewhat more slowly than the second, but with an equal amount of assistance from Burns. Besides the songs already cited since the date of the second volume, he contributed many which, as they bore no particular reference to his own history, nor any other trait by which the exact date of their composition could be ascertained, are here presented in one group. Several of them are, however, only old songs mended or extended by Burns.

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse or be drawn in a
car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me, for better for waur
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dun-
bar!

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

TUNE— *The Gardeners' March.*

It will be found that Burns subsequently produced a new version of this song, changing the burden at the close of the stanzas.

WHEN rosy Morn comes in wi' showers,
To deck her gay green birken bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gardener wi' his paidle.¹

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple Morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

¹ A long staff with an iron spike, serving sometimes as a narrow spade.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

Of this song Burns says: "The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine." It is evident that the poet has understood the chorus in a Jacobite sense, and written his own verses in that strain accordingly. Mr. Peter Buchan has, nevertheless, ascertained that the original song related to a love attachment between Harry Lumsdale, the second son of a Highland gentleman, and Miss Jeanie Gordon, daughter to the Laird of Knockespock, in Aberdeenshire. The lady was married to her cousin, Habichie Gordon, a son of the Laird of Rhynie; and some time after, her former lover having met her and shaken her hand, her husband drew his sword in anger, and lopped off several of Lumsdale's fingers, which Highland Harry took so much to heart that he soon after died. — See Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns, ii. 197.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
 But now he's banished far away;
 I'll never see him back again.
 O for him back again!
 O for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed, rest
 I wander dowie up the glen; sad
 I set me down and greet my fill, cry
 And aye I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

BONNY ANN.

AIR— *Ye Gallants Bright.*

“I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air ‘Strathallan’s Lament,’ and two or three others in this work.”—*Burns.* Miss Masterton afterwards became Mrs. Derbyshire, and was living in London in 1834.

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right, advice
 Beware o’ bonny Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu’ o’ grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;

Sae jingly laced her genty waist, slenderly — ~~slit~~
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van ;
In a' their charms and conquering arms
They wait on bonny Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man ;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonny Ann!

JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE — *John Anderson my Jo.*

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent ; smooth
But now your brow is beld, John, bald
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,

And monie a canty day, John, pleasant,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.¹

TUNE — *Cameronian Rant.*

In this instance Burns has concentrated in his own language a more diffuse song on the same subject, which is understood to have been the composition of Mr. Barclay, a Berean minister of some note about the middle of the last century, uncle to the distinguished anatomist of the same name.

“O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?”

¹ “This was written about the time our bard made his tour to the Highlands, 1787.” — *Currie*. Gilbert Burns entertained a doubt if the song was by his brother but for this we can see no just grounds.

' I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reekin' red ran monie a sheugh; *channel*
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough, *sigh*
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds, *knocks*
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds, *clothes*
 Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man. *grasped*

" The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rushed and pushed, and bluid outgushed,
 And monie a bouk did fa', man: *corpse*
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced for twenty miles:
 They hacked and hashed, while broadswords
 clashed,
 And through they dashed, and hewed, and
 smashed,
 Till fey men died awa', man. *predestined*

" But had you seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man, *shining*
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,
 And covenant true-blues, man;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 And thousands hastened to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man."

* O how deil, Tam, can that be true?

The chase gaed frae the North, man ;
I saw myself, they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,

They took the brig wi' a' their might, bridge

And straught to Stirling winged their flight ;

But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut ;

And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,

For fear amaist did swarf, man !” swoon

* My sister Kate cam up the gate road

Wi' crowdie unto me, man ; porridge

She swore she saw some rebels run

Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :

Their left-hand general had nae skill,

The Angus lads had nae good-will

That day their neibors' blood to spill ;

For fear, by foes, that they should lose

Their egs o' brose — all crying palls of pottage

woes ;

And so it goes, you see, man.

* They've lost some gallant gentlemen

Amang the Highland clans, man ;

I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,

Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.

Now wad ye sing this double fight,

Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;

But monie bade the world guid-night ;

Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man."

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE— *On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer-day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wandering through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes like weapons sheathed,
 Were sealed in soft repose ;
 Her lip, still as she fragrant breathed,
 It richer dyed the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton, kissed her rival breast ;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs :
 But Willie followed, as he should ;
 He overtook her in the wood ;
 He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE — *Faille na Miosg.*

In this song Burns caught up the single streak of poetry which existed in a well-known old stall song, entitled *The Strong Walls of Derry*, and which commences thus :

• The first day I landed, 'twas on Irish ground,
 The tidings came to me from fair Derry town,

That my love was married, and to my sad wo,
And I lost my first love by courting too slow."

After many stanzas of similar doggerel, the author breaks out, as under an inspiration, with the one fine verse, which Burns afterwards seized as a basis for his own beautiful ditty :

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the deer, and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
deer ;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with
snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys be
low ;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
 here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE— *Robie donna Gorach.*

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command.
 When shall I see that honoured land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
 How sweetly wind thy sloping daies,
 Where lambkins wan'on through the broom

Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE!

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie! sister
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a brow fellow
 In poortith I might make a fen'; poverty shift
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,
 Guid-day to you, brute! he comes ben; in
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me, mother—deafes
 And bids me beware o' young men:

They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten; bound
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written — Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin watching
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken; wet
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry —
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly — Tam Glen.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON,¹

A DEAD MARE.

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
 As ever trode on airn; trode
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair;
 And much oppressed and bruised she was,
 As priest-rid cattle are. — etc., etc.

Feb. 9, 1790.

¹ In burlesque allusion, it may be presumed, to the insane woman, Margaret Nicholson, who made an attempt to stab George III. with a knife, August, 1786.

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN¹ WHO HAD
SENT THE POET A NEWSPAPER,

AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted?
'This monie a day I've graned and groaned
gaunted, yawned
To ken what French mischiéf was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin'; muddy
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works contention
Atween the Russians and the 'Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;²
If Denmark, anybody spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't: lease
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin': emasculated
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss.

¹ Probably Mr. Peter Stuart, of the *Star* newspaper.

² Gustavus III. had attracted considerable notice in 1789 by his vigorous measures against Russia, and the arrest of many of his nobility who disapproved of his measures.

Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game ;
 How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin', smooth
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ; thoughtless -- set
 How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin' :
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin' ; itching
 How cesses, stents,¹ and fees were raxed, stretched
 Or if bare —— yet were taxed ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales, mad
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails ; hussies
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, any soberer
 And no a perfect kintra cooser. stallion
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 And but for you I might despaired of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you !²

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

¹ Valuations of property for purposes of taxation.

After all, from whatever cause, the gratuitous newspaper did not come very regularly, as appears from a subsequent note of remonstrance sent by the bard to head-quarters :

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
 We poor sons of metre
 Are often negleckit, ye ken ;
 For instance, your sheet, man,
 (Though glad I'm to see't, man),
 I get it no ae day in ten. — R. B.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF
FINTRY.

The canvass for the Dumfries burghs had been proceeding with excessive vigor all this spring, and when the election at length took place in July, the agitation and fervor of the public mind in the district exceeded everything of the kind previously known. The influence of the Duke of Queensberry on the Whig side proved too much for the merits of excellent "Westerhall," and the dismissal of his Grace from the bedchamber was revenged on Pitt by the return of Captain Miller. In a spirited verse-epistle on the subject, addressed to his friend Mr. Graham, Burns still shows, under an affected impartiality, his Tory and even Cavalier leanings.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, *country fling*
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig¹ bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlings;

¹ The Duke of Queensberry. Burns, for metro's sake, uses
as Grace's second title.

And, bent on winning borough towns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons, waves
 And kissing barefit carlins. women

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions ;
 As Queensberry buff and blue¹ unfurled,
 And Westerha' and Hopetoun² hurled
 To every Whig defiance.

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war ;
 The unmannered dust might soil his star,
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,³
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;
 Heroes and heroines commix
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.

¹ The livery of Mr. Fox.

² The Earl of Hopetoun.

³ A piece of ordnance of extraordinary structure and magnitude, founded in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, about the end of the fifteenth century, and which is still exhibited, though in an infirm state, in Edinburgh Castle. The diameter of the bore is twenty inches.

M'Murdo¹ and his lovely spouse
 (The enamoured laurels kiss her brows)
 Led on the loves and graces ;
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, all-conquering, played his part,
 Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch² led a light-armed corps ;
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder ;
 Glenriddel,³ skilled in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought ;
 Redoubted Staig,⁴ who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory,
 And Welsh,⁵ who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
 High waved his magnum bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller⁶ brought up the artillery ranks,
 The many-pounders of the Banks,

¹ The Duke's chamberlain, a friend of Burns.

² Mr. Fergusson of Craigdarroch ; the victor of the Whistle-
 contest.

³ Captain Riddel of Glenriddel.

⁴ Provost of Dumfries.

⁵ The sheriff of the county.

⁶ Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, father of the candidate. He
 had been a banker.

Resistless desolation ;
 While Maxwelton,¹ that baron bold,
 Mid Lawson's port intrenched his hold,
 And threatened worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed,
 With these, what Tory warriors closed,
 Surpasses my describing :
 Squadrons extended long and large,
 With furious speed rushed to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
 The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie? conflict
 Grim Horror grinned ; pale Terror roared,
 As Murther at his thrapple shored ; throat—threatened
 And hell mixt in the brulzie! broll

As Highland crags, by thunder cleft,
 When lightnings fire the stormy lift, firmament
 Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ;
 As flames amang a hundred woods ;
 As headlong foam a hundred floods ;
 Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly,
 Before th' approaching fellers ;

¹ Sir Robert Lawrie, M. P. for the county.

The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 When all his wintry billows pour,
 Against the Buchan Bullers.¹

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring!
 The muffled murderer of Charles²
 The Magna-Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
 Bold Scrimgeour³ follows gallant Grabame,⁴
 Auld Covenanters shiver;
 Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose!
 While death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever!

Still o'er the field the combat burns;
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns,
 But Fate the word has spoken:

¹ The "Bullers of Buchan" is an appellation given to a tremendous rocky recess on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead — having an opening to the sea, while the top is open. The sea, constantly raging in it, gives it the appearance of a pot or boiler, and hence the name.

² The masked executioner of Charles I.

³ John, Earl of Dundee, noted for his zeal and sufferings in the cause of the Stuarts during the time of the Commonwealth.

⁴ The great Marquis of Montrose.

For woman's wit, or strength of man,
 Alas! can do but what they can —
 The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my e'en were flowing burns! brooks
 My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cub's undoing!
 That I might greet, that I might cry, weep
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 From furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir James —
 Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save,
 And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave,
 And Stuart bold as Hector!¹

Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
 And Thurlow growl a curse of wo,
 And Melville melt in wailing!
 Now Fox and Sheridan, rejoice!
 And Burke shall sing: "O prince, arise!
 Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
 He hears, and only hears the war,
 A cool spectator purely;

¹ Stuart of Hillside *Closeburn MS.*

So when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

Additional verse in Closeburn MS. —

Now for my friends' and brothers' sakes,
And for my native Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire —
Lord, send a rough-shod troop of hell
O'er all would Scotland buy or sell,
And grind them into mire!

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

“Should the poor be flattered?” — SHAKESPEARE.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

Matthew Henderson appears to have been a “man about town,” a kind-hearted, life-enjoying person

whose agreeable manners perhaps often made him welcome at tables better furnished than his own. He had been one of Burns's good-fellow friends during the time he spent in Edinburgh, and he appears as a subscriber for four copies of the second edition of our bard's poems — not, however, as *Captain Matthew Henderson* — but as “Matthew Henderson, Esq.,” the “Captain” being, we understand, a mere pet-name for the man among his friends, adopted most likely from the position he held in some convivial society. Burns speaks of the poem as “a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much.”

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie rope
 Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, smithy
 O'er hurcheon hides, hedgehog
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie anvil
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled!

Ye hills! near neibors o' the starns, stars
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years, eagles
 Where Echo slumbers!

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens! wood-pigeon
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens! groves
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens, meandering
 Wi' toddlin' din, purling
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens, leaps
 Frae lin to lin! waterfall

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea!
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see!
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
 In scented bowers!
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance sked,
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin' through the hares skipping
 glade,
 Come join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood!
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud!
 Ye curlews calling through a clud! cloud
 Ye whistling plover!

And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood! —
 He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals!
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels!
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake!
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake!

Roar

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day, landralls
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, owls
 In some auld tree or eldritch tower, frightful
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower stare
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains: lively
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of wo?
 And frae my e'en the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth,
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth !

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! — my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man ;
 I tell nae common tale o' grief —
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurned at Fortune's door, man,
 A look of pity hither cast —
 For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
 That passest by this grave, man,
 There moulders here a gallant heart —
 For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
 Canst throw uncommon light, man,
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise —
 For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
 Wad life itself resign, man,
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa' —
 For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art stanch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man,
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain —
 For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire — fellow
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot, peevish
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
 May dool and sorrow be his lot!
 For Matthew was a rare man.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

“Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.”

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

According to the recital of Gilbert Burns, *Tam o' Shanter* originated thus: “When my father feued his little property near Alloway Kirk, the wall of the church-yard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasture in it. My father and two or three neighbours joined in an application to the town-council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land,

for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for enclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall: hence he came to consider it as his burial-place, and we learned that reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their ancestors. My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his peregrinations through Scotland, stayed some time at Carse House in the neighbourhood, with Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The antiquary and the poet were 'unco pack and thick thegither.' Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the captain was very fond. The captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch-story, to be printed along with it. *Tam o' Shanter* was produced on this occasion, and was first published in *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*."

"The poem," says Mr. Lockhart, "was the work of one day."

WHEN chapman billies leave the street, follows
 And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate; road
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And gettin' fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,

The mosses, waters, slaps,¹ and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a

skellum,

reckless fellow

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;²
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder,³ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, driven
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; drunk
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.⁴

¹ Break in a wall.

² An idle-talking fellow.

³ "The quantity of meal ground at the mill at one time."
 .. Dr. Jamieson.

⁴ In Scotland, the village where a parish-church is situated
 is usually called the Kirkton. A certain Jean Kennedy, who
 kept a reputable public-house in the village of Kirkoswald,
 is here alluded to.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk, darkness
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, makes—weep
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, fireplace
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; foaming ale
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, Cobbler
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
 They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter, talk
 And aye the ale was growing better;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure.

The minutes winged their way wi' pleasur :
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was gloriou :
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread, —
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snowfall in the river, —
 A moment white — then melts for ever ;¹
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride :
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he taks the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on bis hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 (A better never lifted leg,)

¹ *Candidior nivibus, tunc cum cecidere recentes,
 in liquidas nondum quas mora vertit aquas.*

Ovid, Amor. iii. 5. 11

Tam skelpit on through dub and slapped — puddle
 mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots humming
 sonnet ;
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares, staring
 Lest bogles catch him unawares : — goblins
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,¹
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry. owlets

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored ; smothered
 And past the birks and meikle stane, birches
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn, gorse
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well, above
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 'The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,

¹ " Alloway Kirk, with its little enclosed burial-ground, stands beside the road from Ayr to Maybole, about two miles from the former town. The church has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its well at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem." — *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. 1833.

Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore the beams were every hole
 glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! —
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's ale — foamed
 noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light ;
 And, wōw ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France, bran
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east, window-seat
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, shaggy dog
 To gie them music was his charge ;
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl, scream
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. vibrate
 Cotlins stood round, like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight spell
 Each in its cauld hand held a light :
 By which heroic Tam was able

To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape, rope
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; mouth
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'!

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious, stared
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
 cleekit, linked
 Till ilka carline swat and reekit, smoked
 And coost her duddies to the wark, cast — clothes
 And linket at it in her sark! fell to

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flanner, greasy
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!¹
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, These

¹ 'The manufacturer's term for a fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.' — *Cromek*.

That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, loins
 For ae blink o' the bonny burdies! wenches
 But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal, Gaunt—wean
 Louping and flinging on a cummock, short stick
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;
 There was ae winsome wench and walie, goodly
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished monie a bonny boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear, barley
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn, short shift—huckaback
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.
 Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, bought
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches! ¹

¹ A solitary-living woman, named Katie Steven, who dwelt at Laighpark, in the parish of Kirkoswald, and died there early in the present century, is thought to have been the personage represented under the character of Cutty-sark. She enjoyed the reputation of being a good fortune-teller, and was rather a favorite guest among her neighbors; yet with others, who knew her less, she was reputed a witch, addicted to those

But here my Muse her wing maun cour; stoop
 Sic flights are far beyond her power; —
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jad she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very e'en enriched;
 Even Satan glow' red and fidgeted fu' fain, fidgeted
 And hotched and blew wi' might and jerked abou
 main :

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither, lost
 And roars out: "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, buzz—' fret
 When plundering herds assail their byke; hive
 As open pussie's mortal foes, the hare
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow. frightful

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'! reward
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin';

malevolent practices described in the poem. Neither her name nor her figure being appropriate (for she was a little woman), we confess we have doubts of this parallel.

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone¹ o' the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss;
 A running-stream they darena cross!
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fiend a tail she had to shake! dence
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle, — endeavor
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carline claught her by the rump, snatched at
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed!
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think ye may buy 'he joys ower dear: —
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

¹ It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running-stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. — B

STANZAS ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY
DISTRESS.

Mrs. Dunlop had undergone a severe domestic affliction. Her daughter Susan had married a French gentleman named Henri, of good birth and fortune, and the young couple lived happily at Loudoun Castle, in Ayrshire, when (June 22, 1790) the gentleman sank under the effects of a severe cold, leaving his wife pregnant.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' monie a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirkles o'er the lea limps
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of wo and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds, pangs
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer-morn;
 Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unsheltered and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscathed by ruffian hand,
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land!

November, 1790

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

"I have these several months been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get no further than the following fragment." — *Burns to Mr Cunningham, 23d January, 1791.*

This beautiful creature, to whom Burns paid so

high a compliment in his *Address to Edinburgh*, had been carried off by consumption, 17th June, 1790.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shewn,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is
known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm — Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy fens,
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes
stored,
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their
worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail,
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the
 spheres ;
 But, like the sun eclipsed at morning-tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and
 care !
 So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
 So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

"The ballad on Queen Mary was begun while I was
 busy with Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*." —
Burns, February, 1791.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea :
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams

And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bower, blackbird
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 'The mavis wild, wi' monie a note, thrush
 Sings drowsy day to rest;
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milkwhite is the slae; sloe
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang!

I was the queen o' bonny France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en:
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That through thy soul shall gae !
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of wo
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine !
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine ! *look kindly*
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee ;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me !

O soon to me may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.

“You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, ‘There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.’ When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets.” — *Burns to Mr. Cunningham, 12th March, 1791.*

By yon castle wa’, at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was
gray ;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down
came, —

There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say’t, though we ken wha’s to
blame, —

There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in ~~wool~~
the yerd :

It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld
dame, —

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown; *lost*
But till my last moments my words are the
same, —

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLEN- CAIRN.

At the close of January, Burns met a serious loss, both as respecting his fortunes and his feelings, in the death of his amiable patron James, Earl of Glencairn, who, after returning from a futile voyage to Lisbon in search of health, died at Falmouth, in the forty-second year of his age. The deep, earnest feeling of gratitude which Burns bore towards this nobleman is highly creditable to him. He put on mourning for the earl, and designed, if possible, to attend his funeral in Avyrshire. At a later time, he entered a permanent record of his gratitude in the annals of his family, by calling a son James Glencairn.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam

Looked on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewailed his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mouldering down with
years ;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes along :

" Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the agèd year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bēding, agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane :

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown ;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown ;
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

“ And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay ;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay !
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my agèd ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of wo and wild despair ;
 Awake ! resound thy latest lay —
 Then sleep in silence evermair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,

Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom

“In Poverty's low barren vale
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round ;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found :
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air ;
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

“O why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
Why did I live to see that day ?
A day to me so full of wo !
O had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low !

“The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ; *last night*
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !”

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,
BART. OF WHITEFOORD, WITH THE
FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly
fear'st,

To thee this votive-offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved ;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved :
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

THIRD EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FIN-
TRY.

From this time forth we are to see a chronic exas-
peration of spirit, affecting the life and conversation
of the luckless bard. We get but slight and casual
glimpses of the cause of all this acrimony ; but I am

assured that it would be a great mistake to attribute it wholly, or in any considerable part, to a mere jarring between the sensitive spirit of the poet and the rude contact of the worldly scene into which he was plunged. Burns did not want for a certain worldly wisdom and hardiness. His poetical powers had not in themselves exposed him to any serious evils. On the contrary, he was indebted to them for any advance in the social scene which he ever made, and even for such endowments of fortune as had befallen him. Neither was Burns so unworthily regarded by either high or low in his own day and place, as to have much occasion for complaint on that score. On the contrary, he had obtained the respectful regard of many of the very choicest men and women of his country. Whenever he appeared in aristocratic circles, his acknowledged genius, and the charms of his conversation, gave him a distinction not always readily yielded to mere wealth and rank. No: we have to look elsewhere for an explanation of the mystery. It seems to have mainly lain in the reckless violence of some of his passions, by the consequences of which he was every now and then exposed to humiliations galling to his pride. It was a refuge to his wounded feelings, to suppose that these passions were essentially connected with his poetical character.

[*Summer, 1791.*]

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest
 'Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest),

Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)
 And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature! I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the
 ground:
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 The envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his
 cell;
 Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
 In all the omnipotence of rule and power;
 Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure:
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their
 drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are
 snug;
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and
 darts. —

But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;

No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
 No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;—
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side;
 Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!¹
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must
 wear;
 Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on through life;
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age.
 Dead, even resentment, for his injured page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's
 rage!

¹ Alluding to the eminent anatomist, Professor Alexander Monro of the Edinburgh University.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!

Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!

Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.

If mantling high she fills the golden cup,

With sober selfish ease they sip it up:

Conscious the bounteous meed they well de-
 serve,

They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.

The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,

And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.

When Disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,

And through disastrous night they darkling grope,

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,

And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,

Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,

Not such the workings of their moon-struck
 brain;

In equanimity they never dwell,

By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

I dread thee. Fate, relentless and severe,

With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!

Already one strong hold of hope is lost—

Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears!
 O hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer:—
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
WITH BAYS.

Written at the suggestion of the Earl of Buchan, for the inauguration of a temple built to Thomson on Ednam Hill.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Æolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,

Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.¹

¹ Burns, in looking into Collins for his verses to the memory of Thomson, had probably glanced at the same poet's exquisite *Ode to Evening*, for the three concluding verses are manifestly imitated in this Address:

"While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve,
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

"While sallow Autumn fills thy cup with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Afrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

"So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own.
And love thy favorite name!"

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE — *Miss Muir.*

Burns had become acquainted, probably at Friars' Carse, with a beautiful young Englishwoman, a relation of the Riddels, and also connected by the marriage of a sister with the noble family of Kenmure in the neighboring stewartry. Deborah Davies — for this was her name — was of small stature, but exquisitely handsome, and she possessed more than an average share of mental graces.¹ With his usual sensibility to female beauty, but especially that of a refined and educated woman, Burns became an idolater of Miss Davies, and the feelings which possessed him soon led to an effusion of both prose and verse. She was the subject of the two following songs.

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,

¹ "One day, while Burns was at Moffat" — thus writes Allan Cunningham — "the charming, lovely Davies rode past, accompanied by a lady tall and portly: on a friend asking the poet, why God made one lady so large, and Miss Davies so little, he replied in the words of the epigram:

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it."

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and every flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is,
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift. above - shj
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A sceptered hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender,
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:

I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring 'brave is;
 I'll drop the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE BONNY WEE THING.

TUNE — *Bonny wee Thing.*

BONNY wee thing, cannie wee thing, nice"
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine! lose
 Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonny face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, achae
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine

TO MR. MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY, ON
HIS BIRTHDAY.

The person addressed in these verses — John Maxwell, Esq., of Terraughty and Munches — was a leading public man in the county of Dumfries.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!

Health, aye unsoured by care or grief!

Inspired, I turned Fate's sybil leaf

This natal morn;

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,

proof

Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,

And I can tell that bounteous Heaven

(The second-sight, ye ken, is given

To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven-times-seven

leass

Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow *crabbed fellows*

Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,

May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,

Nine miles an hour,

Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure! brinstone dust

But for thy friends, and they are monie,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonny,
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie, loving
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blithe, and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, old boy
 And then the deil he daurna steer ye: molest
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye:
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If niest my heart I dinna wear ye, next
 While BURNS they ca' me!

SONG OF DEATH.

AIR — *Oran an Aoig.*

Scene — A Field of Battle. — Time of the day, Evening. —
 The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth,
 and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun;

Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender
 ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy
 foe!
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but
 know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant — he sinks in the
 dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero — a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour, our swords in
 our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave?

FOURTH EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF
FINTRY.

The third Epistle to Mr. Graham, which has been assigned to the summer of 1791, expresses, though hintingly, the eager wishes of the poet for a better appointment in the Excise, and at length, by the kindness of that gentleman, it was obtained, towards the close of the year. He had expected, as we have seen, a supervisorship; but this was to remain a hope deferred. The arrangement was, that Burns should perform duty in Dumfries as an ordinary exciseman, and enjoy a salary of £70 per annum. This was an advance of £20 upon his Ellisland income, and as he did not now require to keep a horse, the advantage must be reckoned at a still higher sum. However this was, Burns considered himself as for the mean time independent of the farm. The income was indeed a small one, and it was something of a declension to be the common exciseman only; but hope at this time made up for all. He was led to expect an advance in the service, which, though increasing his toils, would put him comparatively at ease in his circumstances.

1 CALL no goddess to inspire my strains;
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns.

Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

SWEET SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

We have but an obscure notice of a visit which Burns paid to Edinburgh in the November of 1791, being the last he ever made to that capital. Up to nearly this time, Mrs. M'Lehose had maintained the unforgiving distance which she assumed after his final union with Jean, notwithstanding his having sent her several exculpatory letters. She had lately written to him in a style which drew forth a letter in which Burns asks her opinion of the following verses.

SWEET Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;

But how Distress with horrors arming,
 Thou, alas! hast known too well!

Fairest Flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys;
 But, alas! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Cords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of wo.¹

¹ "I have sent in the verses *On Sensibility*, altered to

'Sensibility, how charming,
 Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell,' etc.,

to the editor of the *Scots Songs*, of which you have three volumes, to set to a most beautiful air — out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred *Clairina*." — *Burns to Mrs. M'Lehose*.

Æ FOND KISS.

TUNE — *Rory Dall's Port.*

Clarinda had resolved, though with much hesitation, to accept an invitation from her heartless husband, and join him in Jamaica. In the softened feeling arising from the contemplation of such a movement, she relented so far towards Burns as to admit him to a visit. What one would give to know the particulars of the interview! It took place on the 6th of December. That it gave occasion to an effusion of passionate feeling, is strongly hinted in a letter of the poet written a twelvemonth after. We may also hesitate little in reading as a record of the scene a series of lyrics, one of which is amongst the most earnest expressions of intense feeling ever composed in verse.

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever!
Æ fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of Hope she leaves him?

Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy ;
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG.¹

To an old Scots Tune.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat, arrive!
 My dearest Nancy, O fareweel!
 Severed frae thee, can I survive,
 Frae thee whom I hae loved sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
 Nae ray o' comfort shall I see,
 But this most precious, dear belief,
 That thou wilt still remember me.

Alang the solitary shore,
 Where fleeting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path shall be.
 While through your sweets she holds her way,
 O tell me, does she muse on me?

¹ Another copy of this song is gi'en further on, at p. 83 of vol. lii.

SONG.

To a charming plaintive Scots Air.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever !
Anguish unmingled and agony pure !

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou mak'st me re-
member,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !

O MAY, THY MORN.

On the 25th of January, 1792, Mrs. M'Lehose wrote a friendly letter to Burns, bidding him farewell, in anticipation of her immediate departure for Jamaica. She says: "Seek God's favor, keep his commandments, be solicitous to prepare for a happy eternity. There, I trust, we will meet in never-ending bliss!" She sailed in February in that vessel, the *Roselle*, in which Burns had intended to leave his country a few years before.

One of the final meetings of Burns and Clarinda is believed to be the subject-matter of the following song, which, however, must be regarded as a poetical rather than historical recital.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
 As the mirk night o' December,
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And secret was the chamber:
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember;
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that like oursel'
 Can push about the jorum;

And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them!
 And here's to them we darena name,
 The dearest o' the quorum;
 And here's to them we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.¹

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

In the course of the ensuing summer, while Mrs. M'Lehose was absent in the West Indies, the poet's feelings subsided into a comparative calm, and he then composed the following beautiful pastoral.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the
 braes,

¹ These lyrics could not have been written without an earnest, however temporary and transient, feeling on the part of the author; yet we conceive it would be a great mistake to accept them as a literal expression of the particular passion in which they originated, or a description of incidents to which that passion gave rise. We ought to make a considerable allowance for the extent to which the poet's mind is actuated by mere considerations of art and the desire of effect. In one there is a levity, and in others a tincture of *métier*, which are alike incompatible with our notions of this sentimental attachment. The *À Fond Kiss* appears in a different light. The tragic tale seems there concentrated in a wild gush of eloquence direct from the poet's heart.

What heart that feels and will not yield a tear
 To think life's sun did set ere well begun
 To shed its influence on thy bright career.
 O why should truest worth and genius pine,
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wo,
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

TUNE — *The Looking-glass.*

“ At that period [1792] a great deal of contraband traffic, chiefly from the Isle of Man, was going on along the coasts of Galloway and Ayrshire, and the whole of the revenue-officers from Gretna to Dumfries were placed under the orders of a superintendent residing in Annan, who exerted himself zealously in intercepting the descent of the smuggling vessels. On the 27th of February, a suspicious-looking brig was discovered in the Solway Firth, and Burns was one of the party whom the superintendent conducted to watch her motions. She got into shallow water the day afterwards, and the officers were enabled to discover that her crew were numerous, armed, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars, a brother exciseman, an intimate friend of our poet, was accordingly sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons; the

superintendent himself, Mr. Crawford, proceeded on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, and Burns was left with some men under his orders, to watch the brig, and prevent landing or escape. From the private journal of one of the excisemen — now in my hands — it appears that Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate to the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades hearing him abuse his friend *Leuars* in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the mean time would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them the well-known ditty." — LOCK HART. [See Appendix.]

THE deil cam fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries: "Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

• We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil
 That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

There's threesome reels, there's four- for three, ~~etc~~
 some reels,

There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!¹

BONNY LESLEY.

“Such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions
 of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley

¹ “Lewars arrived shortly after with his dragoons; and
 Burns, putting himself at their head, waded sword in hand to
 the brig, and was the first to board her. The crew lost heart,
 and submitted, though their numbers were greater than those
 of the assailing force. The vessel was condemned, and, with
 all her arms and stores, sold next day at Dumfries; upon
 which occasion, Burns, whose conduct had been highly com-
 mended, thought fit to purchase four carronades by way of
 trophy.” — LOCKHART.

Baillie, your neighbour at M[ayfield]. Mr. B., with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse — though, God knows, I could ill spare the time — and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with:

‘My bonny Lizzie Baillie,
I’ll rowe thee in my plaidie,’ etc.

So I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy, ‘unanoited; unannealed,’ as Hamlet says.” — *Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 22d Aug., 1792.*

O SAW ye bonny Lesley,
As she gaed owre the Border?
She’s gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;

Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee, hurt
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say "I canna wrang thee!"

The powers aboon will tent thee; care for
Misfortune sha' na steer thee; molest
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonny.¹

¹ Miss Lesley Baillie became Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and died in Edinburgh, July, 1843

APPENDIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

There may be some flaw in the anecdote so far as this poem is concerned. At least it seems certain that Burns had other prompting for the composition besides his impatience with Lewars, for not only do we see that it is general in its application, but it also had a decided prototype in a poem written many years before, and with which Burns might well be acquainted.

“ There lived, more than a century ago, a rhymer named Thomas Whittell, whose chief haunt was at East Shafto, in Northumberland, and who was buried at Hartburn in the same county, 19th April, 1736. His poems, as a ballad-book, have been extensively sold among the country people in the district in which he resided, and I have known them these sixty years. In 1815, they were published in a handsome form by Mr. William Robson, school-master of Morpeth, and from this copy I send you the following extract:—

“ Did you not hear of a new-found dance,
That lately was devised on,
And how the Devil was tired out
By dancing with an Exciseman ?

“ ‘ He toes, he trips, he skips, he leaps,
 As if he would bruise his thighs, man ;
 Sometimes the Devil made the better dance,
 And sometimes the Exciseman.

“ ‘ The music was an enchanted pipe,
 With which the piper plies on ;
 Betwixt them there was many a wipe, blow (‘
 The Devil was in the Exciseman.

“ ‘ For sarabands, antics, minuets, jigs,
 Or any dance you could devise on,
 Although the Devil did dance them well,
 He came not near the Exciseman.

“ ‘ They vaulted, leaped, and capers cut,
 As if they would mount the skies, man ;
 The Devil to all his trumps was put,
 To hold stick with the Exciseman.

“ ‘ The devil a dance e’er came from France,
 But he had them before his eyes, man ;
 Had you beheld, I’d have been felled,
 If you e’er saw one like the Exciseman.

“ ‘ It put the Devil beside his wits,
 Whene’er he saw him rise, man ;
 There was the Devil upon Two Sticks
 Betwixt him and the Exciseman.

“ ‘ They danced so long that from their snout
 Sweat drops like dew from the skies, man

The Devil ne'er had such a dancing-bout,
As this was with the Exciseman.

“ At last the Devil began to faint,
And saw he would lose the prize, man ;
And, like a dull jade that had a taint,
The other had cleared his eyes, man.

“ He stood like a mot,¹ and could not play toot,²
He could neither vault nor rise, man ;
But when the Devil was tired out,
He carried away the Exciseman.

“ He that will take such a revel,
For me shall have the prize, man ;
'Tis equal to me, I like to be civil,
Such company I despise, man.

“ For he that danceth with the Devil,
I count him not a wise man ;
His company is not fit for any,
Except it be an Exciseman.’”

*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Edward Riddle,
Greenwich, July, 1852.*

It seems fair to conjecture, that Whittell had written this rough ballad at the time when the Excise was instituted by Sir Robert Walpole, 1733.

¹ A mark for players at quoits.

² Devil (?)

1870

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ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

In August, 1792, Johnson published the fourth volume of his *Scots Musical Museum*, containing a number of songs by Burns, either wholly original, or improvements upon rude ditties of the olden time. Such as have not already been inserted in connection with particular dates and circumstances are here presented.

SWEET closes the eve on Craigieburn Wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow ;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn
Wood
Can yield me nothing but sorrow

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie, ~~beside~~
And oh, to be lying beyond thee !
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;

But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonny;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen, ~~death~~
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

The above, Burns himself tells us, was composed as a representation of the passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for a young lady named Lorimer [the Chloris of two years later], who had been born at Craigieburn Wood, a beautiful place near Moffat. The names of Gillespie and Lorimer are still to be seen inscribed on a pane in the poet's parlor window at Ellisland. As Miss Lorimer was born in 1775, she must have been only sixteen at most when wooed vicariously in these impassioned stanzas. It was not her destiny to become Mrs. Gillespie; but it was reserved for her to be the subject of many other lays by Burns, as will be learned more particularly further on. Burns afterwards altered and reduced the song of *Craigieburn Wood* into the following more correct, but also tamer form.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees
I hear the wild birds singing;

But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

AIR — *Carron Side.*

“Burns says of this song: ‘I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.’ The whole song, however, is in his own handwriting, and I have reason to believe it is all his own.” — *Stenhouse.*

FRAE the friends and land I love
Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best beloved I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;

Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
 Bring our banished hame again,
 And ilk loyal bonny lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

TUNE—*My Tocher's the Jewel.*

Although this song appears in the *Museum* with the name of Burns, Mrs. Begg affirms that it is in reality only an improvement by her brother upon an old song.

O MEIKLE thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvè I ken brawlie know well
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. portion

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an arle-penny, earnest, bait
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

TUNE — *What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man?*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young
 lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hoasts and he hirples the coughs — hobbles
 weary day lang ;

He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is **stupid**
frozen,

O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he **fumbles**
cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! **sorrow**

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-
break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new
pan.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

TUNE — *The Bonny Lad that's far awa'.*

“He took the first line, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song in Herd's collection, which begins: ‘How can I be blithe or glad, or in my mind contented be?’” — *Stenhouse.*

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw, **fine**
When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disowned me a';
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonny lad that's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been owre the lugs in love,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak thy heart could move.
 I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou are sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pou'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.¹

¹ Altered into the Scotch language by Burns from an English poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. Sir Robert's verses are as follow. —

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favors are but like the wind,
 That kisseth everything it meets;
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
 Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells!
 But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her scent no longer with her dwells.
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile, --
 Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside, --
 And I shall sigh while some wil smile:
 So see thy love for more than one
 Has brought thee to be loved by none.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE - *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.*

“This tune is by Oswald: the song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” — BURNS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the
Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes
on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Fortl's sunny
shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors
For there, by a lanely and sequestered stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my
dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my
path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow
strath; valley

F'or there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o
love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a
prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and
sighs !
And when wit and refinement hae polished her
darts,
They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, is the fond spar-
kling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in
her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—*The Moudiewort.*

“The subject of this song had a real origin: a young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection.” — *Stenhouse.*

CHORUS.

AND O for ane-and-twenty, Tam.

And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down, snub
And gar me llok like bluntie, Tam! a snivellet
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear, lump
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I needna spier, ask
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof, fool
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie — there's my loof — palm
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE — *The Sweet Lass that lo'es me.*

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel, dear to me
 O leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, comfortably
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! wraps — soft
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun, low
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal —
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot; thatchea

The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest: cool
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel', shed
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, wood-pigeons
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes, linnets
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay, landrall
 The pairrick whirrin' o'er the ley, partridge
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel, lodging—shed
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME.

Written when Lady Winifred Maxwell, the descendant of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, returned to Scotland and rebuilt Terregles House, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Captain Riddel of Glenriddel furnished the air to which Burns composed the verses.

'THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the Border,
 And they'll gae bigg Terregles towers, build
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terregles fair,
 For their abode they choose it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather.
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night of sorrow!

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—*The Country Lass.*

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield; *sheltered place*
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel, *shed*
 Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild, *age*
 "O guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae woers monie ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale *calmly*
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben: *well-stored house*
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; *cow-house*
 Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
 It's plenty beets the luvver's fire." *keeps up*

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;

He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luvè to spare for me.
 But blithe's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie Glen and a' his gear." money

" O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ; fight
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ; wisest way
 But aye fou han't is fechtin' best, full-handed— fighting
 A hungry care's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Then
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill." ale

" O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvè pleasant
 The gowd and siller canna buy.
 We may be poor — Robbie and I,
 Light is the burden luvè lays on ;
 Content and luvè brings peace and joy —
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ? "

FAIR ELIZA.

Burns composed this song to a Highland air which he found in Macdonald's collection. In the original manuscript, the name of the heroine is Rabina, which he is understood to have afterwards changed to Eliza, for reasons of taste. Mr. Stenhouse relates, that the verses were designed to embody the passion of a Mr. Hunter, a friend of the poet, towards a Rabina of real life, who, it would appear, was loved in vain. for the lover went to the West Indies, and there died soon after his arrival.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence,
 Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?

While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet snile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
 That thy presence gies to me.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE — *The Posie.*

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel
 be seen;
 O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has
 been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the
 wood sae green —
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the
year,

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my
dear ;

For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer —

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps
in view,

For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny
mou' ;

The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging
blue —

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,

And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily
there ;

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air —

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller
gray,

Where, like an aged man, it stands at break
of day ;

But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
tak away —

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening-star
 is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her
 e'en sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she
 fa's to wear — has a right
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o'
 luvie,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear
 by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
 ne'er remove —
 And this shall be a posie to my ain dear
 May.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed — never to return!

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvie stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.¹

WILLIE WASTLE.

TUNE — *The Eight Men of Moidart.*

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;

¹ This, it will be observed, is a second version of the ballad which Burns produced in 1787, upon the sad fate of Miss Peggy K——. Although none of Burns's songs has been more popular than this, one cannot but regret its superseding so entirely the original ballad, which in touching simplicity of expression is certainly much superior.

Willie was a wabster guid, weaver
 Could stown a clew wi' ony bodie. stolen
 He had a wife was dour and din, harsh and noisy
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but anc,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, besides
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller: deafen
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bough-houghed, she's hein-shinned,¹
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther — shoulder
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits, the cat
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin'; palm
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a wipes — pig-mouth
 hushion; cushion

¹ bow-legged: thin-shinned (?)

Her walie nieves like midden- huge fists — dung
 creels, baskets

Her face wad fyle the Logan Water —
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

THE SMILING SPRING.

TUNE — *The Bonny Bell.*

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonny blue are the sunny skies.
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the
 morning,
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near ;
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonny Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE — *The Weaver's March.*

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea, rolling
 By monie a flower and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

O I had woers aucht or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was feared my heart would tine, be lost
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band, dowry-bond
 To gie the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE — *She's Fair and Fause.*

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart, false
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear, fool — abundance
 And I hae tint my dearest dear; lost
 But woman is but world's gear,
 Sae let the bonny lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind:
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove, wonder
 A woman has't by kind. nature

O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share;
 'Twad been owre meikle to gien thee mair, have given
 I mean an angel mind.¹

¹ In a song, entitled *The Address*, which appears in *The Lark* (2 vols., 1765), there is a passage which perhaps suggested the thought in the fourth stanza of the above song:

'Twixt pleasing hope and painful fear
 True love divided lies;

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

“In the air *My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing*, if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov. 8, 1792.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,¹
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

With artless look and soul sincere,
 Above all mean disguise.
 For Celia thus my heart has moved
 Accept it, lovely fair;
 I've liked before, but never loved,
 Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,
 Sentence your willing slave;
 Remember that though tyrants slay
 Yet heavenly powers save.
 To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace,
 Let me a blessing find;
*And since you wear an angel's face,
 O show an angel's mind!*

¹ Manuscript — “She is a winsome wee thing.” The alteration was by Mr. Thomson.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine. be lost

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't, vexation
 The warsle and the care o't; wrestle
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE — *Katharine Ogie.*

“The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity.” — *Burns to Mr Thomson, 14th Nov. 1792.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie! muddy
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE
 ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT [NOV. 26, 1792].

In those days, the little theatre of Dumfries was pretty regularly open each winter, under the care of a Mr. Sutherland, whom we have already seen Burns patronizing while he resided at Ellisland. In the *corps dramatique* was a Miss Fontenelle, a smart and pretty little creature, who played Little Pickle in the *Spoiled Child*, and other such characters. Burns admired the performances of Miss Fontenelle, and was disposed to befriend her. We find him taxing his Muse in her behalf.

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
 While quacks of state must each produce his
 plan,

And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is — Protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward the impending storm

Our second Right — but needless here is caution
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion ;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it — 'tis Decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time when rough rude man had naughty
ways ;

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a
riot,

Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are
fled ;

Now, well-bred men — and you are all well-
bred —

Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.¹

¹ An ironical allusion to the annual saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt at Dumfries.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our
 dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the
 nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low pro-
 stration
 Most humbly own — 'tis dear, dear Admiration!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
 There taste that life of life — immortal love.
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares —
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
 But truce with kings and truce with constitu-
 tions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions:
 Let majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORA- TIONS OF THOMSON.

There can be no doubt that Burns here had in
 view the same affair which he had treated in so
 concoding a style in September of the preceding

year. In the interval, he had come to see it in its true light. (See p. 286 of vol. ii.)

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn!

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi mickle, mickle toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there, ~~clutched~~
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted —
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

TO MISS FONTENELLE, ON SEEING HER
IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE LEA-RIG.

TUNE—*The Lea-Rig.*

“On reading over *The Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it; and after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which Heaven knows, is poor enough.”—*Burns to Mr. Thomson.*

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo; *ewe-milking*

And owsen frae the furrowed field
 Return sae dowf and weary O; spent
 Down by the burn, where scented birks¹
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, joy, darling
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, grassy ridge
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour, darkest
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O, frightened
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.

Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae weary O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray, twilight
 It maks my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

December 1st, 1792.

¹ For "scented birks," in some copies "birken buds."

AULD ROB MORRIS.

Auld Rob Morris was written by Burns on the basis of a rude old ditty which appears in *Johnson's Museum*, and of which he retained only the two initial lines. The second stanza was designed as a description of Charlotte Hamilton. So Burns himself told Miss Dunlop, who communicated the fact to Major Adair, Charlotte's son, who again is my informant.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in dwells
 yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale choice
 o' auld men ;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and
 kine,
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May
 She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay ;
 As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
 yard ;

A wooer like me maunna hope to
 come speed, succeed
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my
 dead. death

The day comes to me, but delight brings me
 nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled alone
 ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my
 breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon
 me !
 O how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray is likewise composed on the basis,
 and to the tune, of a rude old song in *Johnson's Mu-*
seum, the name of the hero being alone retained.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

On blithe Yule-night when we were fou', mellow
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh, askant — coy
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; made — aloof
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleechd, and Duncan prayed; flattere-
 Ha, ha, etc.;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,¹
 Ha, ha, etc.
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Gret his een baith bleert and blin', wept — bleared
 Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn; waterfall
 Ha, ha, etc.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, etc.;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, etc.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die? hussy
 She may gae to — France for me!
 Ha, ha, etc.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, etc.;
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal, well
 Ha, ha, etc.

¹ A well-known rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And oh, her een, they spak sic things !
Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, etc. ;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smooed his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith ; merry and happy
Ha, ha, etc.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA'.

TUNE— *Here's a Health to them that's awa'.*

Burns had continued to sympathize with the French, notwithstanding all blots in their reforming career. He did not hesitate in company to express an unfavorable opinion of the warlike policy about to be adopted by the English ministry, and to avow his persevering desire of those reforms which had long been demanded by the Whig party. He would even, in the heat of discourse, denounce public men in terms far less remarkable for their justice than their vehemence and severity. It is to be feared also that he gave voice to some of his feelings in the form which was the most apt to obtain currency for them, and thus expose their author. From the allusions, it seems highly probable that he at this time threw off the following song, complimentary to the leaders of the reforming party in the House of Commons.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish guid-luck to our cause,
 May never guid-luck be their fa'! 101
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa'
Here's a health to Charlie,¹ the chief o' the
clan,

Although that his band be sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine in the mist, be lost
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie,² the Norland
laddie,

That lives at the lug o' the law! ear
Here's freedom to him that wad read!
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever feared that the truth should
be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';

¹ Charles James Fox. Buff and blue formed his well-known livery at the Westminster elections, and came to be an ensign of the Whig party generally.

² The Hon. Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth
 gowd,¹
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on both sides of the Forth!
 And friends on both sides of the Tweed!
 And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread!

SONG.

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*²

Mr. Gilbert Burns, in his memoranda as to heroines, written for Mr. Thomson, places opposite *Poortith Cauld* — “A Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs. Whiter of Liverpool.” In the manuscript, Mr. Thomson makes a pencil-note in the margin — “These verses, I humbly think, have too much of uneasy and cold reflection for the air, which is pleasing and rather gay than otherwise.” The letter having apparently been returned to Burns, he adds: “The objections are just, but I cannot make it better. The *stuff* won't

¹ M'Leod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, at this time M. P. for the county of Inverness.

² This song is usually sung to the tune of *I had a Horse, I had nae mair*.

bear mending ; yet, for private reasons, I should like to see it in print."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love, poverty
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

This world's wealth, when I think on
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't, rest
 Fie, fie on silly coward man
 That he should be the slave o't!
 O why, etc.

Her een sae bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye ; *burden of her song*
 She talks of rank and fashion !
 O why, etc.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 O why, etc.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!¹
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state, phantoms
 Can never make them eerie. fearful
 O why, etc.

GALA WATER.²

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander through the blooming heather;

¹ In the original manuscript, "How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate."

² Some years before composing the present beautiful song Burns had given to the *Scots Musical Museum* the following improved version of the original homely ballad, which, it may be mentioned, referred not to the lads, but to a *lass* of Gala Water:—

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
 O braw lads of Gala Water!
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, smooth
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', —
 The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss amang the heather,

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, woods
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better; above
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I hae na meikle tocher; great dowry
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water. tend

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; bought
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 That cost her monie a blirt and blear ee. cry

SONNET:

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF
THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORN-
ING-WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient
skies!

Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with
thee I'll share.

LORD GREGORY.

“The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work.¹ His *Gregory* is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same sub-

¹ “The song of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) on the same subject, is as follows: —

“‘ Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar
And lightnings cleave the skies.’

“‘ Who comes with woe at this drear night —
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.’

“‘ Alas! thou heard’st a pilgrim mourn,
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav’st to love and me.

“‘ But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I’ll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow
Far kinder than thy heart.’

It is but doing justice to Dr. Wolcot, to mention that his song is the original. Mr. Burns saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject, which is derived from the old Scottish ballad of uncertain origin.” — CURRIE.

ject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter — that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the Ballad simplicity in it.
— *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 26th January, 1793.*

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonny Irwine side,
Where first I owned that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

VOL. III.

WANDERING WILLIE.

An imaginary address of Clarinda to her husband, from whom she had received overtures of reconciliation.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our part-
 ing,
 It wasna the blast brought the tear in my
 ee;
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my
 Willie —
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave of your slum-
 bers,
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
 Awaken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! roll
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my
 arms!

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide-roaring
 main!

May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!¹

March, 1793.

¹“Your *Here awa'*, *Willie* must undergo some alterations to suit the air. Mr. Erskine and I have been conning it over; he will suggest what is necessary to make them a fit match.”
 — *Mr. Thomson to Burns, 2d April, 1793.*

Wandering Willie, as altered by Mr. Erskine and Mr. Thomson:—

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and caul' at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Blow soft, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But on, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanzie,
 Flow still between us, thou dark-heaving main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 While, dying, I think that my Willie's my ain.

Our poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows:—

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;

Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie —
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

“From the original song of *Here awa', Willie*, Burns has borrowed nothing but the second line and part of the first. The superior excellence of this beautiful poem will, it is hoped, justify the different editions of it which we have given.” — CURRIE.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

“O OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
O open the door to me, oh!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
O open the door to me, oh!

“Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

“The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!”

She has opened the door, she has opened it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
“My true love!” she cried, and sank down by his
side,
Never to rise again, oh!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

IN this song, Burns meant a compliment to Miss Janet Staig, second daughter of the Provost of Dumfries, and subsequently the wife of Major William Miller, one of the sons of the poet's former landlord. Mrs. Miller must have now been a very young lady, for her monument in Dumfries church-yard states that she died in March 1801, at the early age of twenty-six.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the
 Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the
 Ayr ;
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding
 river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland¹ all over
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain :
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

¹ Burns had written "Scotia," which Mr. Thomson altered to "Scotland."

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law ;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger —
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a' !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.¹

TUNE— *The Mill, Mill O!*

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,

¹ "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window: of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures, after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for *The Mill, Mill O!*" — *Correspondent of Mr. George Thomson.* Mill-Mannoch, a sweet pastoral scene on the Coyl, near Coylton Kirk, is supposed to have been the spot where the poet imagined the rencontre of the soldier and his mistress to have taken place.

Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
 And monie a widow mourning,¹
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth —
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstained wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coyl,
 I thought upon my Nancy;
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen
 Where early life I sported;
 I passed the mill, and trysting-thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turned me round to hide the flood
 That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,

¹ Variation —

"And eyes again with pleasure beamed,
 That had been bleared with mourning."¹⁹

O happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forgèt him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed — she reddened like a rose —
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quc' she, "My grandsire left me gowd.

A mailen plenished fairly; farm
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR — O Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack?

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' fool — lump
 siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;

The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl; ¹—
 She's left the guidfellow and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and offers a
 loving;

The Laird did address her wi' matter more
 moving,

A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!

And wae on the love that is fixed on a
 mailen!

estate

A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl! ²

YESTREEN I GOT A PINT OF WINE.

"*Shepherds, I have lost my Love!*" is to me a heavenly air—what would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it? I have made one to it, a good while ago,

¹ A poor little creature.

² The poet had retouched an old song of this name for *Johnson's Museum* in 1788. It appeared in the sixth volume, as 'written for this work by Robert Burns,' but is so rude and wretched a production, that we cannot believe many words of it to have been supplied by so masterly a pen.

which I think * * *, but in its original state it is not quite a lady's song. I enclose an altered, not amended, copy for you, if you choose to set the tune to it, and let the Irish verses follow."— *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 7th April, 1793.*

Mr. Thomson, it appears, did not approve of this song, even in its altered state. It does not appear in the correspondence; but it is probably one which stands in his manuscripts as follows:

YESTREEN I got a pint of wine,
 A place where body saw na;
 Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss honey
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah:
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An empress or sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa', thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO DESPOTS, DU-
 MOURIER.

Burns was not quite a silent and complying observer of the war carried on against the patriotic party in France.

When General Dumourier, after unparalleled victories, deserted the army of the Republic, April 5, 1793, only prevented by narrow accidents from betraying his troops into the hands of the enemy, some one expressing joy in the event where Burns was present, he chanted almost extempore the following verses to the tune of *Robin Adair*.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
 You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.
 How does Dampierre do?
 Ay, and Beurnonville too?¹
 Why did they not come along with you, Du-
 mourier?

¹ Dampierre was one of Dumourier's generals, whom he expected to desert along with him. Beurnonville was an

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Du-
 mourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damned, no doubt — Dumourier.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The sentiments expressed in this song are not pleasing. They hint at a discreditable passion, in which no pure mind could possibly sympathize ; therefore they must be held as unfitted for song. It can scarcely be doubted that they were suggested by some roving sensations of the bard towards the too-witching Mrs. Riddell, though that these bore no great proportion to the

emissary of the Convention, so much his friend that he had similar hopes of him, which, however, were disappointed. The latter person lived to figure in the crisis of the Restoration in 1814.

mere *métier* of the artist aiming at a certain literary effect is equally probable. It will be found that Burns afterwards made considerable alterations in the song.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 And left Maria's dwelling,
 What throes, what tortures passing cure,
 Were in my bosom swelling;
 Condemned to see my rival's reign,
 While I in secret languish;
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
 Fain, fain my crime would cover:
 The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
 Betray the guilty lover.
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
 But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
 For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
 Till fears no more had saved me.
 The unwary sailor thus aghast
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 In circling horrors yields at last
 In overwhelming ruin!

April, 1798.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE— *Liggeram Cosh.*

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:
 Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring;
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glower, can—stare
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws throcs
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

June, 1793.

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE — *Logan Water*.¹

“Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollected the air of *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything

¹ The air of *Logan Water* is old, and there are several old songs to it. Immediately before the rise of Burns, Mr. John Mayne, who afterwards became known for a poem, entitled the *Siller Gun*, wrote a very agreeable song to the air, beginning,

“By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep.”

It was published in the *Star* newspaper, May 23, 1739. Burns having heard that song, and supposing it to be an old composition, adopted into the above a couplet from it, which he admired —

“While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.”

at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 25th June, 1793.*

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, since
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear, clouded
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
 Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn-bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his songs her cares beguile:
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?¹
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

“Do you know the following beautiful little fragment, in Witherspoon's collection of Scots songs?”

“AIR—*Hughie Graham.*”

“O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

“O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night

Originally—

“Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.”

Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light! frightened

“This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following.

“The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet who knows anything of his trade will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 25th June, 1793.*

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed

BONNY JEAN.

“ I have just finished the following ballad, and, as I lo think it in my best style, I send it you.

“ The heroine is Miss Macmurdo, daughter to Mr. Macmurdo of Drumlanrig. I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 2d July, 1793.*

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen ;
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie :
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ; ~~linnel~~
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;

And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown. ^{leat}

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.¹

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whispered thus his tale o' love:

¹ "In the original manuscript, our poet asks Mr. Thomson if this stanza is not original." — CURRIE.

“O Jeanie fair, I lo’e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie’s cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi’ me? *tend*

“At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, *cow-house*
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi’ me.”

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na;
 At length she blushed a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

“I have tried my hand on *Robin Adair*, and, you will probably think, with little success; but it is so a cursed, cramped, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it.” — *Burns to Thomson, August, 1793.*

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fanned the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,

Forth I did fare :
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peeped o'er the mountains high ;
 Such thy morn ! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share ;
 While yon wild-flowers among,
 Chance led me there :
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
 Doves cooing were ;
 I marked the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
 So kind may fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.¹

¹ "So much for namby-pamby. I may, after all, try my hand on it in Scots verse. There I always find myself most at home." — *B.*

Buens is understood to have, in *Phillis the Fair*, represented the tender feelings which *Clarke* entertained towards *Miss Philadelphia M. Murdo*, one of his pupils. This lady afterwards became *Mrs. Norman Lockhart*, of *Carnwath*.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

“That crinkum-crankum tune, *Robin Adair*, has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured, in this morning’s walk, one essay more. You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend *Cunningham’s* story, which happened about three years ago.¹ That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice as follows.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1793.*

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves’ dashing roar,
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne’er to wake more!

Fairest of womankind! canst thou declare
 All thy fond-plighted vows fleeting as air!
 To thy new lover lie,
 Laugh o’er thy perjury;
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

¹ *Cunningham* had wooed a young lady of many personal attractions; but, on another lover presenting himself, with some superior pretensions of an extrinsic character, she deserted the poet’s friend with a degree of coolness which seems to have for the time excited great and general surprise.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO
ROVE.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

“I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up *Allan Water, What Numbers shall the Muse repeat, &c.*, as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style. You must know that in *Ramsay’s Tea-Table*, where the modern song first appeared, the ancient name of the tune, Allan says, is *Allan Water, or My Love Annie’s very Bonny*. This last has certainly been a line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you will see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume it formerly occupied.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1793.*

BY Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready.
I listened to a lover’s sang,
And thought on youthfu’ pleasures monie;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang —
Oh, dearly do I love thee Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said: "I'm thine for ever!"
 While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery through her shortening day,
 Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY
 LAD.

TUNE—*Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.*

() WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
) whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be gate
 a-jee; ajar

Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty undervalue
 a wee;

But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.¹

August, 1793.

¹ The two first stanzas of this song had appeared in the second volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER

TUNE. — *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily, —
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

But, beauty, how frail and how fleeting —
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.

August, 1793.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY
 BREAST.

AIR— *Could Kail.*

“The last stanza of this song I send you is the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots reel in *Johnson's Museum*.” —
Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1793.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;

And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur.
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy e'en sae bonny blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

"My dear sir, I have written you already by to-day's post, where I hinted at a song of mine which might suit *Dainty Davie*. I have been looking over another and a better song of mine in the *Museum*, which I have altered as follows, and which I am persuaded will please you." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1793.*

The tune of *Dainty Davie* had been in Burns's hands some years before, when he composed to it a song with the awkward burden, *The Gardener wi' his Paidle*.¹

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe, knc
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple Morning starts the hare,
'To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

¹ See vol. ii. p. 241.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE — *Hey, tuttie taitie.*

“ There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland — that it [the air *Hey, tuttie taitie*] was Robert Bruce’s march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight’s evening-walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot’s address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept. 1793.*

SCOTS, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !

Now’s the day, and now’s the hour ;
 See the front o’ battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward’s power —
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward’s grave ?

Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die!¹

¹“So may God ever defend the cause of truth and liberty as He did that day! Amen.

“*P. S.* — I shewed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, *not quite so ancient*, roused my rhyming mania.” — *B.*

BEHOLD THE HOUR!

TUNE — *Oran Gaoil.*

This piece, though sent Mr. Thomson in September, 1793, as “glowing from the mint,” is only slightly altered from a song dedicated to Clarinda nearly two years before.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!

Thou goëst, thou darling of my heart!
Severed from thee, can I survive?

But fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,

Yon distant isle will often hail:
“E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest marked her vanished sail.”

Along the solitary shore,

While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,

I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,

Where now my Nancy's path may be!

While through thy sweets she loves to stray,

Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

“*Down the Burn, Davie* — I have this moment tried an alteration, leaving out the last half of the third stanza, and the first half of the last stanza.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept. 1793.*

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With “Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?”
Quoth Mary: “Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you.”

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE — *Fee him, Father.*

“*Fee him, Father* — I enclose you Fraser’s set of this tune when he plays it slow : in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas, in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which ‘Patie Allan’s mither died — that was about the back o’ midnight,’ and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had upset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the Muse.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept. 1793.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie ! thou hast left
me ever ;

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie ! thou hast left
me ever :

Aften hast thou vowed that death only should
us sever ;

Now thou’st left thy lass for aye — I maun see
thee never, Jamie,

I’ll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie! thou hast me
 forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie! thou hast me
 forsaken:
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is
 breaking;
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close — never mair to
 waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken!¹

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Altered to suit the air *Lewie Gordon*, at the instance of Mr. Thomson.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcomꝰ to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!

¹ It is surprising that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns's substitute song is scarcely ever sung.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Edward ! chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn, and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !¹

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be — shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do or die !²

¹ This verse stood when the change was first made :

“Sodger ! hero ! on wi' me !”

² “ I have borrowed the last stanza from the common *stanza* addition of Wallace —

“ A false usurper sinks in every foe,
 And liberty returns with every blow.”

A couplet worthy of Homer.” — *B*

WHERE ARE THE JOYS ?

TUNE — *Saw ye my Father ?*

This song as first written was sprinkled with a few Scottish words.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morn-
ing,

That danced to the lark's early song ?

Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild-woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair ;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near ?
No, no ! the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me; my griefs are immortal;
Not¹ hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamoured and fond of my anguish
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

September, 1793.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE — *My Jo Janet.*

“HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
No longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.”

“One of us two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?”

¹ Sc in manuscript — hitherto always printed *Nor*

“If ’tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I’ll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-by allegiance !”

“Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I’ll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I’m near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.”

“I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I’ll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.”

“I’ll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.”

APOLOGY TO MR. RIDDEL FOR A RUDE-
NESS OFFERED HIS WIFE.

From whatever considerations, known or unknown,
Mr. and Mrs. Riddel were unforgiving, though the
breach did not become quite desperate at first.

THE friend whom wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray) —
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive? —
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

Time passed on, and the original breach was probably made wider by the tittle-tattle of injudicious friends. Certain it is that Burns became deeply incensed against this pair of ancient friends, and stooped to express his rancor in strains truly unworthy of at least his heart, if not his head. It was in the following style that he lampooned the once admired Maria — a woman whom he had described as one of real talent, and who undoubtedly was so.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge
lately glistened!

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft
tired,

How dull is that ear which to flattery so
listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection re-
moved,

How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a
 tear;
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
 And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly
 flower,
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle
 weed;
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 For none e'er approached her but rued the
 rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the
 lay;
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
 There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from
 his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's
 beam:
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.¹

¹ "With the profoundest respect for your abilities; the most sincere esteem and ardent regard for your gentle heart and amiable manners; and the most fervent wish and prayer for

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

The dramatic company which occasionally had a season in the little theatre behind the George Inn in Dumfries, was headed by Mr. James Williamson; and this hero had, like Burns, been admitted into the jocund circle at Woodley Park, [Mr. Riddel's]. Our poet had happened at this time to hear of a most extraordinary adventure having befallen Williamson and his associates, while performing at Whitehaven. The "bad Earl of Lonsdale" had committed the whole company to prison there as vagrants!¹ Here were two favorite aversions of Burns brought into excitement at once, for he hated the Cumbrian lord with a perfect hatred, a feeling in which he was not singular. Fructifying upon the offence of Maria and the despotism of Lonsdale together, he conceived the idea of the following epistle, as from Williamson in his Whitehaven prison to the lady whose society he had lately enjoyed.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;²

your welfare, peace, and bliss—I have the honour to be
madam, your most devoted humble servant, R. B.''

Letter to Mrs. Riddel.

¹ See a communication in the *Kendal Mercury*, July 10, 1859

² In these dread solitudes and awful cells,

Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells, etc.

Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more;
 Where tiny thieves not destined yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I
 date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"¹
 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
 Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy
 polled,
 By barber woyen, and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest
 care,
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
 Or haughty chieftain. 'mid the din of arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
 While sans culottes stoop up the mountain
 high,

¹ Lyttelton's Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*, spoken by Mr. Quin.

And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
 I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,¹
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
 The crafty colonel² leaves the tartaned lines
 For other wars, where he a hero shines;
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's³ heart without the head,
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
 The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich
 hulks;
 (Though there, his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:)
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.

¹ The poet here enumerates several of Mrs. Riddel's visiting-friends. "Gillespie" has been noted as the name of the Irish gentleman first alluded to.

² Colonel M'Dowall, of Logan, noted as the Lothario of his county during many long years.

³ Burns alludes in this poem to a family which in his day occupied a conspicuous place in Dumfriesshire society. Mr. John Bushby had raised himself to wealth and importance, first as a solicitor, and afterwards as a banker. The person referred to in these lines was Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John Bushby, then a young advocate, and supposed to be by no means the equal of his father in point of intellect.

(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom
 when

He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
 Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine —
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even the abuse of poesy abused?
 Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)

A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my racked repose:
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep —
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of
 yore,
 And vermined gipsies littered heretofore!
 Why Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants
 pour?

Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate these
 worse;

The vices also, must they club their cure?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?
 Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares;

In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
 And dare the war with all of woman born:
 For who can write and speak as thou and I—
 My periods that deciphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers
 all reply?

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.¹

TUNE — *Lass of Inverness.*

The first half-stanza of this song is from an older composition, which Burns here improved upon.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;

The songs wholly, or almost wholly, by Burns, furnished for the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, now follow, as far as p. 112.

For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.
Drumossie Moor — Drumossie-day —
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be!
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE — *Graham's Strathspey.*

O MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luv'e's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my lonny lass,
 So deep in luvè am I;
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare-thee-weel, my only luvè!
 And fare-thee-weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.¹

¹ This song was written by Burns as an improvement upon a street ditty, which Mr. Peter Buchan says was composed by a Lieutenant Hinchey, as a farewell to his sweetheart, when on the eve of parting. Various versions of the original song are given in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns, including one from a stall sheet containing six excellent new songs, which Mr. Motherwell conjectures to have been printed about 1770, and of which his copy bore these words on its title, in a childish scrawl believed to be that of the Ayrshire bard, "Robine Burns aught this buik and no other." A version more elegant than any of these was communicated to me by the late Mr. Robert Hogg in 1823:

O fare-thee-well, my own true love,
 O fare-thee-well a while;
 But I'll come back and see thee, love,
 Though I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand mile is a long, long way,
 When from me you are gone;

You leave me here to lament and sigh,
But you never can hear my moan.

Though all our friends should never be pleased —
They are grown so lofty and high —
I never will break the vows I have made,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

Till the stars fall from the sky, my love,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I'll aye prove true to thee, my love,
Till all these things are done.

Do you not see yon turtle-dove
That sits on yonder tree?
It is making its moan for the loss of its love,
As I shall do for thee.

Now fare-thee-well, my dearest love,
Till I return on shore;
And thou shalt be my only love,
Though it were for evermore.

It is worth while thus to preserve one or two of the original songs on which Burns improved, if only to mark the vastness of the improvement.

A VISION.

A favorite walk of Burns during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising-ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden Water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount, to the south of the Church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the "Calvary" of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembers to have been a favorite resting-place of the poet.

Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints — for more than a hint could not be ventured upon — his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,

Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,¹
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; awe-inspiring
Athort the lift they start and shift, athwart
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win. lost as won

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.²

¹ Variation —

To join yon river on the Strath.

² Variation —

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reared;
When, lo! in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appeared.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posy — "Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might roused the slumb'ring dead to hear;
 But oh! it was a tale of wo,
 As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping wailed his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play —
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE — *Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to
 me?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers
may be ;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

— SING — Louis, what reck I by thee ?

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me, **Bankrupt**
I reign in Jeanie's bosom !

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me —
Kings and nations, swith, awa' ! **quick**
Reif randics, I disown ye ! **Thief-beggars**

SOMEBODY!

TUNE — *For the sake of Somebody.*

“The whole of this song was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay’s song to the same tune.” — STENHOUSE.

MY heart is sair — I dare na tell —
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake of somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-bey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o’ somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody!
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I wad do — what wad I not?
 For the sake o’ somebody!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

AIR — *The Sutor's Tochter.*

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee,
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie!
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me.
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE — *Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*

Polly Stewart was the daughter of a certain Willie Stewart, on whom Burns wrote some impromptu stanzas. She was reared in comfortable circumstances, a few miles from Burns's residence at Ellisland, and was married to a gentleman of large property. Sad to relate of one for whom Burns promised that worth and truth would give her eternal youth, this poor woman fell aside from the path of honor, and sunk into the most humble circumstances in her old age. It was stated a few years ago, that she lived as "a poor lavender" (to use a phrase of Barbour's) in Maxwelltown. She is believed to have subsequently died in France.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's not a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art.
 The flower, it blows, it fades, and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart ;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart !
O charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.¹

TUNE — *At Setting Day.*

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell, in laboured strains,
O Mary, how I love thee !
They who but feign a wounded heart
May teach the lyre to languish ;

¹ The air to which Burns wrote this song, was the production of Dr. Samuel Howard, organist of St. Clement's Danes in the middle of the last century. It was composed for Ramsay's song, *At Setting Day and Rising Morn*, and in this connection attained some popularity.

But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read the imploring lover!
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising,
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of nature prizing.

WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—*Wae is my Heart.*

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me;
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my
ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved,
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved

But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my
 breast,
 I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I hae been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonny castle
 green!
 For there be is wand'ring, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY
 LASS.

TUNE — *Laggan Burn.*

HERE'S to thy health, my bonny lass,
 Guid-night, and joy be wi' thee;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee:
 I vow and swear I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry,

I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try ilka means,
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,
 Depending on some higher chance —
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me ;
 But I'm as free as any he ;
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae long as I'll enjoy it ;
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them ;
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am. worse
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines
 bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.¹

TUNE — *Bonny Mary.*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But, ah! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair!
 Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair
 So much in sight of heaven.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS
 UPON'T.

* * * *

Out ower yon muir, out ower yon moss.
 Whare gor-cocks through the heather moor-cocks
 pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonny lass, lives
 A lily in a wilderness.

¹ This song, with the four which follow it, were contributed by Burns to the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, published in 1803.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns ;
 The diamond dew is her e'en sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims

• • • •

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

TUNE — *Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss.*

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss
 O'er the mountains he is gane,
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !
 Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be !
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet; barefoot
But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. above

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF GLENRIDDEL.

It is not of course to be supposed that Burns was to mend his breach with the family at Woodley Park by lampooning the lady. Nor did the evil stop here. Very naturally, the good couple at Carse, by whose fireside he had spent so many happy evenings, took part with their friends at Woodley; and most sad it is to relate, that "the worthy Glenriddel, deep read in old coins," adopted sentiments of reprobation and aversion towards the Bard of the Whistle.

In April, the Laird of Carse died, unreconciled to our poet, who, remembering only his worth and former kindness, immediately penned an elegiac sonnet on the sad event. It was done on the spur of a first impulse — the sonnet being completed so early as to appear in the local newspaper, beneath the announcement of Glenriddel's death.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
 Nor pour your descant grating on my soul!
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant
 stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest
 roar!

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
 That strain flows round the untimely tomb where
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo,
 And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier;
 The Man of Worth, and hath not left his peer,
 Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others
 greet;
 Me, memory of my loss will only meet!

THE BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE — *The Banks of Cree.*

“ I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls *The Banks of Cree*. Cree is a beautiful romantic stream; and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it.” — *Burns to Mr Thomson, May, 1794.*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade;

The village-bell has tolled the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear! —
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come? — and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

“I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General

Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus: "— [*Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 25th June, 1794.*]

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace
 lies!

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in freedom's war,
 That went to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of"—

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring;
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Crushed the despot's proudest bearing;
 One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, power-
 less age.

FROM BURNS'S LAST LETTER TO CLARINDA.

“ You must know, my dearest madam, that these now many years, wherever I am, in whatever company, when a married lady is called as a toast, I constantly give you; but as your name has never passed my lips, even to my most intimate friend, I give you by the name of Mrs. Mac. This is so well known among my acquaintances, that when any married lady is called for, the toast-master will say: ‘ Oh, we need not ask him who it is: here’s Mrs. Mac!’ I have also, among my convivial friends, set on foot a round of toasts, which I call a round of Arcadian Shepherdesses — that is, a round of favourite ladies, under female names celebrated in ancient song; and then you are my Clarinda. So, my lovely Clarinda, I devote this glass of wine to a most ardent wish for your happiness.”

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.

• Wronged, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest;

The mocked quotation of the scorner’s jest” —
Let Prudence’ direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o’erpays them all.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THOMSON'S
MELODIES, PRESENTED TO A LADY.

“I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine — Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank-side of the title-page the following address to the young lady.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, July, 1794.*

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives:
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song;

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of wo reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France?
 I watna what's the name o't;
 Around it a' the patriots dance,
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
 It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
 A prison built by kings, man,
 When Superstition's hellish brood
 Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;
 It raises man aboon the brute,
 It maks him ken himsel', man.
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak us a' content, man.

It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low guid friends, man;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part,
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil, stole
 Frae yont the western waves, man. beyond
 Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
 And grat to see it thrive, man. wept
 King Loui' thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man;
 For this the watchman cracked his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.
 Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,

But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man ;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man ;
The hirelings ran — her foes gied chase,
And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man ;
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man :
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' wo, man ;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man ;
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man ;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man ;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man ;
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;
And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.¹

¹ Originally printed in the People's Edition of Burns (1840) from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. James Duncan Mosesfield, Glasgow.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE— *O'er the Hills, etc.*

“ The last evening, as I was straying out, and thinking of *O'er the Hills and far away*, I spun the following stanza for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in store, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave, my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a flimsy business.”—*Burns to Mr. Thomson, 30th August, 1794*

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can — I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet!
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

CA THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

“ I am flattered at your adopting *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head.”—
Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept., 1794.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, drive the ewes
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie!

Hark! the mavis' evening-sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
 Through the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear; goblin
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart; stolen
 I can die — but canna part,
 My bonny dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea; meander
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie; gleams
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
 Ye shall be my dearie.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE— Onagh's Lock.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue:
 Her smiling, sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his wo;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
 When first her bonny face I saw;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and graceful air;
 Ilk feature — auld nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair

Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moor
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang,
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By winpling burn and leafy ^{meandering}
 shaw, ^{grove}
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

Sept., 1794.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

TUNE — *When she cam ben she bobbit.*

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

Oct., 1794.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

“*How long and dreary is the Night!* — I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air, I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew, as you will find on the other page.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 19th Oct., 1794.*

How long and dreary is the night
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
 And oh, her dreams are eerie! *scarfa*
 And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
 The joyless day, how dreary!
 It was na sae ye glinted by, *passed quickly*
 When I was wi' my dearie!

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE — *Duncan Gray.*

“ These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. [In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch.] I have been at

Duncan Gray, to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson*, 19th Oct., 1794.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change ;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow ;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why, then, ask of silly Man
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can —
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING-SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE — *Deil tak the Wars.*

These verses were inspired by "CHLORIS," the theme of a considerable number of Burns's songs at this period. Chloris was Jean Lorimer, daughter of a substantial farmer in the neighborhood of Dumfries, with whom Burns lived in intimate relations. She was at this time (Oct., 1794) just nineteen years of age, and was living apart from a spendthrift husband, of the name of Whelpdale, who had persuaded her into a Gretna Green marriage the year before. Her subsequent life was extremely unhappy. She is described as uncommonly beautiful, both in form and face.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which nature

Waters wi' the tears o' joy.

Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,

Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;

The lintwhite in his bower

linnet

Chants o'er the breathing flower;

The lav'rock to the sky

Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,

While the sun and thou arise to bless the day

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladd'ning and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;
 But when in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravished sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart —
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy!¹

¹ Variation:

Now to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain,
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
 In twining hazel-bowers
 His lay the linnet pours;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

When frae my Chloris parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er cast my sky
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart —
 'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy! — CURRIE.

THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day;
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay.
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa'!
 Yet Maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow! nae kindly thowe head—thaw
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,¹ old age
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh, Age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

Oct., 1794.

¹ Without bush or shelter.

TO CHLORIS.

INSCRIBED IN A BOOK PRESENTED TO HER

Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few:

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower:)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part:

And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove :
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

TUNE — *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

“In my last, I told you my objections to the song you had selected for *My Lodging is on the cold Ground*. On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris — that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration — she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song. It is exactly in the measure of *My dearie, an thou die*, which you say is the precise rhythm of the air.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov., 1794.*

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw. birchen wood

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love —
But 'tis na love like mine.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

“Despairing of my own powers to give you variety enough in English songs, I have been turning over old collections, to pick out songs of which the measure is something similar to what I want; and, with a little alteration, so as to suit the rhythm of the air exactly to give you them for your work. Where the songs have hitherto been but little noticed, nor have ever been set to music, I think the shift a fair one. A song which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay’s *Tea-table Miscellany*, I have cut down for an English dress to your *Dainty Davie*, as follows. — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov., 1794.*

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay;
One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o’er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloë, charming Chloë,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloë.

The feathered people, you might see
Perched all around on every tree ;
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloë ;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrivalled by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloë.¹

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie's Rant.*

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks, flaxen
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,

¹ "You may think meanly of this, but take a look at the combast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it." — *Burns.*

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea, ~~clothes~~
And a' is young and sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Nov., 1794

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WIND-
ING FLOWS.

It will be observed that this is a new and improved version of the song sent in April of the preceding year, beginning, *The last Time I came o'er the Moor*. The change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs. Riddel, and Burns's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable to him. One only can wonder that, with his new and painful associations regarding that lady, he could endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the world.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling:
 Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
 But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer —
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist, while it enslaved me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
 Till fears no more had saved me.
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

Nov., 1794.

PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE — *The Sow's Tail*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
 When roving through the gathered hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; 1000
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

Nov. 19 1794.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE — *Lumps o' Pudding.*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, merry
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care, meet
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along, slap
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld pail — ale
 Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught: fight
 My mirth and good-humour are coin in my
 pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch
 dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be twelvemonth
 my fa', fate
 A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers makes up for
 it a':

When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stumble
 stoyte on her way; totter
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gasp.

Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or
pain,

My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome
again!"

Nov. 19, 1794.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE — *Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward —
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear —
But not a love like mine, my Katy.¹

Nov. 19, 1794

¹ This song is a poetical expression of the more gentle feeling Burns was now beginning to entertain towards Mrs. Ridd.

del. Burns could not write verses on any woman without unaging her as a mistress, past, present, or potential. He accordingly treats the breach of friendship which had occurred between him and the fair hostess of Woodley Park, as a falling away on her part from constancy in the tender passion. It appears, moreover, that he sent the song to Mrs. Riddel, as a sort of olive-branch, and that she did not receive it in an unkindly spirit, though probably without forgetting that the bard had wounded her delicacy. She answered the song in the same strain, and sent her own piece to Burns, for it was found by Currie amongst his papers after his death.

STAY, MY WILLIE, YET BELIEVE ME.

Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
 Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
 For, ah! thou know'st na' every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
 And when this heart proves fause to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

But to think I was betrayed,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilefu' serpent under!

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,
 I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
 That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
 Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
 For, ah! thou know'st na' every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

“A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, January, 1795*

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,¹
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!

¹ A similar thought occurs in Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer* which Burns probably never saw: “I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears.”

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, follow
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that. fool

For a' that, and a' that.
 His ribbon, star, and a' that ;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might, above
 Guid faith, he maunna fa'¹ that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank² than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
 As come it will for a' that —
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that. supremacy

¹ Claim that to be dependent on his sanction.

² Usually printed 'ranks,' but so in manuscript.

For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

“Do you know an air — I am sure you must know it — *We'll gang nae mair to yon town?* I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye, to whom I would consecrate it. Try it with this dog-grel — until I give you a better.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 7th February, 1795.*

This song will be found, complete, further on.

CHORUS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
 The dearest maid's in yon town
 That e'enin' sun is shinin' on.
 O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
 Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane; **alone**
 The hawthorn flower that shades her bower
 Oh, when shall I behold again!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE — *Let me in this ae Night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit? know
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo. dear

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
 Gae back the gait ye cam again — way
 I winna let you in, jo! will not

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo!

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, sharpest
 That round the pathless wanderer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed —
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo. fat

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo!

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION,
1795.

The death of General Stewart in January had created a vacancy in the representation of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—a district so closely adjoining to Dumfries, that all its concerns are there deeply felt.

The vacant seat was contested between a Tory, under the Galloway influence, and an independent country gentleman of Whig politics. The latter was the same Mr. Heron, of Kerroughtree, whom Burns had visited in June of the past year, soon after his melancholy rencontre with David M'Culloch. He was a benevolent and most respectable man. The candidate in the Tory interest was Mr. Gordon, of Balmaghie, himself a man of moderate property and influence, but greatly fortified by the favor of his uncle, Mr. Murray, of Broughton (one of the wealthiest proprietors in the south of Scotland) as well as by the interest of the Earl of Galloway.

It was certainly most unsuitable for Burns to take any part in this conflict, as, while no public duty was neglected by his silence, his partisanship was ten times more likely to do him harm than good. He saw, however, some of his favorite aversions, such as the Earl of Galloway, and John Bushby of Tinwald

Downs, on the one side, while on the other stood a really worthy man, who had shown him some kindness, and whose political prepossessions accorded with his own. With his characteristic recklessness, he threw off several ballads, and even caused them to be circulated in print; effusions which must now be deemed of secondary importance in the roll of his works, but which yet are well worthy of preservation for the traits of a keen satiric spirit which mingle with their local and scarcely intelligible allusions.

BALLAD FIRST.

WHOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament and a' that?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that? get
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Through Galloway and a' that;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett, get
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk? bead
 And is't against the law that?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk, fool
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.¹

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursel's,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and sold,
 Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that. cattle

¹ The vituperation in this stanza refers, not to the Selkirk family, for which Burns had a respect, as shown in the preceding verse, but to the Earl of Galloway.

'Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND.

Fr, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickering there;
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,
 And oh, how the heroes will swear! ¹

First, there will be trusty Kerroughtree,²
 Whase honour was ever his law;
 If the Virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectfu's his backing,
 The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;

¹ This ballad is composed in imitation of a rough but amusing specimen of the old ballad literature of Scotland, descriptive of the company attending a country-wedding —

“Fy, let us a' to the wedding,
 For there'll be liting there,” etc.

² Mr. Heron, of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property's paper, but lands.¹

For there frae the Niddisdale borders,
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Tough Jockie,² stanch Geordie,³ and Wellwood,⁴
That griens for the fishes and loaves. *longs*

And there will be Heron the Major,⁵
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flattery we'll keep for some other,
Him only 'tis justice to praise.

And there will be Maiden Kilkerran,⁶
And also Barskimming's guid knight;⁷
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,⁸
Wha luckily roars i' the right.

Next there will be wealthy young Richard⁹ —
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck

¹ Many of the county electors were, previous to the Reform Act of 1832, possessors of fictitious votes only — often called *paper voters*.

² Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, the venerable gentleman on whose birthday Burns wrote some verses. See vol. ii. p. 291.

³ George Maxwell, of Carruchan.

⁴ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

⁵ Major Heron, brother of the Whig candidate.
Sir Adam Ferguson, of Kilkerran.

⁶ Sir William Miller, of Barskimming; afterwards a judge under the designation of Lord Glenlee.

⁷ Mr. Birtwhistle, of Kirkcudbright.

⁸ Richard Oswald, of Auchincruive.

For prodigal thriftless bestowing --
His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first;¹
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,²
And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.³

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie⁴ --
Take care how ye purchase a dram;
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,⁵
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.⁶

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house of great merit and note;⁷
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil's few will gie them a vote.

And there'll be Murray commander,⁸
And Gordon the battle to win;⁹

¹ Messrs. Hannay.

² Mr. Copland, of Collieston.

³ Quintin M'Adam, of Craigengillan.

⁴ Mr. John Syme, distributor of stamps, Dumfries.

⁵ ———, of Cassencarrie.

⁶ Colonel Goldie, of Goldielea.

⁷ The family of the Earl of Selkirk.

⁸ Mr. Murray, of Broughton. This gentleman had left his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank. Large fortune had allowed him to do this with comparative impunity, and even without forfeiting the alliance of his wife's relations, one of whom he was supporting in this election.

⁹ Mr. Gordon, of Balnaghie, the government candidate.

Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance and sin.

And there will be black-lippit Johnnie,¹
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he gets na hell for his haddin. habitation
 The deil gets nae justice ava. at all

And there'll be Kempleton's birkie,²
 A chiel no sae black at the bane;
 For as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let that subject alane.³

And there'll be Wigton's new sheriff,⁴
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
 She's gotten the heart o' a Bushby,
 But, Lord! what's become o' the head?

And there'll be Cardoness Esquire,⁵
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,

¹ Mr. John Bushby.

² William Bushby, of Kempleton, brother of John. He had been involved in the ruinous affair of Douglas, Heron, & Co.'s Bank, and had subsequently gone to India, where he realized a fortune.

³ Variation :

For now what he wan in the Indies,
 Has scoured up the laddie fu' clean.

⁴ Mr. Maitland Bushby, son o' John, and newly appointed sheriff of Wigtonshire. The same idea occurs in *The Epistle of Esopus to Maria*.

⁵ David Maxwell, of Cardoness.

A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

And there is our king's lord-licutenant,
So famed for his grateful return ;
The birkie is getung his questions, tellev
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Douglasses doughty
New-christening towns far and near ;¹
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the — of a peer.

And there'll be lads o' the gospel ;
Muirhead, wha's as guid as he's true ;²
Aud there'll be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.³

And there'll be Kenmure sae generous,⁴
Whase honour is proof to the storm ;
To save them frae stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

And there'll be Logan M'Dowall,⁵
Sculdudbery and he will be there ;

¹ The Messrs. Douglas, brothers, of Carlinwark (*new-christened* by them Castle-Douglas) and Orchardton.

² Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr.

³ Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

⁴ Mr. Gordon, of Kenmure.

⁵ Captain M'Dowall, of Logan, the hero of *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon*.

And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering gunpowder Blair.¹

But we winna mention Redcastle,²
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na' the cost o' the rape. r/ps

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom, 'twould make him a king.

And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land who wi' chapels has stored;
He foundered his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

¹ Mr. Blair, of Dunskey.

² Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE — *The Babes in the Wood.*

After the election, which was decided in Mr. Heron's favor, Burns could not resist the temptation to raise a pæan of triumph over the discomfited earl and his factotum Bushby.

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
 O' grace and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man saddest
 O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth morn,
 The sun raise clear and bright;
 But oh I was a waefu' man
 Ere to-fa' o' the night. night-fa'

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' *equal* right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman joined
 The Murray's noble name.¹

: Variation :

Fast knit in chaste and haly bands,
 Wi' Broughton's noble name.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
 Made me the judge o' strife ;
 But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
 And eke my hangman's knife.¹

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
 Beside Kirkeudbright's towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there
 Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud, *jade*
 Wi' *wingèd spurs* did ride,²
 That auld gray yaud, yea,³ Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside. *stole*

An there had na been the yerl himsel',
 O there had been nae play ;
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

¹ Variation :

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I,
 And chief o' Broughton's host ;
 So twa blind beggars on a string
 The faithfu' tyke will trust. *dog*
 But now Earl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
 And Broughton's wi' the slain,
 And I my ancient craft may try,
 Sin' honesty is gane.

² An obscure allusion to the lady with whom Murray had sloped — a member of the house of Johnston, whose well-known crest is a winged spur.

³ Variation : a.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In front rank he wad shine ;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the¹ Glenkens came to our aid,
 A chief o' doughty deed ;
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
 And Buittle was na slack ;
 Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,
 For wha can dye the black ?

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness,
 Looked on till a' was done ;
 Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
 A howlet sits at noon.

ow'

And there led I the Bushby clan,
 My gamesome billie Will ;
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps followed still.

brother

The Douglas and the Heron's name
 We set nought to their score ;
 The Douglas and the Heron's name
 Had felt our weight² before.

¹ Variation : And frae.² Variation : Might.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
 The pair o' lusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae famed,
 And christening kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
 That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
 Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
 To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping C——l——n,
 Was mair in fear than wrath;
 Ae knave was constant in his mind,
 To keep that knave frae scaith. * * *

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE — *Push about the Jorum.*

In the early part of 1795, two companies of volunteers were raised by Dumfries, as its quota towards the stationary troops which were found necessary at that crisis, when the regular army was chiefly engaged in maintaining external warfare against France. Many a liberal who had incurred the wrath or sus-

picion of the government and its friends, was glad to enroll himself in these corps, in order to prove tha' he bore a sound heart towards his country. Syme, Dr. Maxwell, and others of the Dumfries Whigs, took this step, and Burns also joined the corps, though, according to Allan Cunningham, not without opposition from some of the haughty Tories, who demurred about his political opinions. The poet made a further and more public demonstration of his sentiments about Gallic propagandism, by perning this well-known song.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the loons beware, sir;

'There's wooden walls upon our seas,

And volunteers on shore, sir.

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,¹

And Criffel² sink in Solway,

Ere we permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally!

Fall de rall, etc.

Oh, let us not like snarling tykes dogs

In wrangling be divided;

Till, slap, come in an unco loon, stranger

And wi' a run; decide it. bludger

Be Britain still to Britain true,

Among oursel's united;

¹ A high hill at the source of the Nith. — *B.*

² A well-known mountain near the mouth of the Nith.

For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 Fall de rall, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't; patch
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't. drive
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it, —
 By Heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 Fall de rall, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Wh' 'ould set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be damned together!
 Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People.

TOAST FOR THE 12TH OF APRIL.

In the same spirit, and in much the same phraseology, was an epigram which Burns is said to have given forth at a festive meeting to celebrate Rodney's victory of the 12th of April.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that
we lost!—

That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that
we found;

For their fame it shall last while the world
goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—the
King!

Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he
swing;

And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitu-
tion,

As built on the base of the great Revolution!

And longer with politics not to be crammed,

Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;

And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,

May his son be a hangman, and he his first
trial!

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

TUNE — *We'll gang nae mair to yon Town.*

The Lucy to whom this song was composed (or adapted) was Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq., of Hilton, and wife of Mr. Richard Oswald of Auchincruive, a young Ayrshire gentleman of great wealth, then living near Dumfries. Mrs. Oswald died of consumption in the fifth year of her marriage.

It is curious that, when lately commenced, Burns had assigned the name *Jeanie* to the heroine, apparently having a totally different person in his eye. We have seen that it was no unusual thing with him to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another, or to make one poem serve as a compliment to more than one individual.

OH, wat ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw, wood
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town, gleams
 And on yon bonny braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss,¹ is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there. tent

Oh, sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doomed to bear,
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me — spare me, Lucy dear

¹ In original manuscript, "joy."

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she — as fairest is her form!
 She has the truest, kindest heart!

April, 1795 (?)

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE — *Where'll bonny Ann lie?* or, *Loch-Erroch Sian*

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh! nocht but love and sorrow joined,
 Sic notes o' wo could wa'ken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair
 Or my poor heart is broken!

May, 1795 (?)

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—*Aye wakin' O.*

CHORUS.

LONG, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
 Can I cease to languish?
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror;
 Slumber even I dread;
 Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the
perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green
breckan, fern
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bow-
ers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk wild daisy
lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild-
flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny
valleys,

And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
proud palace,

What are they? — the haunt of the tyrant
and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling
fountains,

The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his moun-
tains,

Save Love's willing fetters — the chains o'
his Jean!

'T WAS NA HER BONNY BLUE E'E WAS
MY RUIN.

TUNE — *Laddie, lie near me.*

'T WAS na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undo-
ing:

'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' stolen
kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
But though fell fortune should fate us to
 sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever !

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dear-
 est ;
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter ;
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

TUNE— *John Anderson, my Jo.*

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice !
Meanwhile, the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;—

To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries :
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

May, 1795.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY
 FASHION.

TUNE—*Deil tak the Wars.*

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
 Round the wealthy, titled bride ;
 But when compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :

The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array ;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day ; —
Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the will
ing soul !
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipped deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures
roll.

May, 1795.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT
NEAR.

TUNE— *Let me in this ae Night.*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love !

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, altered Friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart —
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
 Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE — *The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang
 glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me; ~~deafen~~
 I said there was naething I hated like men;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe
 me;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en,
 And vowed for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying;
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

A well-stocked mailen — himsel' for the ~~farm~~
 laird —
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;

I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared, ^{let}
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur ^{worse}
 offers ;
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or
 less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
 He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her,
 could bear her ;
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her!

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care, ^{next}
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock, ^{market, fair}
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
 I glowred as I'd seen a warlock, a ^{stared}
 warlock ;
 I glowred as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was sauey ;
 My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
 And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie
 And vowed I was his dear lassie !

I speered for my cousin fu' couthy ^{asked - kindly}
 and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin',

And how my auld shoon fitted her
shachl't feet, distorted
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin', a
swearin';
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for guid sake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-mor-
row;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

July, 1795.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE — The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.

W^AY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

July, 1795.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE — *This is no my ain House.*

CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.¹

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean, dy
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;

¹ The reader will learn with surprise that the poet originally wrote this chorus —

O this is no my ain Body,
 Kind though the Body be, etc.

But gleg as light are lovers' e'en, quick
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learnèd clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

August, 1795.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN
 GREEN.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
 The furrowed, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of wo!

The trout within yon wimpling winding
 burn brook
 Glides swift — a silver dart —

And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art.
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye.
As little recked I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!

The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

August, 1795.

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

"Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my Poems, presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1795.*

O BONNY was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonny she, and ah! how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the mo.ning dew,
How pure among the leaves sae green!
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!

But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn, winding brook
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE,
THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

Assigned by Dr. Currie to the summer of 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
'Thy own reproach alone dost fear, —
Approach this shrine, and worship here!

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

Allusion has several times been made to the Duke of Queensberry, as a personage held in hatred by the poet. The two following stanzas were probably a part of the election-ballad of 1790, but omitted from the copy sent by the author to Mr. Graham.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace —
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted — ancestors
 The very name of Douglas blasted —
 His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt;
 Follies and crimes have stained the name,
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that's good exempt.

VERSES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

In 1795, the Duke of Queensberry stripped his domains of Drumlánrig, in Dumfriesshire, and Neidpath, in Peeblesshire, of all the wood fit for being cut, in order to furnish a dowry for the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter, and to whom, by a singular piece of good-fortune on her part, Mr. George Selwyn, the celebrated wit, also left a fortune, under the same (probably equally mistaken) impression. It fell to the lot of Wordsworth to avenge on the "degenerate Douglas" his leaving old Neidpath so "beggared and outraged." The vindication of nature in the case of Drumlánrig became a pleasing duty to Burns. In one of his rides, he inscribed the following verses on the back of a window-shutter in an inn or toll-house near the scene of the devastations.

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
 Ae smiling simmer-morn I strayed,
 And traced its bonny howes and haughs,¹ hollows
 Where linties sang and lambkins played, linnets
 I sat me down upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream ;
 When, from the eddying deep below,
 Uprose the genius of the stream.

¹ Low lands on the margin of a river (the New England 'interval.')

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind soughs
 Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave:—
 “And came ye here, my son,” he cried,
 “To wander in my birken shade?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid.

“There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

“When glinting, through the trees, appeared
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek, chimney smoke
 That slowly curled up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stinted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane.” alone

“Alas!” said I, “what ruefu' chance
 Has twined ye o' your stately trees? deprived
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?

Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes? ^{clothing}
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was't the wil'fire scorched their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
 "It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
 Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed,
 As through the cliffs he sank him down,
 "The worm that gnawed my bonny trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown."¹

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.²

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever

¹ This piece was printed, probably for the first time, in a private book, entitled *Original Poems on Several Occasions*, 2 vols., Greenock, 1817, being chiefly the production of Collector Dunlop of that town, and only ten copies being printed, to be given to friends.

² December 4, 1795.

A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better:
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
 And last, my Prologue-business silyly hinted.
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of
 rhymes,

"I know your bent — these are no laughing
 times:

Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my fears —
 Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence;
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repent-
 ance;

Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty
 land?"

I could no more — askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for cry-
 ing?

I'll laugh, that's poz — nay, more, the world
 shall know it;

And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!
 Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief;
 I also think — so may I be a bride!
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
 Doomed to that sorest task of man alive —
 To make three guineas do the work of five;
 Laugh in Misfortune's face — the beldam witch
 Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.
 Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought — a rope — thy
 neck —

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf!
 Laugh at her follies — laugh e'en at thyself:
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder — that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise,
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

It was probably at the end of the year that the poet addressed a short unceremonious rhymed epistle to worthy Collector Mitchell, alluding to a want of ready money, which he desired his friend to remedy by the temporary advance of a guinea, and also speaking of his illness as leaving him with resolutions of more careful conduct in future.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel, *footing briskly*
 In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one-pound-one, I sairly want it;
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it, *servant-girl*
 It would be kind;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted, *throbbed*
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,

THE DEAN OF FACULTY,

A BALLAD.

The present was a season of national distress, in consequence of a failure of the late harvest. Discontents, meetings, and mobbings alarmed the ministry, and towards the close of the year, it was conceived that some additional restrictions upon the expression of public sentiment were necessary: hence the celebrated sedition-bill of that period. The broken remains of the Whig party were greatly exasperated by the measure, and amongst the various expressions of adverse sentiment in Scotland, none attracted more attention than a public meeting which took place at the Circus — now Adelphi Theatre — in Edinburgh, where the Honorable Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presided. The Tory majority of the Scottish bar, seeing their chief thus engaged, as they said, in “agitating the giddy and ignorant multitude, and cherishing such humors and dispositions as directly tend to overturn the laws,” resolved, at the approaching annual election to the deanship, to oppose Mr. Erskine’s reappointment. On the 12th of January, 1796, the election took place, when Mr. Dundas, the Lord Advocate, was preferred to honest Harry by a majority of 123 against 38 votes. It was not likely that Burns would hear of the degradation of his friend and ancient patron with tranquil feelings,

or remain quite silent on the occasion. He privately circulated the following effusion referring to the contest.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous hapless Mary ;
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job —
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was numbered ;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remembered.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire ;
 Which shews that Heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil —— in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy ;
 So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind, mental vision:
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
 Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
 But accept, ye sublime majority,
 My congratulations hearty!
 With your Honours and a certain King,
 In your servants this is striking, —
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they're to your liking.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

Early in the month of January, when his health was in the course of improvement, Burns tarried to a late hour at a jovial party in the Globe Tavern. Before returning home, he unluckily remained for

some time in the open air, and, overpowered by the effects of the liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. In these circumstances, and in the peculiar condition to which a severe medicine had reduced his constitution, a fatal chill penetrated to his bones: he reached home with the seeds of a rheumatic fever already in possession of his weakened frame. In this little accident, and not in the pressure of poverty or disrepute, or wounded feelings or a broken heart, truly lay the determining cause of the sadly shortened days of this great poet.

The commander of the Dumfries Volunteer Corps having sent to make inquiries after his health, Burns replied in rhyme.

MY honoured colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the poet's weal:
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel climb
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it, merry
 Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
 And fortune favour worth and merit,
 As they deserve!
 And aye a rowth roast-beef and claret; plenty
 Syne, wha wad starve? Thee

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her—

As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,

I quat my pen :

The Lord preserve us frae the devil!

Amen! Amen!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE — *Balinamona ora.*

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms
O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey
for a lass wi' a tocher; down
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher — the nice
yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that
 blows,
 And withers the faster the faster it grows,
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green
 knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deekit wi' bonny white
 yowes! owes

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie im-
 prest,
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.

February, 1796.

JESSY.

“ I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired — *Here's a Health to them that's awa', Hiney*, but I forget if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more. I have only begun it.” — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, about May 17, 1796.*

Jessy Lewars was a friend of Mrs. Burns, who acted the part of a ministering angel in the poet's house dur-

ing the whole of this dismal period of distress. It is curious to find him, even in his present melancholy circumstances, imagining himself as the lover of his wife's kind-hearted young friend, as if the position of the mistress were the most exalted in which his fancy could place any woman he admired, or towards whom he felt gratitude.

CHORUS.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
 meet,
 And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock't in thy arms — Jessy

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e —
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree — Jessy

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

The foregoing was not, however, the only strain of fancied love which Burns addressed to Jessy Lewars. The lady relates that one morning she had a call from the poet, when he offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in her wish to the best of his ability. She played over several times the air of an old song beginning —

“The robin cam’ to the wren’s nest.”

As soon as his ear got accustomed to the melody, Burns sat down, and in a very few minutes he produced this beautiful song.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt, quartes
 I’d shelter tnee, I’d shelter thee!
 Or did Misfortune’s bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom, protectiou
 To share it a’, to share it a’!

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,

The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there !
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen !

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE — *Buy Broom Besoms.*

Parliament being dissolved in May, there arose a new contest for the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright. Mr Heron was opposed on this occasion by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway. Burns, reduced in health as he was — confined, indeed, to a sick-chamber — could not remain an unconcerned on-looker. He produced a ballad more bitter against Mr. Heron's opponents than any launched on the former occasion. There is a set of vagrant traffickers in Scotland, somewhat superior to peddlers, and called *Troggers*. They deal in clothes and miscellaneous articles, and their wares are recognized under the general name of *Troggin*. Burns conceived a trogger, with the characters of the Galloway party for a stock.

WHA will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware ;

Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A. in high repair.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me!

There's a noble earl's
 Fame and high renown,¹
 For an auld sang —
 It's thought the guids were stown. *stolen*
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the worth o' Broughton,²
 In a needle's e'e;
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie.³ *lost*
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's its stuff and lining,
 Cardoness's head;⁴
 Fine for a sodger,
 A' the wale o' lead. *choice*
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's a little wadset, *mortgage*
 Buittle's scrap o' truth,⁵

¹ The Earl of Galloway. ² Mr. Murray, of Broughton.

³ Gordon, of Balmaghie. ⁴ Gordon, of Cardoness.

⁵ Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

Pawned in a gin-shop,
 Quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald —
 So was never worn.¹
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's armorial bearings,
 Frae the manse o' Urr;
 The crest, a sour crab-apple,
 Rotten at the core.²
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled, bizzard -- kite
 Pouncing poor Redcastle,³
 Sprawlin' as a taed. toad
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the font where Douglas
 Stane and mortar names;

¹ A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby.

² This appears to have been retaliation for an epigram launched by the Rev. Mr. Muirhead against Burns after the election of last year.

³ Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.

Lately used at C[aily]
 Christening M[urray's] crimes.
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston can boast;¹
 By a thievish midge
 They had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands,
 Gifted by black Jock,
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, etc.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman — The Devil
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me!

¹ Copland, of Collieston.

EPIGRAMS ON MISS LEWARS.

Dr. Currie says, "The sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of his infant family, pressed heavily on Burns as he lay on the bed of death; yet he alluded to his indigence, at times, with something approaching to his wonted gayety. 'What business,' said he to Dr. Maxwell, who attended him with the utmost zeal, 'has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough upon me to carry me to my grave.'" In even a gayer spirit, he would sometimes scribble verses of compliment to sweet young Jessy Lewars, as she tripped about on her missions of gentle charity from hall to kitchen and from kitchen to hall. His surgeon, Mr. Brown, one day brought in a long sheet, containing the particulars of a menagerie of wild beasts which he had just been visiting. As Mr. Brown was handing the sheet to Miss Lewars, Burns seized it, and wrote upon it a couple of verses with red chalk after which he handed it to Miss Lewars, saying that it was now fit to be presented to a lady.

TALK not to me of savages
 From Afric's burning sun;
 No savage e'er could rend my heart,
 As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir
 Would be so blest a sight.

On another occasion, while Miss Lewars was waiting upon him in his sick-chamber, he took up a crystal goblet containing wine and water, and after writing upon it the following verses, in the character of a *Toast*, presented it to her.

Fill me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast — a toast divine;
 Give the poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

At this time of trouble, on Miss Lewars complaining of indisposition, he said, to provide for the worst, he would write her epitaph. He accordingly inscribed the following on another goblet, saying, "That will be a companion to the *Toast*."

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
 Can turn Death's dart aside?
 It is not purity and worth, —
 Else Jessy had not died.

On Miss Lewars recovering a little, the poet said

“There is a poetic reason for it,” and wrote the following.

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
 The natives of the sky;
 Yet still one seraph's left on earth, —
 For Jessy did not die.¹

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie.*

At this crisis a sad stroke fell upon Burns in the form of a letter from a Dumfries solicitor, urging payment of an account (now ascertained to have amounted to £7 4s.) due, or overdue, to a draper for his volunteer uniform. It was generally believed of this tradesman by his contemporaries, that he would never have harassed the poor poet for the debt. In Scotland, however, a letter from a writer is generally regarded as a menacing step on the part of a creditor; and so did it appear on the present occasion to Burns, whose mind was too gloomy and excitable to take calm views on any such matter.

Under these circumstances, Burns thus wrote to Mr. Thomson:—

¹ The amiable Jessy Lewars, by marriage Mrs. James Thomson, spent the whole of her life in Dumfries, and died here in May, 1855.

“After all my boasted independence, curst Necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God’s sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds’ worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on *Rothe-murchie* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines.” — 12th July, 1796.

To think of Burns composing love-verses in these circumstances! It was to happy days spent on the banks of the Devon, during the short blaze of his fame, and to Charlotte Hamilton and her youthful loveliness, that his mind reverted at this gloomy time.

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks :
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know’st I love thee dear :
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 Oh, did not love exclaim, “Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so?”

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share,
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know!

SONGS,
OF WHICH THE DATE IS NOT KNOWN.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

THERE was once a day — but old Time then
was young —

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung:
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's di-
vine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant
it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
“ Whoe'er shall provoke thee, the encounter
shall rue!”

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling
corn ;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the
horn.

Long quiet she reigned, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darkened the air, and they plundered
the land :

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquered and ruined a world beside ;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly.—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the
shore ;

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore :
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
No arts could appease them, no arms could
repel ;

But brave Caledonia in vain they assailed,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife

Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robbed him at once of his hopes and
his life.

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver
flood ;

But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run ;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;

I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the
base ;

But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse ;
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
always.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE — *Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping!
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her!

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
 O that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted;
 O that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

VERSICLES OF BURNS.

Burns was much addicted through life to the enunciation of impromptu verses, in the form of epigrams and epitaphs, generally of a satiric character. Having provided himself in Edinburgh with a diamond suitable for writing on glass, he often scribbled these hasty productions on the windows of inns and taverns, thus gratifying the whim of the moment too often at the expense of prudence and self-respect. Dr. Currie remarks, that the epigrams of Burns are strikingly inferior to his other writings, and few will be inclined to dissent from the opinion. They often, indeed, are totally without point, so that one wonders how they should have ever been committed to writing, much more that so many of them should have been printed by the author. Most of these versicles are here grouped together, with such prose annotation as seems necessary to illustrate them and give them significancy.¹

¹ " He shewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps — here Gavin sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blamed:
 But with such as he, where'er he be,
 May I be saved or damned!

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much-loved, much-honoured name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

“He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account, he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion.” — *Burns's last conversation with Mrs Riddel.*

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING
ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep —
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie' him thy gear to keep, money
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON WEE JOHNNY.¹

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low —
For saul he ne'er had ony.²

¹ Mr. John Wilson, the printer of his Poems at Kilmarnock.

² In a rare old work, *Nugæ Venales, sive Thesaurus ridendi et jocandī*, etc., bearing date 1663, but no place or publisher's name, there is a Latin epigram turning upon exactly the same jest:

“ Oh Deus omnipotens, vituli miserere JOHANNIS,
Quem mors præveniens non sinit esse bovem!
Corpus in Italia est, habet intestina Brabantia
Ast animam nemo; cur? quia non habuit ”

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Among Burns's acquaintance at Mauchline was a mason named James Humphry, who, if devoid of the genius of the poet, at least possessed equal flow of language, and a scarcely less remarkable gift for theological controversy. Burns and he had had many collisions on the subject of New Light, and it appears that the mason entertained somewhat strong views both as to the bard's heterodoxy and his morals.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
 O Death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch *prating*
 Into thy dark dominion !

EPITAPH ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY
SQUIRE.

As Father Adam first was fooled,
 (A case that's still too common)
 Here lies a man a woman ruled :—
 The devil ruled the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life,
 Whom we this day lament,
 We freely wad exchanged the wife,
 And a' been weel content !

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't ;
 Tak thou the carline's carcass aff,
 Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When deprived of her husband she lovèd so
 well,
 In respect for the love and affection he shewed
 her,
 She reduced him to dust, and she drank off
 the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
 When called on to order the funeral direction,

Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender
 pretence,
 Not to shew her respect, but — to save the
 expense!

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

Tam the Chapman was a person named Kennedy, whom Burns had known in boyhood, and whom he afterwards encountered as an itinerant merchant, when he found him a pleasant companion and estimable man. Tam, in old age, was known to William Cobbett, who printed these lines, either from a manuscript or from recollection.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
 Wi' Death forgathered by the way, encountered
 Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
 And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thamas;
 Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
 And there blaws up a hearty crack.
 His social, friendly, honest heart
 Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
 Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
 Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

AË day, as Death, that greusome carle grim
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
 And monie a guilt-bespotted lad. —
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter —
 Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches: *staring*
 "By G—, I'll not be seen behint them,
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
 Without, at least, ae honest man,
 To grace this d—d infernal clan."
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 "L— G—!" quoth he, "I have it now;
 There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH, had each SCOT of ancient times,
 Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground,
 Had yielded like a coward!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

“Burns,” says Allan Cunningham, “on a visit to a nobleman, was shown into the library, where stood a Shakspeare, splendidly bound, but unread, and much worm-eaten. Long after the poet’s death, some one happened to open, accidentally perhaps, the same neglected book, and found this epigram in the handwriting of Burns.”

THROUGH and through th’ inspirèd leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings ;
 But oh ! respect his lordship’s taste,
 And spare the golden bindings.

GRACES BEFORE MEAT.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
 And some would eat that want it ;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 Sae let the Lord be thankit.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature’s want,
 We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all Thy goodness lent !

And, if it please Thee, heavenly guide,
 May never worse be sent ;
 But whether granted or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content ! *Amen !*

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore,
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And grateful would adore !
 And if it please Thee, Power above,
 Still grant us, with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more.

EXTEMPORANEOUS GRACE ON A HAGGIS.

It has been stated, that being present at a party where a haggis formed part of the entertainment, and being asked to say something appropriate on the occasion, Burns produced this stanza by way of grace which being well received, he was induced to expand it into the poem entitled *To a Haggis*, retaining the verse in an altered form as a peroration.

YE powers wha gie us a' that's guid,
 Still bless auld Caledonia's brood,

Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's bluid,
 In stoups 'or luggies ; *jugs or pails*
 And on our board the king o' food,
 A glorious haggis !

TO A PAINTER.

When Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's dream. After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verse on the back of a little sketch which is still preserved in the painter's family.

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,
 You'll tak it no uncivil:
 You shouldna paint at angels mair,
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark, *ticklish*
 Wi' auld Nick there's 'less 'danger ;
 You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
 But no sae weel a stranger. R. B.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK,

OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

HONEST Will to heaven is gane,
 And monie shall lament him;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

ON MR. W. NICOL.

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
 You've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
 For deil a bit o't's rotten.

ON MR. W. MICHIE,

SCHOOLMASTER, CLEISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
 O Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
 For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

ON MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
 Lovely Burns has charms, confess :
 True it is, she had one failing —
 Had a woman ever less ?

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

A CAULD day December blew ;
 A cauld kirk, and in 't but few ;
 A caulder minister ne'er spak ;
 It will be lang ere I come back.

TO MRS. DAVID WILSON.

Scrawled on the reverse side of a wooden platter,
 at Mrs. David Wilson's inn, Roslin.

MY blessings on ye, honest wife,
 I ne'er was here before ;
 Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife —
 Heart could not wish for more.

Heaven keep you clear of sturt and strife, trouble
 Till far ayont fourscore, beyond
 And by the Lord o' death and life,
 I'll ne'er gae by your door!

Feb., 1787.

VERSE ON MISS AINSLIE.

“ Dr. Bowmaker had selected a text of Scripture that contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. In the course of the sermon, Burns observed the young lady turning over the leaves of her Bible with much earnestness in search of the text. He took out a slip of paper, and with a pencil wrote the following lines on it, which he immediately presented to her.” — *Cromek*.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue:
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant —
 Not *angels* such as you!

May, 1787.

SYMON GRAY.

A young man named Symon Gray, the son of a respectable citizen of Dunse, had addicted himself to the unprofitable service of the Muse, and hearing of the Ayrshire bard being at Berrywell, he took the

liberty of sending a specimen of his verse for Burns's opinion. The poet gave it a hasty perusal, and returned it with merely the remark :

Symon Gray,
You're dull to-day.

Symon, not abashed, immediately sent a fresh packet, which the poet as quickly returned, with an inscription on the outside :

Dulness, with redoubled sway
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

Strange to say, two rebuffs were insufficient to take the edge from Symon's vanity, and he sent a third packet containing several of his most elaborate performances. It came too late to admit of Burns paying it any immediate attention, as he was about to proceed on an excursion to the eastern parts of the country ; but on his return a few days after to Berrywell, he took it up, and gave its author the *coup-de-grace*, as follows :—

DEAR SYMON GRAY,

The other day,
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time.
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er,

Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
 Just where I was before.
 We auld wives' minions, gie our opinions,
 Solicited or no ;
 Then of its faults my honest thoughts
 I'll give — and here they go.

* * * *

We can scarcely present before good company the opinion of the bard in its entire form ; but the reader will have an idea of its general bearing from one passage :

Such damned bombast no age that's past
 Will shew, or time to come.

1787.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt ;
 Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, any way
 'Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
 Whare birkies march on burning marl : follows
 Then, sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
 And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

1787.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE CROSS
KEYS INN AT FALKIRK. (?)

“Burns had lately provided himself with a diamond to scribble on glass; and it is said that a verse written with this instrument was afterwards found on a window in the inn.”

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang;
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,
For misery ever tholed a pang.¹ suffered
1787.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN
AT CARRON.

They went to Carron, in the hope of seeing the celebrated iron works there, although, the day, being

¹ This is given on the authority of Mr. G. Boyack, St. Andrews. It is introduced, with some other circumstances regarding Burns's visit to Falkirk, which I regard as doubtful, in the *Fifehire Journal*, Nov. 4, 1847. The last line is there given thus: “For misery *never* tholed a pang,” which, being inconsistent with the sense evidently intended, I have here taken leave to alter.

Sunday, it is difficult to understand now they should have expected admission.

WE cam na here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise,
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise.

But whan we tirl'd at your door, rattled
 Your porter dought na hear us ; could
 Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come, gates
 Your billy Satan sair us ! brother — serve

1787.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF
 AN INN AT STIRLING.

ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

HERE Stuarts once in triumph reigned,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordained ;
 But now unroofed this palace stands,
 Their sceptre's fallen to other hands.

The injured Stuarts' line are gone,
 A race outlandish fills their throne, —

An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most.¹

1787.

¹ Allan Cunningham has given some particulars regarding this affair, which I repeat, without vouching for their accuracy. "The poet seems not to have been very sensible at that time of his imprudence: for some one said: 'Burns, this will do you no good.' 'I shall reprove myself,' he said, and wrote these aggravating words:—

'Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame:
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?'"

The lines were speedily copied into note-books, became generally known, and of course excited no small amount of remark.

In the *Paisley Magazine*, Dec. 1828, there is a narration meant to show that Nicol, and not Burns, was the author of these lines. It is stated that Burns, finding them attributed to himself, although sensible that they injured him with society, allowed the imputation to rest, rather than expose Nicol to the same evil fame, which to him would have been more injurious. Although this story is brought forward in a circumstantial and confident manner, it has little evidence in its favor, and a good deal against it. Mr. B. Nightingale, Priory Road, London, possesses a few leaves of a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting. Amongst several pieces, published and unpublished, appears this unfortunate epigram, with the headline, *Wrote by Somebody in an Inn at Stirling.*

ON ELPHINSTONE'S MARTIAL.

“Did I ever repeat to you an epigram I made on a Mr. Elphinstone, who has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet? The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it; I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did.” *Burns to Clarinda, January, 1788.*

OH thou, whom poesy abhors!
 Whom prose has turned out of doors!
 Heard'st thou yon groan? Proceed no further
 'Twas laurel'd Martial calling murder!

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
 As e'er God with His image blest!
 The friend of man, the friend of truth;
 The friend of age, and guide of youth.

Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
 Few heads with knowledge so informed:
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

HOWLET FACE.

“ One of the lords of Justiciary, when holding circuit at Dumfries, dined one day with Mr. Miller at Dalswinton. According to the custom of the times, the after-dinner libations were somewhat copious; and, on entering the drawing-room, his lordship’s visual organs were so much affected, that he asked Mr. Miller, pointing to one of his daughters, who were reckoned remarkably handsome women, ‘ Wha’s yon howlet-faced thing in the corner ? ’

“ Next day, Burns, who then resided at Ellisland, happened to be a guest at Dalswinton, and, in the course of conversation, his lordship’s very ungallant and unjust remark was mentioned to him. He immediately took from his pocket an old letter, on the back of which he wrote in pencil the following lines, and handed them to Miss Miller :—

“ How daur ye ca’ me howlet-faced,
 Ye ugly, glowering spectre? staring
 My face was but the keekin’ glass looking
 An’ there ye saw your picture.”

Correspondent.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

Spoken in reply to a gentleman who sneered at the sufferings of Scotland for conscience' sake, and called the Solemn League and Covenant ridiculous and fanatical.

THE Solemn League and Covenant

Cost Scotland blood — cost Scotland tears;
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause —
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

ON A CERTAIN PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave —
And sure they do not lie.

WILLIE STEWART.

“ Sir Walter Scott possesses a tumbler, on which are the following verses, written by Burns on the arrival of a friend, Mr. W. Stewart, factor to a gen

deman of Nithsdale. The landlady being very wroth at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass a gentleman present appeased her by paying down a shilling, and carried off the relic." — *Lockhart*.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart;
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart;
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
 The bowl we maun renew it;
 The tappit-hen,¹ gae bring her ben,
 To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
 Ilk action may he rue it,
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

ANDREW TURNER.

Being called impertinently one evening from a party of friends at the King's Arms, Dumfries, to see a vain coxcomb in the form of an English commercial traveller, who, having a bottle of wine on his

¹ "A cant phrase denoting a tin measure, containing a quart, so called from the knob on the lid, supposed to resemble a crested hen." — JAMIESON.

table, thought he might patronize the *Ayrshire Ploughman*, Burns entered into conversation with the creature, and soon saw what sort of person he had to deal with. About to leave the room, Burns was urged to give a taste of his powers of impromptu versifying before he went; when, having asked the stranger's name and age, he instantly penned and handed to him the stanza which follows — after which, he abruptly departed.

IN seventeen hundred forty-nine,
 Satan took stuff to make a swine,
 And cuist it in a corner; cast
 But wilily he changed his plan,
 And shaped it something like a man,
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner!

VERSES TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

Mr. M'Murdo resided at Drumlanrig, as chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. He and his wife and daughters are alluded to in the election piece, entitled *Second Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry*. They were kind and hospitable friends of Burns, who celebrated several of the young ladies in his songs.

OH, could I give thee India's wealth,
 As I this trifle send,

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend!

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconean stream;
Then take what gold could never buy —
An honest bard's esteem.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN HIS HOUSE.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his
treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleas-
ures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EXCISEMEN UNIVERSAL.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.¹

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneer
 ing
 Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hear
 ing.
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing
 ledgers:
 What premiers — what? even monarchs' mighty
 gaugers:
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise
 men?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

ON A GROTTO IN FRIARS' CARSE
 GROUNDS.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth?
 This ivied cot revere.

¹ In the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, in consequence of
 overhearing a gentleman speak despitefully of the officers of
 excise.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart's so tender ;
But build a castle on his head, —
His skull will prop it under.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure?

EPITAPH ON MR. GABRIEL RICHARDSON,
BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels ;
He's blest if as he brewed he drink,
In upright honest morals.

EPITAPH FOR A DOG.

“ We spent three days with Mr. Gordon, whose polished hospitality is of an original and endearing kind. Mrs. Gordon’s lapdog, *Echo*, was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to his distaff. He disliked the subject, but to please the lady he would try. Here is what he produced.”
Mr. Syme to Dr. Currie.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
 Your heavy loss deplore!
 Now half extinct your powers of song, —
 Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
 Scream your discordant joys!
 Now half your din of tuneless song
 With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN ———, deceased, to the devil wen'
 down,
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's
 own crown;

“Thy fool’s head,” quoth Satan, “that crown
 shall wear never,
 I grant thou’rt as wicked, but not quite so
 clever.”

IMPROMPTU¹

ON MRS. RIDDEL’S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred :

¹ Though we have not many professed impromptus of Burns, it is certain that he showed a remarkable readiness in producing such trifles.

As an example of his ready powers of versification: A Mr. Ladyman, an English commercial traveller, alighting one day at Brownhill Inn, in Dumfriesshire, found that he should have to dine with a company in which was Robert Burns. The dinner, at which the landlord, Bacon, presided, passed off well, the principal dish being the well-known namesake of the host, who, it may be remarked, appeared to be looked on as something of a superfluity at his own table. The man had retired for a few minutes to see after a fresh supply of toddy, when some one called upon Burns to give the young Englishman some proof of his being really Burns the poet, by composing some verses on the spur of the moment; and it was with hardly an interval for reflection that the bard pronounced as follows:—

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year;

“What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
 Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

“Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil;
 Give me, and I've no more to say,

We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
 But why always Bacon — come, give me a reason?

Another instance: —

Burns had neglected to order dinner one day for Nicol and Masterton, who were spending a week at Dumfries, so that the party were obliged to put up with a tup's head which the landlady had in pot for herself. When it had been disposed on the board, “Burns,” said Nicol, “we fine you for your neglect of arrangements: you give us something new as a grace.” Our poet instantly, with appropriate gesture and tone, said:

O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
 Do thou stand us in stead,
 And send us from thy bounteous store,
 A tup or wether head! Amen.

They fell to and enjoyed their fare prodigiously, leaving however, a miraculously ample sufficiency for the host and hostess. “Now, Burns, we've not done with you. We fine you again. Return thanks.” He as promptly said:

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
 Which we so little merit,
 Let Meg now take away the flesh,
 And Jock bring in the spirit! Amen.

Give me Maria's natal-day!
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
 "'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

TO DR. MAXWELL:

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny:
 You save fair Jessy from the grave? —
 An angel could not die!

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO.¹

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
 Of Moses and his rod;
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
 The rock with tears had flowed.

¹ The letter in which these epigrams occur appeared in the *Knickerbocker* for September, 1848. On another copy of the epigram on Mrs. Kemble, it appears that the performance of *Inkle and Yarico* which Burns witnessed, took place on the 24th of October, 1794.

ON W—— R——, Esq.

So vile was poor Wat, such a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damned him when laid in
his grave ;

‘ In his skull there is famine ! ’ a starved rep-
tile cries ;

“ And his heart it is poison ! ” another replies.

EPIGRAM

On a person who bored a company for a consider-
able time with references to the many great people
he had lately been visiting.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you’ve been :
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen.

TO MR. SYME.

On sending Mr. Syme a dozen of porter from the
Jerusalem Tavern of Dumfries, Burns accompanied
the gift with a complimentary note.

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,

'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that even for Syme were fit.

At Syme's own house, being pressed to stay and drink more, Burns hesitated; then taking up a tumbler, he scribbled on it:

There's Death in the cup, sae beware —
Nay, mair, there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching.

So late as the 17th December, 1795, when Burns was in declining health, being invited by Syme to dine, with a promise of the best company and the best cookery, he accompanied his apology with a similar compliment:

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S
POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may
live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they
give:
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which
were.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ON THE "LOYAL NATIVES."

Burns and Syme, with a young physician named
Maxwell, and several others, all latitudinarians in
most respects, and all of them enemies of the system

pursued by the government, held occasional symposia of a strictly private nature, at which they could enunciate their sentiments freely. In antagonism to them, was a club of Anti-Gallicans, who took upon themselves the name of the *Loyal Natives*; and it appears that one of these gentlemen ventured on one occasion to launch a political pellet at the three friends of the people. A very miserable pellet it was:—

Ye Sons of Sedition, give ear to my song!
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng;
 With Craiken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

This being handed across the table to Burns at one of the meetings of the disloyal corps, he instantly indorsed it with—

YE true Loyal Natives, attend to my song!
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
 But where is your shield from the darts of
 contempt?

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
 Cheat him, devil, if you can.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINK be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer —
 That Fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name ;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill — but chief, man's felon snare.
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind,
 These be thy guardian and reward ;
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

THE EARL OF GALLOWAY .

Burns had an antipathy of old standing towards
 the Ear: of Galloway. There is a string of epigrams
 which the irascible bard launched at this respectable
 nobleman, with of course no other effect than to make

moderate-minded men lament his own subordination
of judgment to spleen.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair? —
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire:
So ran the far-famed Roman way, —
So ended in a mire.

On being informed [misinformed?] that the Ear'
threatened him with his resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

OLD SONGS, IMPROVED BY BURNS

FROM JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O WHARE DID YOU GET?

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

The air of *Bonny Dundee* appears in the Skene MS., of date *circa* 1620. The tune seems to have existed at even an earlier period, as there is a song to it amongst those which were written by the English to disparage the Scottish followers by whom James VI. was attended on his arrival in the south. The first of the following verses is from an old homely ditty, the second only being the composition of Burns.

O WHARE did you get that hauver meal oatmeal
bannock? cake

O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?

I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between St. Johnston and bonny Dundee.

O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!

Aft has he doudled me upon his knee; dandled
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his bairn and me

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonny e'e-bree!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear; winding
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

TUNE—*I'm owre young to Marry yet.*

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir; strange
 And if I gang to your house,
 I'm fleyed 'twill make me eerie, sir. am afraid
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young—'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir;
 And you and I in wedlock's bands,
 In troth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir. towards

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

TUNE— *Cold blows the Wind.*

Written on the basis of an old song, the chorus
 of which is here preserved.

CHORUS.

UP in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn —
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE — *Duncan Davison.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that followed her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was tedious
 skeigh, timorous
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And aye she took the temper-pin. regulating pin

As o'er the moor they lightly foor, went
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
 And aye she set the wheel between:
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith, gave
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blithe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.

A man may drink and no be drunk;
 A man may fight and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE — *The Ruffian's Rant.*

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in and tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, pleasant
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed fire
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Of this piece, the two last verses only are by Burns. For the longer song, including them, reference may be made to the *Museum*.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman ;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at St. Johnston ;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw,
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
 Up wi't, etc.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,
 And oh, but he was handsome.
 Up wi't, etc.

MY HOGGIE.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie¹ die,
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie?
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And oh, but I was vogie. vain

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie,
 We heard nought but the roaring linn,
 Amang the braes sae scroggie.²

But the howlet cried frae the castle wa',
 The blutter frae the boggie, mire-snipe
 The tod replied upon the hill — fox
 I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw and cocks did crow,
 The morning it was foggie,
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke, strange dog — wall
 And maist has killed my hoggie.

¹ "Hoggie, a young sheep after it is smeared, and before it
 ■ first shorn." — STENHOUSE.

² Full of stunted bushes.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE—*Aye Waukin O.*

This is an old song, upon which Burns appears to have made only a few alterations.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh, all
 And I long for my true lover.
 Aye waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie: timorous
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleeping; rest
 I think on my bonny lad,
 And bleer my e'en wi' greetin

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE — *Whistle o'er the Lave o't.*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we're married — spier nae mair — *inquire*
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonny Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see — *about it*
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write — but Meg maun see't —
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me ;
 Jamie, come try me ;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou would be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

TUNE—*Awa', Whigs, awa'.*

The second and last stanzas only are by Burns;
 the rest is from an old Jacobite song.

CHORUS.

AWA', Whigs, awa'!
 Awa', Whigs, awa'!
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloomed our roses;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And withered a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust —
 Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't; ^{dust}
 And write their names in his black beuk,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
 Surpasses my deservin';
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin! ^{have}

WHERE HAE YE BEEN?

TUNE — *Killiecrankie*.

“The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it was written by Burns.” — STENHOUSE.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O? ^{pranked}

Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
 An' ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been sae cantie, O; merry
 An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, jitch
 And Clavers got a clankie, O, blow
 Or I had fed an Athole gled, kite
 On the braes 'o' Killiecrankie, O.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

The verses within brackets are old, with only a few touches of improvement by Burns.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, drive
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rows, relie
 My bonny dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,

He rowed me sweetly in his plaid, rolled
 And he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
 Beneath the hazel spreading wide,
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

[Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf leather shoon upon your feet, salf
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.]

If ye but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may row me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.]

While waters wimple to the sea, meander
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie, shines
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
 Ye sall be my dearie.

FOR A THAT, AND A' THAT.

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that;
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as mickle's a that,
 The bonny lass that I lo'e best,
 Shall be my ain for a' that, etc.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE — *Young Jockey*.

“The whole of [this song], excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns.” — STENHOUSE.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa':
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud, plough
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed my e'en, sae bonny blue, praised
 He roosed my waist, sae genty sma'; elegantly
 And aye my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Through wind and weat, through frost and
 snaw,
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. move
 And aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';
 And aye he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

TUNE — *Lass, an' I come near thee.*

“Mr. Gilbert Burns told the editor (Cromek) that this song was suggested to his brother by the *Auld Man's Address to the Widow*, printed in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, which the poet first heard sung by Jean Wilson, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Torbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naïveté* of her character, and for singing old Scotch songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family worship; and before she sang a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse, as if she had a numerous audience, to the great diversion of her listening neighbors.” — CROMEK.

WHA is that at my bower door?

O wha is it but Findlay:

Then gae your gate, ye's nae be here way

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye, sae like a thief?

O come and see, quo' Findlay:

Before the morn ye'll work mischief;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in,
 Let me in, quo' Findlay:
 Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 In my bower if ye should stay,
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay:
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower,
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland air.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
 Ancath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow, I'd see my jo,
 Beside me, 'gain the gloaming.

dear
 towards

But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig, side
 And dawtingly did cheer me, caressingly
 When I, what-reck, did least expect', nevertheless
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajec, on one side
 Cocked sprush when first he clasped me; spruce
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat, gladness — wept
 While in his grips he pressed me.
 Deil tak the war! I late and air,
 Hae wished, since Jock departed;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted. a little while ago

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blithe and merry,
 I cared na by, sae sad was I, about it
 In absence o my dearie.
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
 At kirk and fair, I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony. merry

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE — *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*

Burns has here merely made some changes upon an old song, and it is questionable if his alterations are improvements.

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their
 game,
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour
 again.
 Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure
 gae wi' him,
 I may be distressed, but I winna com-
 plain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for
 ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for
 greetin', weeping
 The tears trickled down like the hail and
 the rain;

Had I na got greetin', my heart wad ha'
broken,

For oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller

I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;

I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow

Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE — *The Weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,

The weary pund o' tow ;

I think my wife will end her life

Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint stone — flax

As guid as e'er did grow ;

And a' that she has made o' that,

Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,

Beyont the ingle lowe,

And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow. wet — dusty

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow! portion
She took the rock, and wi' a knock distaff
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet — I sang to see 't —
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad, wed — jade
I'll wallop in a tow. hang in a rope

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE — *Guidwife, count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red win's the rising sun.

Then guidwife, count the lawin, reckoning
The lawin, the lawin;
Then guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair. vessel

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And simple folk maun fight and fen; make shift
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool, holy
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool; grief
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

TUNE— *The Maid's Complaint.*

It is na, Jean, thy bonny face
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,

Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee :
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier Laddie.*

Burns, in his Notes, speaks of this song as an old one with which he had had nothing to do. As it appears, however, in no other collection, and is found in his handwriting among Johnson's manuscripts, Mr. Stenhouse infers that the greater part of it is his own composition.

"WHERE live ye, my bonny lass?
 And tell me what they ca' ye ;"
 "My name," she says, "is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie."

"See you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie ?"

They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

"Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy ; dressed
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie."

"Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

"I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie ; cornet
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

"Luvè for luvè is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me ;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie."

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE. — *Ye Jacobites by Name.*

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an
ear ;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame —

You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law
by the law ?

What is right and what is wrang by the law ?

What is right and what is wrang ?

A short sword and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed
afar ?

What makes heroic strife famed afar ?

What makes heroic strife ?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in
the state;

Then let your schemes alone in the state;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE — *Craigton's Growing.*

“Modelled by Burns from an ancient ballad, entitled *Craigton's Growing.*” — STENHOUSE.

OH, Lady Mary Ann looked o'er the castle
wa' ;

She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba' ;

The youngest he was the flower amang them

a'—

My bonny laddie's young, but he's growin
yet.

O father! O father! an' ye think it fit,

We'll send him a year to the college yet:

We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry
yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew;
Sweet was its smell, and bonny was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed the sweeter it
grew —

For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an
aik,
Bonny and bloomin', and straught was its
make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer 'is gane when the leaves they were
green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonny laddie's young, but he's growin
yet.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

TUNE — *O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie.*

This song is supposed to be one of those which Burns only improved from old versions. William Gordon, sixth Viscount of Kenmure, raised a body of troops for the Pretender in 1715, and had the chief command of the insurgent forces in the south of Scotland. Taken at Preston, he was tried and condemned to be beheaded, which sentence was executed on the 24th February, 1716.

O KENMURE'S on and awa', Willie!

O Kenmure's on and awa'!

And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!

Success to Kenmure's band!

There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!

Here's Kenmure's health in wine!

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 O Kenmure's lads are men!
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live or die wi' fame!
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa'!
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A
 NATION.

TUNE— *A Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory,
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae famed in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,

And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station ;
But English gold has been our bane —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration ;
We're bought and sold for English gold —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—*Hey, ca' through.*

Written upon the basis of an old song.

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo, gossips
 And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through, drive

For we hae mickle ado; to do

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,

For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win. wealth

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

TUNE—*Kellyburn Braes.*

An old set of traditionary verses modified by Burns.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn Braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you
 fen?" come on
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.

'I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my com-
 plaint;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime."

“ It’s neither your stot nor your staig bullock — colt
 I shall crave,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi’ thyme,)
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must
 have,
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.”

“ O welcome, most kindly,” the blithe carle
 said,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi’ thyme,)
 “ But if ye can match her, ye’re waur than ye’re
 ca’d:
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.”

The devil has got the auld wife on his back ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi’ thyme,)
 And, like a poor pedler, he’s carried his pack ;
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.

He’s carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ;¹
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi’ thyme,)
 Syne bade her gae in, for a b—— and a —— :
 And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
 prime.

¹ *I. e.* interior door. A hallan was a wall in cottages, extending from the front inwards far enough to shelter the inner part of the house from the air, when the house-door was open.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his
band,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

Turn out on her guard in the clap of a
hand:

And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud ~~mad~~
bear,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae
mair:

And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'; ~~smoky~~

(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

"Oh, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a':"

And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

He pitied the man that was tied to a wife:

And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in
hell :

And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back :
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

“I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife :”
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

JOCKY FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

This verse was thrown by Burns into a song by
Ramsay.

* * *

LET love sparkle in her e'e,
Let her lo'e nae man but me ;
That's the tocher guid I prize, dower
There the lover's treasure lies.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

“The words and the music of this song were communicated by Burns for the *Museum*.” — STENHOUSE
 “I believe that Burns took the idea of his verses from the *Betrayed Maid*, a ballad formerly much hawked about in Scotland.” — C. K. SHARPE. One might have hesitated to assign this song to Burns; but certainly his authorship of it is much fortified by its resemblance to another song of his entitled *The Ruined Farmer's Lament*, which seems to have been formed on the same model; see vol. i. Appendix.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me
 enthral,
 For the lands of Virginia, O;
 Torn from that lovely shore, and must never
 see it more,
 And alas I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow
 or frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia, O;
 There streams for ever flow, and there flowers
 for ever blow,
 And alas I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge
 I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia, O ;
 And I think on friends most dear, with the
 bitter, bitter tear,
 And alas I am weary, weary, O !

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE — *Coming through the Rye.*

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken?

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN

TUNE—*The Carlin o' the Glen.*

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reigned resistless king of love.
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briers;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 He sad complaining dowie raves: melancholy

“I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear.
 The slighted maids my torment see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; suffer
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair!”

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE — *Jacky Latin.*

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.
 Bye attour, my gutcher has Moreover — grandsire
 A heigh house and a laigh ane,
 A' forbye my bonny sel', besides
 The toss of Ecclefechan. toast

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing;
 O haud your tongue and jauner; prattle
 I held the gate till you I met, went on prosperously
 Syne I began to wander: Then
 I tint my whistle and my sang, lost
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing, grave
 Wad airt me to my treasure. direct

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE — *Salt-fish and Dumplings.*

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo', bought — finest wool
 To make a coat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo, darling
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't — winding
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't!

 For though his locks be lyart gray, grizzled
 And though his brow be beld aboon, bald
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishes.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE— *The Peacock.*

Among the songs contributed for Johnson's fifth volume, and which appeared in it, was one entitled *The Lass that made the Bed to Me*. Burns had found a rude and licentious old ballad under this title, had put it through his refining alembic, and brought it out a fine rich narrative song, but still too warm in its coloring for modern delicacy. He afterwards still further purified it, as follows.

WHEN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanced to meet,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form nane ever saw
Than hers that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "Guid-night," and smiling said,
"I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'"

Upon the morrow, when I raise,
I thanked her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
Of her that made the bed for me.

I clasped her waist and kissed her syne
The tear stude twinkling in her e'e;
"O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me."

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE — *If thou'lt play me fair play.*

“Compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses,
entitled *The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie.*”

— STENHOUSE.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonny Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonny Lowland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonny Lowland lassie.

Tae sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonny Highland laddie.
 Go! for yourself procure renown,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonny Highland laddie.

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE—*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*

O SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa',
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That formed this Fair sae far awa',
 Gie body strength, and I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sae far awa',
 And nought can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh, she is sae far awa'.

Nane other love, nae other dart,
I feel, but hers sae far awa',
But fairer never touched a heart,
Than hers the Fair, sae far awa'.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again. *stealthly*

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin' time draws near again,
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again. *with*

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE — *The Killogie.*

Formed by Burns on the basis of a Jacobite song.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, cakes — barley
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley !
 Wha' in a brulzie broil
 Will first cry a parley ?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear-meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley !
 Wha in his wae-days sad
 Were loyal to Charlie ? —
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley ?

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

TUNE — *It was a' for our rightfu' King.*

The authorship of this song may be doubted. Allan Cunningham was of opinion, that Burns "rather beautified and amended some ancient strain which he had discovered, than wrote it wholly from his own heart and fancy." See a confirmation of this in *Notes to Johnson's Museum*, by Mr. David Laing.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear,
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep, live-long
 My dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

"This pathetic ballad was wholly composed by Burns for the *Museum*; unless we except the exclamation: 'Och-on, och-on, och-rie!' which appears in the old song composed on the massacre of Glencoe, inserted in the first volume of the *Museum*." — STEPHENHOUSE.

OH, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes, owes
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

Skipping on yon bonny knowes, knolls
 And casting woo' to me. wool

I was the happiest of the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine ;
 For Donald was the brawest lad,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free ;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
 Right to the wrang did yield ;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

O STEER HER UP.

TUNE — *O steer her up, and haud her gaun.*

The first four lines of this song are part of an old ditty.

O STEER her up, and haud her gaun, stir—keep going
 Her mother's at the mill, jo ;
 And gin she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, jo.
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, threaten
 And ca' another gill, jo ;
 And gin she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. scold

O steer her up, and be na blate, bashful
 And gin she take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae langer spill, jo.
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But think upon it still, jo ;
 Then gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Written by Burns in imitation, and to the tune, of
an old nursery-song.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket ;
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lillie flower will be him sark and cravat
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE — *My Wife she dang me.*

O AYE my wife she dang me, Deat
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I married;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last, saver
 When a' my days are done, man;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

O GUID ALE COMES.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose and pawn my shoon;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh,
 I selt them a' just ane by ane; sold
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst, sheared — harvest
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I, deuce a hook
 Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden; web — coarse cloth
 At his daddie's yett, gate
 Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Played me sic a trick,
 And me the ells's dochter? elder's

Robin promised me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient hae't he had but three devil-a-bill
 Goose feathers and a whittle.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee,
 Take a heart which he desires thee;
 As thy constant slave regard it,
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy but the bonny;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

THERE was a bonny lass, and a bonny, bonny
lass,

And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear,
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her
arms,

Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly
roar,

He still was a stranger to fear;
And nought could him quail, or his bosom assail
But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

CROWDIE.

"The first verse of this song is old; the second
was written by Burns."—STENHOUSE.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
wad never had nae care;

Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 And they cry crowdie evermair. porridge
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me, affright
 Glowrin' by the hallan en'; staring—door-way
 Sair I fecht them at the door, fight
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben. alarmed—be

PIECES DOUBTFULLY ATTRIBUTED
TO BURNS.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE
BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF
ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert drear;
That fell remorse a conscience bleeding
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;

That few for aught but folly lusted ;
 That he was still deceived who trusted
 To love or friend ;
 And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
 Alike a foe to noisy folly,
 And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
 My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
 The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
 Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food ;
 But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
 This grot, than e'er I felt before in
 A palace — and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,
 Each night and morn with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh :

* Let me, O Lord ! from life retire,
 Unknown each guilty worldly fire,

Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows ;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah ! deformed, dishonest to the sight !
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai !*

Reluctant, E stalked in ; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face !
That name, that well-worn name, and all his
own,

Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne !
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y !
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply :
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing wo ;
The Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,

Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays, daisied - brook
 Where bonny lasses bleach their claes;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes, grove
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell; foeds
 Nae snap conceits; but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

GENERAL INDEX OF TITLES.

	VOL.	PAGE
Address of Beelzebub	i.	283
Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit-Night	iii.	194
Address to Edinburgh	ii.	68
Address to Mr. William Tytler	ii.	122
ADDRESS TO THE DEIL	i.	152
Address to the Shade of Thomson	ii.	286
Address to the Toothache	ii.	184
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID	i.	246
Address to the Woodlark	iii.	175
American War	li.	84
Apology to Mr. Riddel for a Rudeness offered his Wife	iii.	91
AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE	i.	222
Auld Lang Syne	ii.	160
Auld Man	iii.	138
Auld Rob Morris	iii.	36
Ballads on Mr. Heron's Election	iii.	157
Banks of Cree	iii.	118
Banks of Doon	iii.	21
Banks of Nith	ii.	241
Bannoeks o' Barley	iii.	302
Gard's Epitaph	ii.	15

	VOL.	PAGE
Battle of Sheriff-Muir	ii.	235
Belles of Mauchline	i.	55
Bess and her Spinning-Wheel	iii.	13
Birks of Aberfeldy	ii.	105
Blooming Nelly	ii.	238
Blue-eyed Lassie	ii.	219
Bonny Ann	ii.	233
Bonny Deon	b.	74
Bonny Jean	iii.	69
Benny Lass of Albany	ii.	112
Bonny Lass o' Ballochmyle	ii.	26
Bonny Lesley	ii.	306
Bonny Peggy Alison	ii.	136
Braes o' Ballochmyle	i.	135
BRIGS OF AYR	ii.	49
Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn	iii.	81, 86
Burns to the Gudewife of Wauchope-House	ii.	77
Caledonia	iii.	217
Calf, The	ii.	33
Cardin O't	iii.	296
Carle of Kellyburn Braes	iii.	268
Carles of Dysart	iii.	287
Castle Gordon	ii.	111
Chevalier's Lament	ii.	138
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT	i.	141
Country Lassie	iii.	16
Craigieburn Wood	iii.	1, 3
Creech, Verses on	i. 93; ii.	161
Crowdie	iE.	312
Cure for all Care	i.	49
Dainty Davie	iii.	79
Dean of Faculty	iii.	199
DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK	i.	65
Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie	i.	23
Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	ii.	17
Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman	ii.	304, 309

	VOL.	PAGE
Delia	ii.	178
Despondency, an Ode	i.	263
Down the Burn, Davie	iii.	84
Dream, A	i.	287
Duke of Queensbury	iii.	191
Dumfries Volunteers	iii.	169
Duncan Gray	iii.	37
Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives	i.	212
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson	ii.	253
Elegy on Miss Burnet	ii.	271
Elegy on Peg Nicholson	ii.	244
Elegy on the Death of President Dundas	ii.	125
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux	i.	54
Elegy on the Year 1788	ii.	166
Epigrams, Miscellaneous	ii. 97, 98; iii. 212, 222-257	
Epigrams on Miss Lewars	iii.	212
Epistle from Esopus to Maria	iii.	94
EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND	i.	271
Epistle to Davie:	First, l. 57; Second, i.	133
Epistle to Dr. Blacklock	ii.	203
Epistle to Hugh Parker	ii.	139
Epistle to James Smith	i.	176
Epistle to John Goudie of Kilmarnock	i.	85
Epistle to John Lapraik:	First, i. 74; Second, i. 80; Third, i.	103
Epistle to John Rankine	i.	44
Epistle to Major Logan	ii.	64
Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry:	First, ii. 152; Second, ii. 247; Third, ii. 231; Fourth, ii.	294
Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math	i.	112
Epistle to William Simpson	i.	95
Epitaph on Captain Grose	ii.	209
Epitaph on Holy Willie	i.	108
Excellent New Song, An	iii.	208
Expostulation on a Rebuke by Mrs. Lawrie	ii.	63
Extempore in the Court of Session	ii.	90

	VOL.	PAGE
Extempore to Captain Riddel on returning a Newspaper	ii.	169
Fair Eliza	iii.	18
Farewell, The	ii.	29
Farewell to Clarinda	ii.	127
Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge	ii.	22
Fête Champêtre	ii.	147
Five Carlins	ii.	214
For a' that and a' that	iii. 152,	270
Fragment of an Ode for Washington's Birthday	iii.	119
From a Memorandum-Book	i.	19
From Burns's Last Letter to Clarinda	iii.	121
Gala Water	iii.	44
Gallant Weaver	iii.	25
Gardener wi' his Paidle	ii.	231
Green grow the Rashes	i.	48
Gudewife of Wauchope-House to Burns	ii.	75
HALLOWEEN	i.	119
Handsome Nell	i.	1
Hermit, The	iii.	314
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher	iii.	204
Highland Harry	ii.	232
Highland Laddie	iii.	299
Highland Lassie	i.	277
Highland Mary	iii.	23
Highland Widow's Lament	iii.	305
HOLY FAIR	ii.	1
HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER	i.	103
Humble Petition of Bruar Water	ii.	106
I love my Jean	ii.	141
Inscription for an Altar to Independence	iii.	196
inscription for the Grave of Fergusson	ii.	82
Inscription on the Tombstone of William Burness	i.	38
Inventory	i.	249

	VOL	PAGE
Jes. <i>y</i>	iii.	205
Jocky Fou and Jenny Fain	iii.	291
John Anderson	ii.	234
John Barleycorn	i.	29
John Bushby's Lamentation	iii.	166
John Dove	i.	158
JOLLY BEGGARS	i.	158
Kirk's Alarm	ii.	185
Lady Mary Ann	iii.	282
Lady Onlie	iii.	263
Lament for James Earl of Glencairn	ii.	277
Lament occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour	i.	258
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the Ap- proach of Spring	ii.	273
Lass of Ecclefechan	iii.	295
Lass that made the Bed to me	iii.	297
Lea-Rig, The	iii.	34
Letter to James Tennant of Glenconner	ii.	181
Lines on meeting with Basil, Lord Daer	ii.	61
Lines to Sir John Whitefoord	ii.	281
Lines written on a Bank-note	ii.	30
Logan Braes	iii.	65
Lord Gregory	iii.	47
Lovely Davies	ii.	288
Lover's Morning Salute to his Mistress	iii.	136
Macpherson's Farewell	ii.	129
Man was made to Mourn	i.	136
Mary Morrison	i.	32
Meg o' the Mill	iii.	58
Miscellaneous Verses	i.	19-52
Monody on a Lady Famed for her Caprice	iii.	99
Montgomery's Peggy	i.	35
Mrs. Fergusson's Lament for the Death of her Son	ii.	156
My Bonny Mary	ii	162

	VOL.	PAGE
My Collier Laddie	iii.	279
My Hoggie	iii.	264
My Lady's Goun, there's Gairs upon't	iii.	113
My Lovely Nancy	ii.	226
My Nannie, O	i.	5
My Nannie's awa'	ii.	802
My Spouse Nancy	iii.	89
My Wife's a winsome wee thing	iii.	27
Nithsdale's Welcome Hame	iii.	15
Ode on Mrs. Oswald	ii.	170
Ode on the Chevalier's Birthday	ii.	71
On a Procession of the St. James's Lodge	ii.	24
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies	ii.	13
On a Wounded Hare	ii.	177, 180
On a Young Lady residing on the Banks of the Devon	ii.	123
ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND	ii.	208
On Chloris being ill	iii.	176
On Incivility shewn him at Inverary	ii.	97
On leaving a Place in the Highlands	ii.	98
On Pastoral Poetry	iii.	318
On scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch Turit	ii.	114
On some Commemorations of Thomson	iii.	32
On the Death of John M'Leod, Esq.	ii.	98
On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair	ii.	100
On the Destruction of the Woods near Drum- lanrig	iii.	192
On the Seas and Far Away	iii.	127
Ordination, The	i.	240
Phillis the Fair	iii.	71
Philly and Willy	iii.	140
Ploughman, The	iii.	263
Poor Mailie's Elegy	i.	20
Prayer for Mary	i.	279
Prayer in the Prospect of Death	i.	39
Prayer written under the Pressure of Violent Anguish	i.	19

	VOL.	PAGE
Prologue at Mr. Woods's Benefit	ii.	91
Prologue for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit	ii.	227
Prologue spoken at the Dumfries Theatre, Jan. 1, 1790	ii.	224
Psalm First	l.	42
Psalm Ninetieth	l.	43
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie	ii.	81
Red, Red Rose	iii.	99
Rights of Woman	iii.	30
Rigs o' Barley	i.	33
Robin	l.	53
Ronalds of the Bennals	l.	10
Rose-bud, The	ii.	117
Sae far awa'	iii.	800
SCOTCH DRINK	i.	205
She says she lo'es me best of a'	iii.	181
Sketch (intended for Creech)	ii.	168
Sketch, inscribed to Charles James Fox	ii.	173
Sketch, New-Year's Day, 1790	ii.	222
Slave's Lament	iii.	292
Soldier's Return	iii.	55
Somebody	iii.	106
Song, in the Character of a Ruined Farmer	i.	299
Song of Death	ii.	292
Sonnet on the Author's Birthday	iii.	46
Sonnet on the Death of Glenriddel	iii.	117
Sons of Old Killie	ii.	25
Stanzas on the Birth of a Posthumous Child	ii.	270
Stanzas on the Prospect of Death	i.	40
Strathallan's Lament	ii.	132
Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation	iii.	255
TAM O' SHANTER	ii.	259
Tain Samson's Elegy	ii.	37
There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame	ii.	274
Fibbie Dunbar	ii.	230
To a Gentleman who had sent the Poet a Newspaper	ii.	245
TO A HAGGIS	ii.	88

	VOL	PAGE
TO A LOUSE	i.	237
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY	i.	256
TO A MOUSE	i.	116
To Chloris	lii.	139
To Clarinda, with a Pair of Drinking Glasses	ii.	137
To Collector Mitchell	lii.	197
To Colonel De Peyster	lii.	201
To Fergusson	ii.	303
To Gavin Hamilton	i.	263
To John Taylor	ii.	172
TO MARY IN HEAVEN	ii.	200
To Miss Cruikshank	ii.	119
To Miss Ferrier	ii.	102
To Miss Fontenelle, on seeing her in a Favorite Character	lii.	34
To Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems	ii.	73
To Mr. John Kennedy	ii.	28
To Mr. M'Adam of Craigengillan	ii.	43
To Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty, on his Birthday	ii.	291
To Ruin	i.	266
Toast for the 12th of April	lii.	172
Torbolton Lasses	i.	9
Tree of Liberty	lii.	123
Troggin	lii.	208
TWA DOGS	i.	227
TWA HERDS	i.	88
Up in the Morning Early	lii.	260
Verses at the Fall of Fyers	ii.	110
Verses in Friars' Carse Hermitage	li. 145,	163
Verses inscribed in a Copy of Miss H. McCre's Works	i.	255
Verses intended to be written below a Noble Earl's Picture	ii.	83
Verses in the Inn at Kenmore	ii.	103
Verses to Mr. John Kennedy	i.	253
Verses under the Portrait of Fergusson	ii.	81

GENERAL INDEX OF TITLES.

329

	VOL.	PAGE
Verses written at Mr. Lawrie's	ii.	44
Verses written under Violent Grief	ii.	32
Versicles, Miscellaneous	i. 19, 52; iii.	222-257
Vision, A	iii.	102
Vision, The	i. 183	294
Vowels, The, a Tale	iii.	316
Wandering Willie	iii.	50
Weary Pund o' Tow.	iii.	276
Whistle, The	ii.	194
William Smellie	ii.	79
Willie Chalmers	ii.	34
Willie Wastle	iii.	22
Willie's Awa'	ii.	93
Winter, a Dirge	i.	17
WINTER NIGHT	i.	197
Written in a Copy of Thomson's Melodies, pre- sented to a Lady	iii.	122
Written in an Envelope enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose	ii.	210
Written on the Blank-leaf of his Poems	ii.	31
Young Highland Rover	ii.	133
Young Jessie	iii.	54

INDEX TO THE SONGS,

ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST LINES.

	VOL.	PAGE
Adisu! a heart-warm, fond adieu	ii.	21
Adown winding Nith I did wander	iii.	77
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever	ii.	297
Again rejoicing nature sees	i.	267
A Highland lad my love was born	i.	166
Although my bed were in yon muir	i.	35
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December	ii.	309
And O for ane-and-twenty, Tam	iii.	12
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire	iii.	113
A rose-bud by my early walk	ii.	111
As down the burn they took their way	iii.	84
As I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin'	iii.	275
As Mailie and her lambs thegither	i.	23
As on the banks o' wandering Nith	iii.	192
A' the lads o' Thornie-bank	iii.	262
Awa', Whigs, awa'!	iii.	267
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms	iii.	204
Bannocks o' bear-meal	iii.	302
Behind yon hills where Stinsiar flows	i.	5
Behold the hour, the boat, arrive	ii. 299; iii.	83
Blithe, blithe and merry was she	ii.	116
Blithe hae I been on yon hill	iii.	64
Bonny lassie, will ye go	ii.	105
Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing	ii.	290
But lately seen in gladsome green	iii.	134

	VOL.	PAGE
By Allan stream I chanced to rove	lii.	74
By yon castle wa', at the close of the day	ii.	276
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?	lii.	150
Ca' the yowes to the knowes	lii.	129, 263
Clarinda, mistress of my soul	ii.	127
Come, let me take thee to my breast	"v.	78
Coming through the rye, poor body	lii.	293
Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair	lii.	149
Could aught of song declare my pains	lii.	109
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw	lii.	200
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?	lii.	170
Duncan Gray cam here to woo	lii.	37
Fairest maid on Devon banks	lii.	215
Fair the face of orient day	ii.	179
Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame	lii.	285
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies	ii.	292
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	lii.	145
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	ii.	130
First when Maggy was my care	lii.	266
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes	i.	276
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near	lii.	182
Frae the friends and land I love	lii.	4
From thee, Eliza, I must go	i.	282
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright	lii.	160
Gane is the day, and mirk's the night	lii.	277
Gat ye me, O gat ye me	lii.	295
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine	ii.	162
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	lii.	73
Heard ye o' the tree of France?	lii.	123
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie	lii.	50
Here is 'he glen, and 'ere the bower	ii.	118

	VOL.	PAGE
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear	iii.	206
Here's a health to them that's awa'	iii.	40
Here's to thy health, my bonny lass	iii.	111
How can my poor heart be glad	iii.	127
How cruel are the parents	iii.	179
How long and dreary is the night	iii.	183
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon	ii.	124
Husband, husband, cease your strife	iii.	89
I am a bard of no regard	i.	172
I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars	i.	160
I am my mammy's ae bairn	iii.	259
I bought my wife a stane o' lint	iii.	278
I coft a stane o' haslock woo'	iii.	296
I do confess thou art sae fair	iii.	8
I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing	i.	4
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap	i.	9
I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen	ii.	219
I hae a wife o' my ain	ii.	159
I'll aye ca' in by yon town	iii.	301
I'll kiss thee yet, yet	ii.	136
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles	i.	55
In simmer, when the hay was mawn	iii.	18
In Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men	i.	10
I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when .	i.	163
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth	ii.	196
is there, for honest poverty	iii.	162 ✓
It is na, Jean, thy bonny face	iii.	278
It was a' for our rightfu' king	iii.	308
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall	iii.	292
It was the charming month of May	iii.	142
It was upon a Lamma's night	i.	83
Jannie, come try me	iii.	267
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss	iii.	114
John Anderson, my jo, John	ii.	234

	VOL.	PAGE
Lament in rhyme, lament in prose	i.	26
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks	iii.	148
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen	iii.	183
Let love sparkle in her e'e	iii.	291
Let me ryke up to dight that tear	i.	168
Let not woman e'er complain	iii.	135
Long, long the night	iii.	178
Loud blaw the frosty breezes	ii.	133
Louis, what reck I by thee?	iii.	105
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	iii.	180
Musing on the roaring ocean	ii.	135
My bonny lass, I work in brass	i.	170
My Chloris, mark how green the groves	iii.	140
My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O	i.	20
My Harry was a gallant gay	ii.	232
My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie	ii.	242
My heart is sair — I dare na tell	iii.	108
My heart is wae, and unco wae	ii.	113
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here	ii.	240
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form	ii.	121
Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair	i.	277
No churchman am I for to rail and to write	i.	50
Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays	ii.	302
Now Nature hangs her mantle g een	ii.	273
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	iii.	80
Now spring has clad the grove in green	iii.	187
Now westlin winds and slaught'ring gurs	i.	38
O aye my wife she dang me	iii.	309
O bonny was yon rosy brier	iii.	189
O cam ye here the fight to shun	ii.	235
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	ii.	141
O gin my love were yon red rose	iii.	67
O gui l ale comes and guid ale goes	iii.	316

	VOL.	PAGE
Oh I am come to the low countrie	iii.	305
Oh Lady Mary Ann looked o'er the castle wa'	iii.	282
Oh Mary, at thy window be	i.	82
Oh once I loved a bonny lass	i.	2
Oh how can I be blithe and glad	iii.	7
Oh how shall I, unskilfu', try	ii.	288
Oh raging fortune's withering blast	i.	57
Oh saw ye my dear, my Phely	iii.	132
Oh were I on Parnassus' hill	ii.	144
Oh were thou in the cauld blast	iii.	207
Oh wha will to Saint Stephen's House	ii.	148
Oh why the deuce should I repine	i.	19
Oh Kenmure's on and awa' Willie	iii.	284
Oh ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?	iii.	59
Oh lassie, art thou sleeping yet?	iii.	155
Oh lay thy loof in mine, lass	iii.	115
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel	iii.	18
Oh Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	iii.	66
Oh lovely Polly Stewart!	iii.	108
Oh luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen	iii.	19
Oh Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	iii.	116
Oh May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet	ii.	301
Oh meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty	iii.	5
Oh mirk, mirk is this midnight hour	iii.	48
Oh my luve's like a red, red rose	iii.	99
Oh on a bank of flowers, in a summer day	ii.	238
Oh on Cessnock Banks there lives a lass	i.	14
Oh one night as I did wander	i.	52
Oh open the door, some pity to shew	iii.	53
Oh Philly, happy be that day	iii.	146
Oh poortith cauld and restless love	iii.	48
Oh sad and heavy should I part	iii.	300
Oh saw ye bonny Lesley	ii.	307
Oh stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay	iii.	175
Oh steer her up and hand aer gaun	iii.	307
Oh tell na me o' wind and rain	iii.	156
Oh that i had ne'er been married	iii.	312
Oh this is no my ain lassie	iii.	184

	VOL.	PAGE
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day	i.	7
Out over the Forth I look to the north	iii.	104
Out ewer yon muir, out ower yon moss	iii.	113
O wat ye wha's in yon town	iii. 154,	173
O wha is she that lo'es me	iii.	220
O whare did you get that hauer-meal bannock?	iii.	258
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad	ii. 123; .ih.	75
O Willie brewed a peck o' maout	ii.	193
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?	ii.	230
Powers celestial! whose protection	i.	279
Raving winds around her blowing	ii.	234
Robin shure in hairst	iii.	210
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	iii.	181
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	iii.	81, 86
See! the smoking bowl before us	i.	174
She is a winsome wee thing	iii.	27
She's fair and fause that causes my smart	iii.	26
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	ii.	160
Simmer's a pleasant time	iii.	265
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou	i.	164
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?	iii.	136
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?	ii.	131
Streams that glide in orient plains	ii.	111
Sweet closes the eve on Craigieburn Wood	iii.	1
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee	iii.	311
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn	iii.	3
Sweet Sensibility, how charming	ii.	295
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw	iii.	299
The Catrine woods were yellow seen	i.	135
The day returns, my bosom burns	ii.	151
The deil came fiddiing through the town	ii.	305
The gloomy night is gathering fast	ii.	47
Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon	iii.	177
The laddies by the banks o' Nith	ii.	218

	VOL.	PAGE
The last time I came o'er the moor . . .	iii.	63
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill	ii.	158
The lovely lass o' Inverness . . .	ii.	98
The noble Maxwells and their powers . . .	iii.	15
The ploughman he's a bonny lad . . .	iii.	263
There lived a carle on Kellyburn braes . . .	iii.	288
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen	iii.	36
There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes . . .	iii.	44
'There's nought but care on every hand . . .	i.	48
There was a bonny lass, and a bonny bonny lass	iii.	312
There was a lad was born in Kyle . . .	i.	53
There was a lass, and she was fair . . .	iii.	69
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg . . .	iii.	261
There was once a day, but old Time then was young	iii.	217
There were five carlines in the south . . .	ii.	214
There were three kings into the east . . .	i.	27
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves re- turning	ii.	138
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing . . .	iii.	24
The sun he is sunk in the west . . .	i.	299
The Thames flows proudly to the sea . . .	ii.	241
The tither morn, when I forlorn . . .	iii.	273
The weary pund, the weary pund . . .	iii.	276
The wintry west extends his blast . . .	i.	17
Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling . . .	ii.	132
Thine am I, my faithful fair . . .	ii.	226
Though cruel fate should bid us part . . .	i.	52, 283
Though fickle fortune has deceived me . . .	i.	56
Through women's minds like winter winds . . .	iii.	270
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie . . .	iii.	85
True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow	iii.	54
Turn again, thou fair Eliza . . .	iii.	19
'Twas even — the dewy fields were green . . .	ii.	26
'Twas in the seventeen hunder year . . .	iii.	166
'Twas na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin . . .	iii.	170

	VOL.	PAGE
Up in the morning's no for me	iii.	260
Up wi' the carles o' Dysart	iii.	237
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e	iii.	110
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet	ii.	308
Wha is that at my bower-door?	iii.	272
Where hae ye been sae braw, lad?	iii.	268
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie	iii.	6
What will I do gin my hoggie die?	iii.	264
Wha will buy my troggin?	iii.	208
When first I came to Stewart Kyle	i.	55
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face	ii.	220
When Guildford good our pilot stood	ii.	84
When o'er the hill the eastern star	iii.	34
When rosy morn comes in wi' snowers	ii.	237
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn	iii.	55
When winter's wind was blawing cauld	iii.	297
Where are the joys I hae met in the morn- ing?	iii.	88
Where, braving angry winter's storms	ii.	120
Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea	iii.	25
Where live ye, my bonny lass?	iii.	279
While larks with little wing	iii.	71
Whom will ye send to London town?	iii.	158
Why, why tell thy lover?	iii.	185
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	iii.	22
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?	i.	230
Wilt thou be my dearie?	iii.	107
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	iii.	28
Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon	iii.	21
Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon	ii.	74
Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right	ii.	232
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear	iii.	281
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie	ii.	25
Yestreen I got a pint o' wine	iii.	60

FIRST LINES OF SONGS.

339

	VOL.	PAGE
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide	iii.	10
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain . . .	iii.	294
Young Jockey was the blithest lad . . .	iii.	271
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass . . .	i.	203
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier	iii.	61

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